OCT. 8,
1938

Liberty

5¢

The Inscrutable Madam Secretary: THE FACTS ABOUT FRANCES PERKINS

By Walter Karig

DOES COLLEGE FOOTBALL NEED A CZAR?

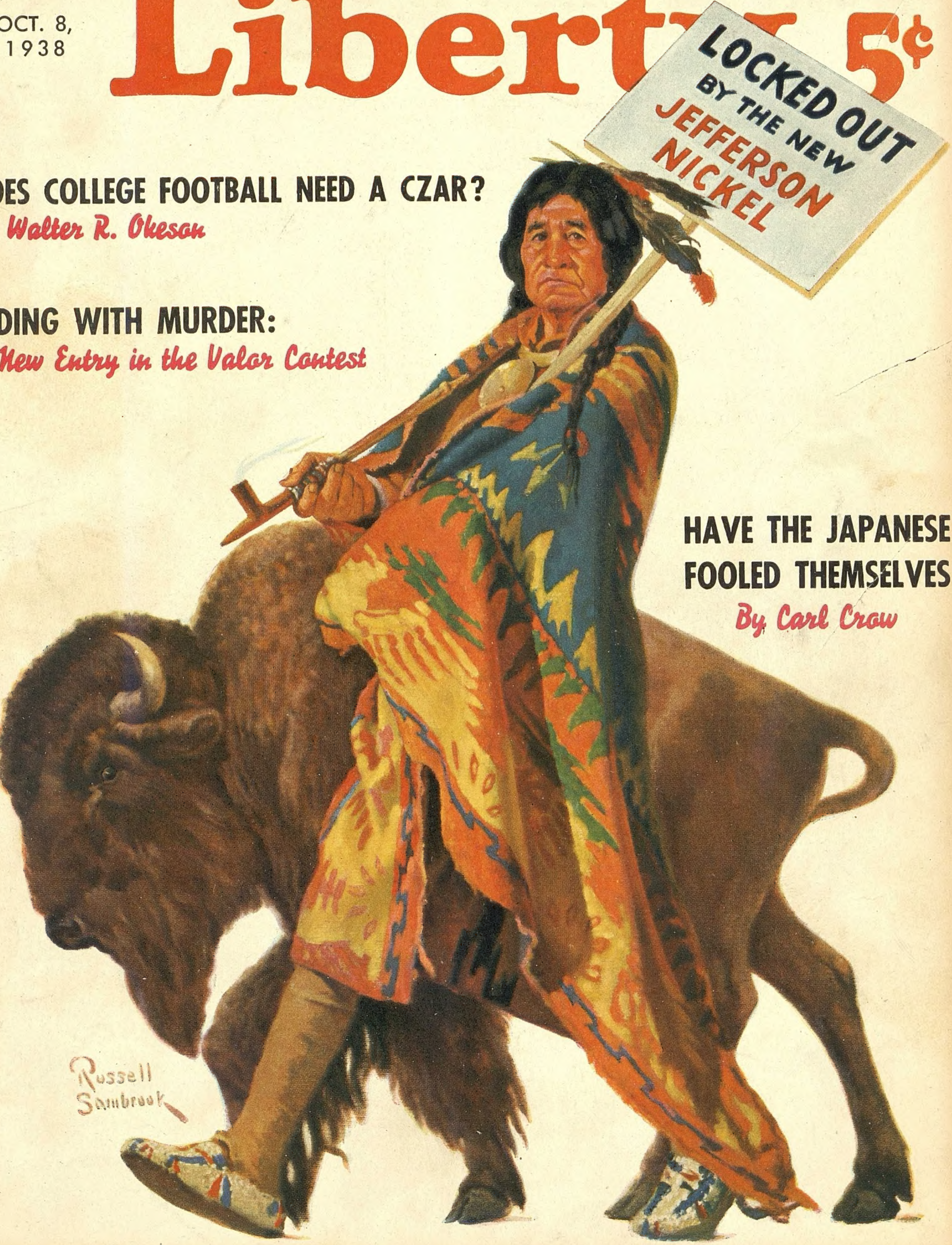
By Walter R. Okeson

RIDING WITH MURDER:

A New Entry in the Valor Contest

HAVE THE JAPANESE FOOLED THEMSELVES?

By Carl Crow


LOCKED OUT
BY THE NEW
JEFFERSON
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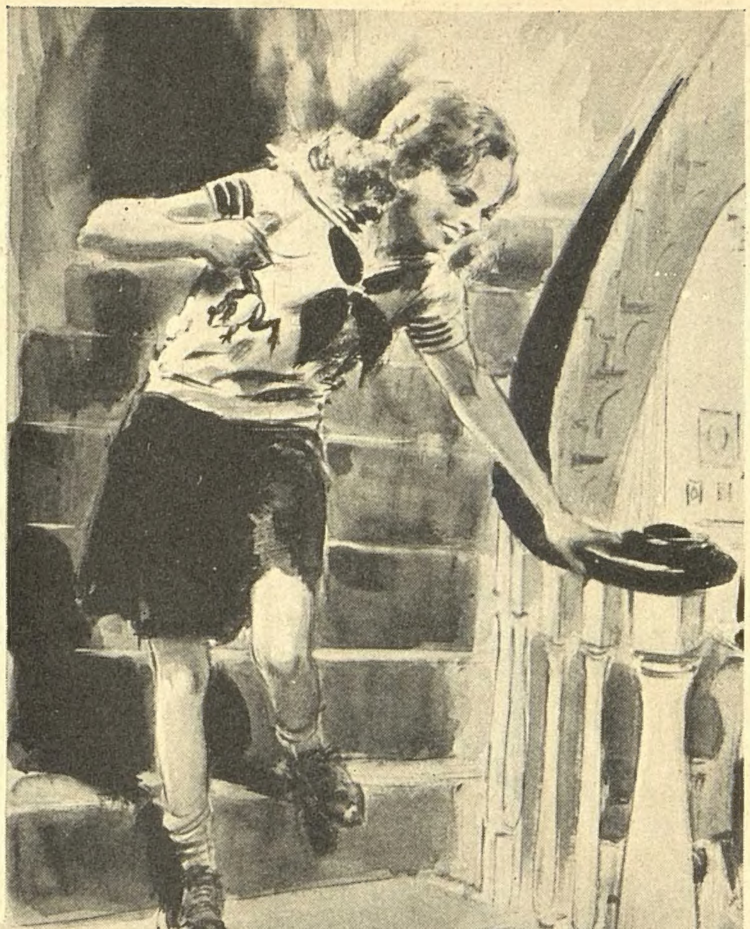
BEAUTIFUL BRAT

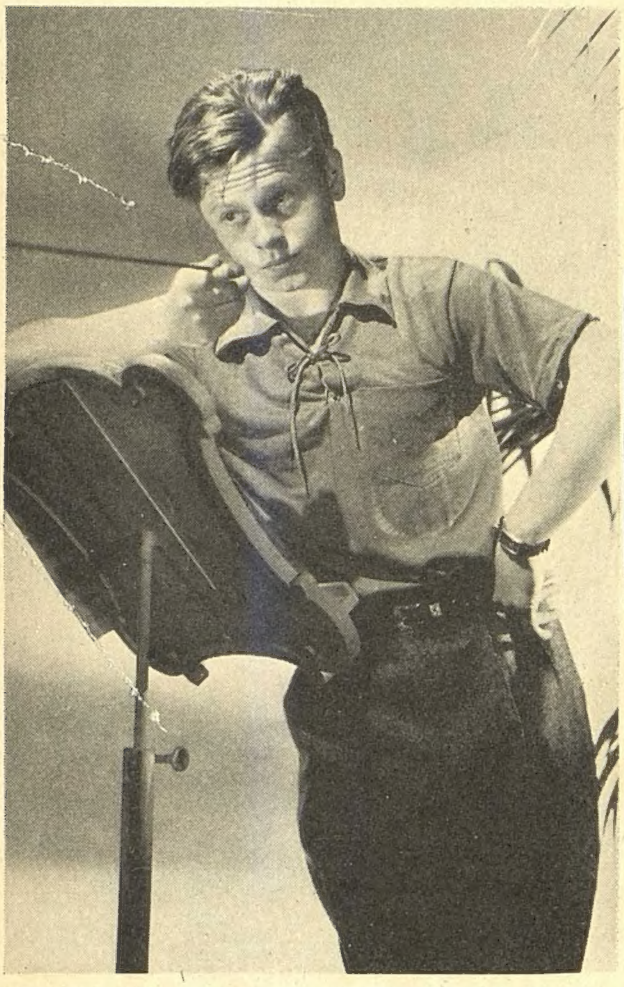
Beginning the story of Margaret Sullavan's Rebellious Life

Brat—girl brat—beautiful, but not dumb—a smart brat of the most virulent kind—problem to parents—nightmare to teachers—rebellious as an untamed wild-cat kitten. She turned out disgracefully in the opinion of the clan Sullavan—an intellectual—a dancer—a stage actress—all in the face of lively family disapproval. Then Hollywood and fame.

Do not miss Howard Sharp's amazing, amusing, deeply revealing life story of Margaret Sullavan, beautiful enigma of Hollywood, beginning in Photoplay for October.



"The next morning a strange thing happened at the Chatham Episcopal Institute. A frog was found in the top drawer of the principal's desk, creating chaos."



ROUGH AND TOUGH AND HARD TO BLUFF—THAT'S MICKEY ROONEY . . . *to whom "Dames are the Bunk"*

The one kid in Hollywood who has all the answers ready—who handles his own finances—who has played in over 500 pictures—who steals scenes from the big timers with an innocent Irish grin, who—but read Kirtley Baskette's account of a day in Hollywood with Mickey Rooney. Titled "Mickey the McCoy" it carries a hundred thrills and chuckles (or giggles).

MYSTERIOUS HEDY LAMARR

You saw her in "Algiers"—red-lipped, tawny-eyed, black-haired, bewitching—restorer of sex and glamour to the screen—outstanding because she has already, in her own life story, played a part so extraordinary that whatever happens to her on the screen will be just so much aftermath.

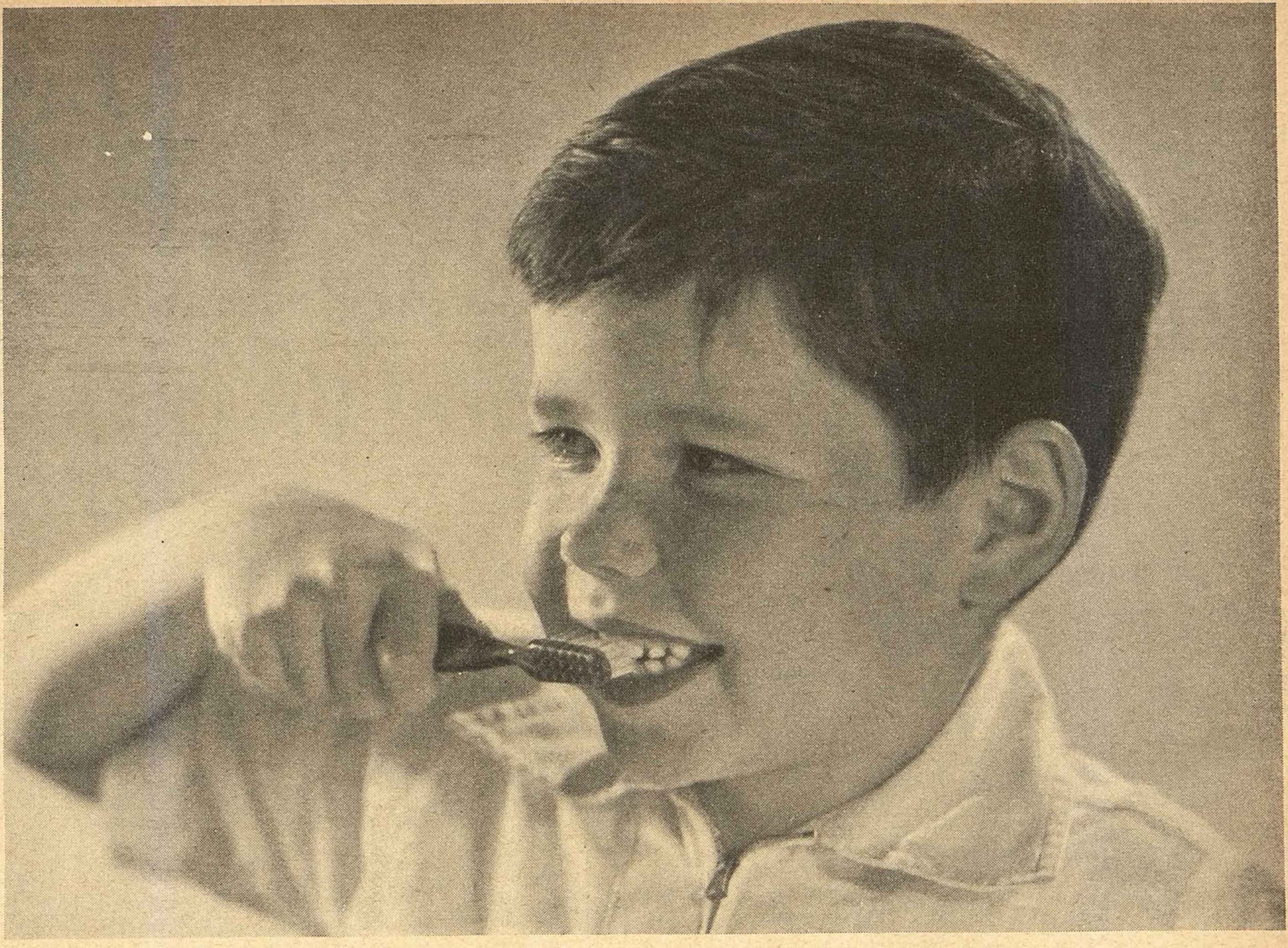
Sara Hamilton tells Hedy Lamarr's (Glamarr, Hollywood calls her) life story in the October Photoplay. Do not risk missing it. Get your copy today—without fail.

Also in the October Issue

Portrait of a Young Man Looking at Life (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) • Father's Office Wife (Autobiography of an Autograph Hound) • Robinson & Co. (E. G. and son) • Your Hopes in Pictures by Marjorie Hillis • The Case of the Hollywood Scandal by Erle Stanley Gardner • Norma Shearer's Memories by Dixie Willson • Hollywood Soldiers of Fortune by Lowell Thomas • Hollywood's Greatest Enigma—Television by Gilbert Seldes • and a dozen other interesting features.

GALA ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

PHOTOPLAY



Advice to Father from a Man aged Seven—Ipana and Massage for firmer gums, brighter teeth

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LUCKY YOUNG AMERICA! Thanks to their dentists and their teachers thousands of young Americans will have *healthier* and *brighter* smiles than their parents. Gum Massage wasn't taught in the little red school house era, but it's being taught today in many classrooms all over the nation.

Young Billy here knows the importance of gum massage—the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth and a winning, sparkling smile. He knows the meaning—and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," of course, is only a warning. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "lazy gums—gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

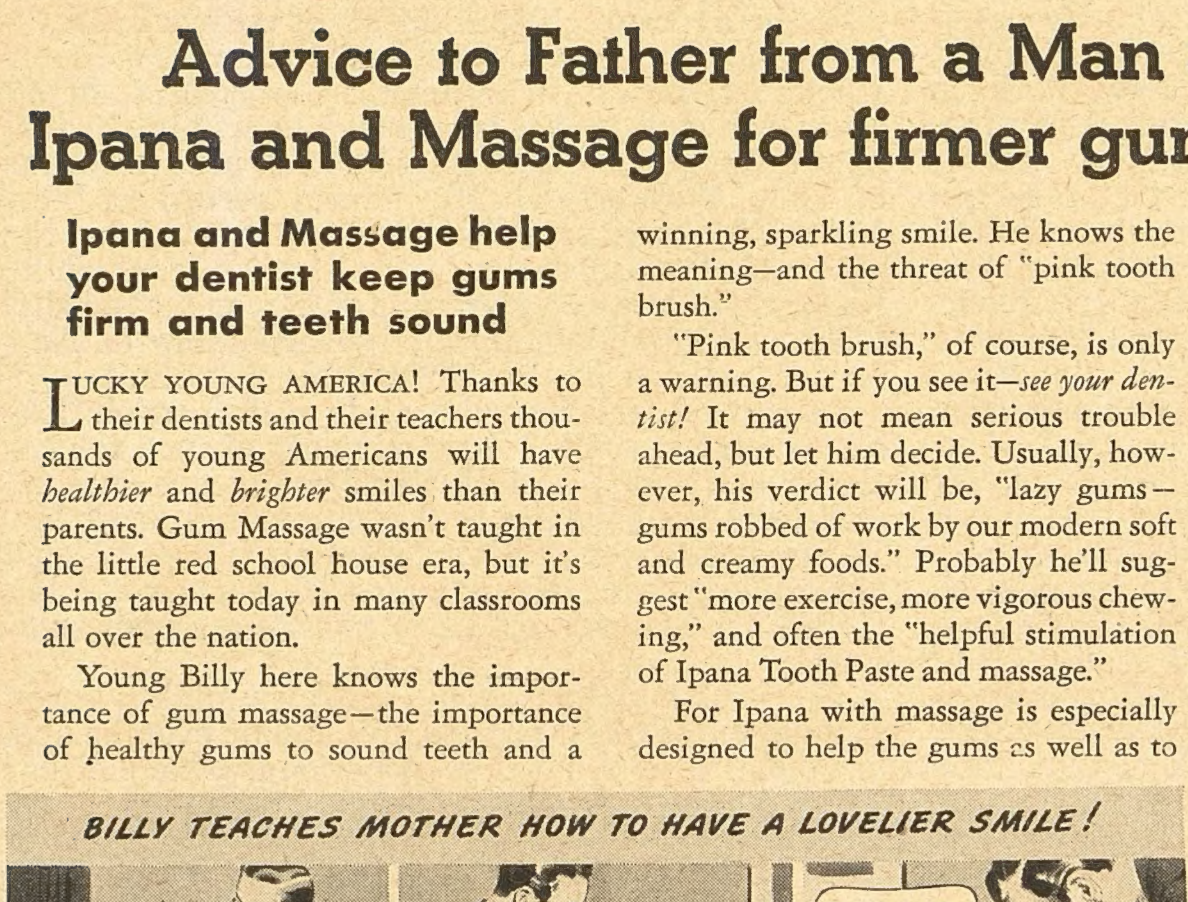
For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier, more able to resist trouble.

Play safe! Buy a famous and economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. See how much the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage can do to help you keep your smile a winning, sparkling smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

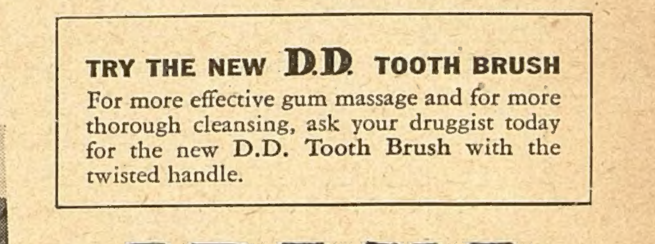
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist today for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

BILLY TEACHES MOTHER HOW TO HAVE A LOVELIER SMILE!


IT'S A NEW KIND OF HOMEWORK, MOTHER – LET ME SHOW YOU!
BILLY SAYS THEY HAVE GUM MASSAGE DRILLS IN CLASS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT!
SWEETHEART, I THINK BILLY'S TIP HAS WORKED WONDERS FOR YOUR SMILE!

IPANA

Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

OCTOBER 8, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WILL DEWEY'S EXAMPLE BRING NATIONAL SALVATION?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The dramatic figure of Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York City, is now attracting nation-wide attention.

Graft and greed have become a satanic force in this country. The honesty of politicians is usually considered to be questionable. The general public has the idea that you cannot be successful in politics if you follow the straight and narrow path.

District Attorney Dewey is making a demonstration that reverses this timeworn conclusion, and which should become an example of nation-wide importance. He is attacking graft in and out of politics. He is prosecuting the racketeers, and he is not interested in " small fry." Even the " middlemen " occupy but little of his attention. He is going after the men at the top. James J. " Jimmy " Hines, whom he is prosecuting in New York, is accused of being a boss higher up as this is written.

Mr. Dewey has the opinion that it is a waste of time to prosecute underlings—that you must go after the master minds who direct the criminal forces. He is making a demonstration that should convey an important lesson to every intelligent citizen, and especially to office seekers everywhere. He is proving that it pays to be honest in politics; that to be a successful politician your integrity must be above criticism.

The attraction of easy money has been a mighty force for evil in this country. The prohibition era is largely responsible for the recent rapid growth of this devilish influence. Workers inclined to be honest were lured into the game of " getting something for nothing," and this form of racketeering has spread like wildfire into all kinds of businesses. District Attorney Dewey has started the herculean job of cleaning up the various rackets that have been so profitably conducted in New York City. It is indeed a monumental task! And his plan of attacking the evil at the fountainhead should prove very effective. In various cities of this country these crooked games have been abolished. Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and many other cities have presented outstanding examples.

But what is tragically needed at this time are honest, upstanding, fighting Americans as governmental officials. The crooked game of politics should be straightened. Dewey has pointed the way, and similar activities should be adopted in every city in the United States. Grafting and racketeering must be destroyed. Our national existence is at stake. The throttling taxes that are growing greater year by year will ultimately seriously cripple industry, the source of our national wealth.

A government " of the people, by the people, for the people " was the ideal in Lincoln's time. Government officials were then the servants of the people. Now many of our officials are drunk with power, and they often assume a kingly attitude and give the average citizen but scant consideration.

District Attorney Dewey has made such an overwhelming success in attacking the greatest of all American evils that it is reported he will be drafted as the Republican candidate for the next governor of New York State. His official record in New York City was so splendidly appreciated by the voters that his majority in the district in which he was a candidate exceeded that of Mayor LaGuardia. If he is a candidate for the governorship of New York he should be elected by a big margin.

An honest man in politics! Is such a revolutionary change possible? It is our only chance for national salvation; and if the Republicans and all anti-New Deal parties will combine and draft Mr. Dewey in the next national election, a man of such outstanding integrity, a man with such a flaming record for honesty, ought to pile up sweeping majorities.

And such a victory should convey a mighty lesson to candidates of all parties. We might even be able to return to our old-time American principle that " honesty pays "—even in politics.

Bernarr Macfadden

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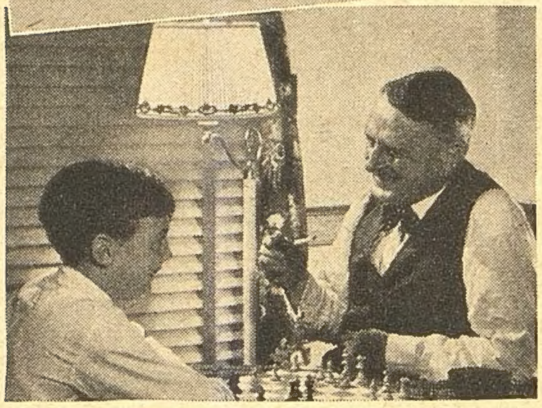
Treat your Family..

TO A PACKAGE OF EYE COMFORT

Here's what it can do for you!



Provide "slippers for eyes"...that's how many folks describe the comfort you get from the right G-E bulb in the right type lamp. You've no idea what a difference it makes until you try it.

Protect young eyes and old...when they read, study, sew or play games. Light conditioning gives you abundant, glareless light to prevent eyestrain and to help young eyes develop normally.

Give new help in the kitchen...since Better Light for Better Sight makes preparing food or washing dishes seem easier and faster. And it makes the kitchen a brighter, cheerier place in which to be.

...*for* BETTER LIGHT • BETTER SIGHT

Simple Recipes
FOR
EASIER SEEING
MAZDA LAMPS
MAZDA LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

GET A PACKAGE SELECTED ESPECIALLY TO HELP YOU
Light Condition

Light Conditioning means enough light in enough places to help you see better and to prevent eyestrain.

Bring first aid to study...at home or away at school. That's because enough of the right kind of light lessens eye tasks and helps guard against eyestrain. See that your children have I. E. S. lamps, equipped with the right size G-E bulbs.

ASK YOUR DEALER to help you select the right G-E bulbs to give you enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eyestrain. That's light conditioning! **Easy and inexpensive to begin.**

100-WATT G-E BULBS Now down to... 15c

For I. E. S. table lamps, garage, laundry

150-watt..for kitchen, home work-bench, gameroom . . . now only **20c**

150-watt Silvered Bowl... easy and inexpensive to have soft, indirect light . . . . . . now only **65c**

100-200-300-watt... for 3-light I. E. S. Lamps . . . now only **60c**

75, 60, 40, 25 AND 15-WATT **15c**

BUY THE NEW AND BRIGHTER 1938 G-E BULBS WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

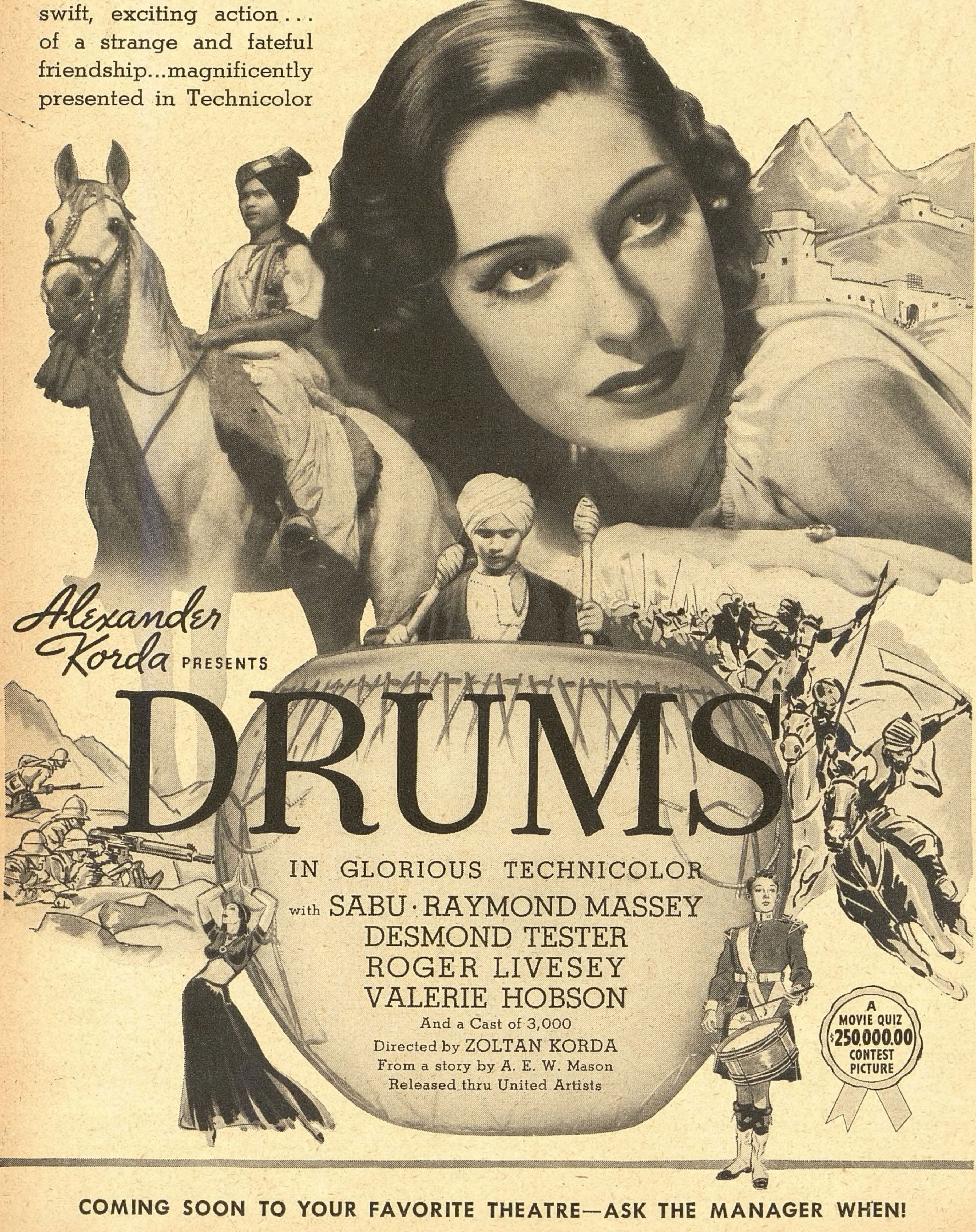
★ **Listen in**—*the G-E Hour of Charm... with Dorothy Thompson... Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra ... every Monday Evening 9:00-9:30 E. S. T., N.B.C. Red Network*

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Her WEDDING MARCH

was the savage beat of the tribesmen's drums!

A thrilling panorama of swift, exciting action . . . of a strange and fateful friendship...magnificently presented in Technicolor



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DESMOND TESTER
ROGER LIVESEY
VALERIE HOBSON
And a Cast of 3,000
Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
From a story by A. E. W. Mason
Released thru United Artists

A
MOVIE QUIZ
$250,000.00
CONTEST
PICTURE

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE—ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

THE INSCRUTABLE MADAM SECRETARY

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MISS PERKINS?

With the Dies committee investigating the relation between the Department of Labor and Harry Bridges of the C. I. O. Longshoremen's Union, and with business men everywhere complaining that Miss Perkins, as the head of that department, is the aggressive foe of business and industry, the discussion about our first woman Cabinet officer grows warmer all the time.

The accusations against her administration include charges:

That she blindly champions the C. I. O. and co-operates and consults with its leaders to the detriment of the American Federation of Labor as well as of industry generally;

That she has a fixed hatred for big business of all sorts, right or wrong;

That she has been unduly partial to Harry Bridges, alien and alleged Communist;

That she has sheltered him against deportation;

That she has sheltered thousands of other aliens who should have been deported—refusing to move against them;

That she was on the wrong side of the confiscatory sit-down strike until the courts declared it illegal.

And then there are rumors about Miss Perkins that circulate as freely as these accusations. Among these rumors the one most frequently heard is that her name is not Perkins, that she is not American-born and her real name is Wutzki.

How much of justice is there in these charges against her? How much of truth in the rumors? Grave questions of nation-wide interest. Here is an impartial answer.

Why do her critics assail her? Liberty presents a revealing look at the facts about our first woman Cabinet member

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE PARADOXICAL MISS PERKINS

MADAM SECRETARY" is her self-chosen title, which the Washington correspondents shortened to "Ma" Perkins, although there is nothing suggesting the maternal about her. Rather she is, in appearance and actions and intellect, reminiscent of the maiden aunt who knows what is good for you and intends that you shall behave accordingly, like it or not.

Mind you, there is nothing old-fashioned about her. She is the most left-ish member of the Roosevelt Cabinet. Her preference for the C. I. O. is thinly disguised in public and sometimes boldly revealed in her official conduct.

For example, a high-ranking naval officer went to Miss Perkins when the new battleship program was authorized, to obtain her very essential co-operation. The Walsh-Healey Act requires firms working on government contracts involving $10,000 or more to abide by regulations of hours and wages dictated by the Secretary of Labor. The naval officer asked Madam Secretary to be reasonable in fixing the labor standards for the industries upon which the government had to depend for its augmented fleet. Even ships built in the Navy's yards must be constructed of steel and other materials privately produced.

The officer told the Secretary that a definite number of ships had to be completed in a certain time within a carefully budgeted appropriation. Should Miss Perkins radically raise wages or reduce working hours in the industries awarded naval contracts—industries languishing for work, their employees laid off or on part time—the whole naval program would be disrupted.

Miss Perkins listened, made notes, reached for a telephone. The naval officer very nearly disgraced his uniform by fainting when the Secretary of Labor put in a call for John L. Lewis, C. I. O. chief, and asked his advice on the Navy's request.

Lewis and Miss Perkins were generous in their terms for the United States Navy; if the battleship industries would abide by a forty-hour week, the question of hourly wages would be held in abeyance.

And so it was for several months, until July this year, when "Big Steel" made a move, after cutting its prices, to reduce wages an average of four dollars a week in order to meet the scale paid

by the independent companies. At once C. I. O. prodded the Labor Department into threatening a fixed wage, and the steelmasters were called to Washington to show cause why the government should not dictate what the industry must pay its labor if it wanted to supply steel for the Navy.

We will agree that twenty-two dollars a week is too small pay for a man toiling in the industrial hell of a steel mill, and that million-dollar salaries are too high for the top-of-the-heap executives whose checks are made fat by taxpayers' contributions to national security. That has nothing to do with the curious state of affairs which requires the Navy to ask the Secretary of Labor to ask the head of an outlaw labor movement, which is also up to the eyebrows in politics, if the United States may build its fleet according to program!

Who is this Madam Secretary whose powers are so great and who is not loath to delegate them to a private but not disinterested citizen? She is, to sum it up in a word, a paradox, the biggest assortment of contradictions in one small female body that ever tatted a yoke on a nightgown or defied a hairy-chested labor leader.

On the census books she is Mrs. Paul C. Wilson, wife of the now invalid political reformer who was secretary to John Purroy Mitchel, New York's great prewar Fusionist mayor, and mother of his twenty-three-year-old daughter. She was born in Boston April 10, 1882, so she is now fifty-six years old; she can be paid the compliment that she does not look it. Prim of face, sharp of tongue, dowdy in dress, Madam Secretary appears to be the typical descendant of Bostonians blue of blood and stocking. Her speech reminds one of Al Smith trying to talk with a Harvard accent.

The political canard that Miss Perkins is a foreign-born Russian or Jewess who Americanized her name will not down. One of the states' regents of the D. A. R. got into trouble even with her own organization by circulating fraudulent evidence that the Secretary of Labor was born Fanny Wutzki and came to this country in 1910. The truth is that Miss Perkins could join the D. A. R., the Colonial Dames, and every other sisterhood of American blue bloods in existence.

She was upset by the accusations because, she said, "of the utter un-Americanism of such a whispering campaign." One night in Washington she was seated next to one of the country's most powerful newspaper executives, an affirmed anti-New Dealer. Naïvely Miss Perkins asked him what he would do if he were charged with being a Jew and concealing his race. This, remember, all happened on the eve of the 1936 campaign.

"Why," said the surprised Republican journalist, "I would reply that I am not Jewish, but that if I were I'd be proud of it."

So the next day Miss Perkins issued a formal press statement: "If I were a Jew I would make no secret of it. On the contrary, I would be proud to acknowledge it." It is probably the only time that the Secretary of Labor asked a Republican for advice and followed it with as much wisdom as simplicity.

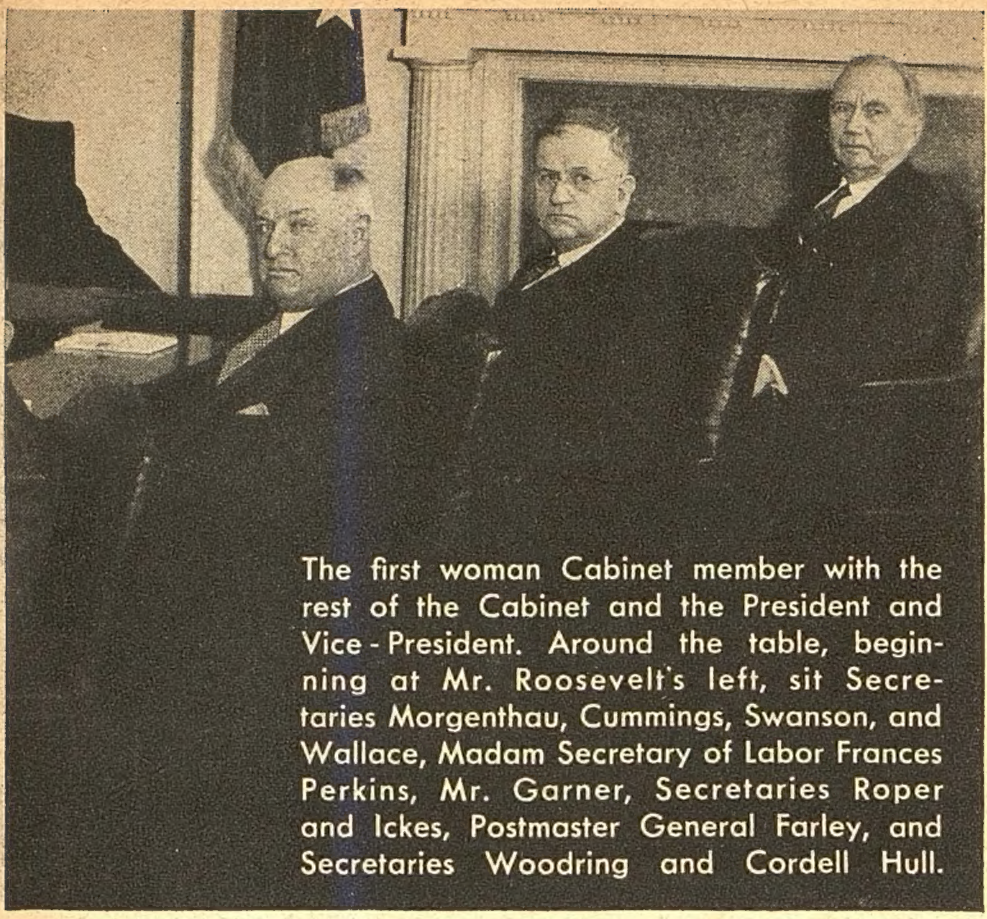
Actually Miss Perkins is descended on both sides from Puritans who settled in Maine and Massachusetts nearly three hundred years ago. Her family was well-to-do, conservative, proud, and worshiped learning. Ancient Greek was her father's hobby. Frances was the older, by nine years, of two children, both girls. It was the family tradition that a girl should be well educated and then teach school until a proper, eligible young man politely asked the honor of marriage.

FRANCES, or Fanny, to use the family's name for her, ran true to form—for a while. Perhaps she is a throwback to her distinguished ancestor James Otis, the Patrick Henry of New England. At any rate, she entered Mount Holyoke College in 1898 at the impressive age of sixteen, and began forthwith to run things so efficiently that she was elected permanent president of the class of '02. Her classmates called her "Perk," and a perky young person she was as she proceeded to take charge of the Y. W. C. A., the golf club, and everything else that needed a firm guiding hand. Even in those days she wore the tricorn hat which is her badge and symbol, although she occasionally varies the style now.

When Miss Perkins first came to Washington in 1933, a newspaperwoman bluntly asked her why she wore hats that looked funnier than Queen Mary's. With rare personal openness, the new Secretary of Labor confessed that she had "a very flat head, and a hat of any other shape is forever dropping off."

In Fanny Perkins' senior year at Holyoke, Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly, newspaperwoman, lectured at the college on labor problems, bringing to these daughters of the well-to-do the horrifying story that their fine coats were hand-stitched in reeking tenements by women who did not earn enough to buy milk for their children, let alone such luxuries as coats; that ten-year-old girls slaved in Massachusetts factories for twelve hours a day, toiling on the college misses' shoes while going barefoot themselves.

That was the turning point in Fanny Perkins' career, although she did not realize it and turn boldly at once. She did write to the Consumers League in New York humbly begging to be allowed membership. The strug-



The first woman Cabinet member with the rest of the Cabinet and the President and Vice-President. Around the table, beginning at Mr. Roosevelt's left, sit Secretaries Morgenthau, Cummings, Swanson, and Wallace, Madam Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Mr. Garner, Secretaries Roper and Ickes, Postmaster General Farley, and Secretaries Woodring and Cordell Hull.

gling League, forever wondering where its next day's postage stamps were coming from, gravely gave the college girl the membership she craved.

You won't be surprised to learn that in a few years Miss Perkins had firmly taken the Consumers League by the ear and was running it herself.

But meanwhile for some time her knowledge of slums, child labor, and sweatshops remained academic. Her emotions were stirred, but before a Boston bluestocking permits the emotions expression, a philosophy must be formulated. So Fanny read books, dangerous books for that day: Shaw's Man and Superman, Vida Scudder's A Listener in Babel, Jacob Riis' How the Other Half Lives. Man's relationship to his environment was made visible to her through others' eyes.

It was a girl troubled in mind who graduated from Holyoke with honors in chemistry in 1902. A New England canning factory offered her a position as analytical chemist, but The Family said No! Well-bred girls did not "work." So for three years Frances remained at home, busying herself with church activities and charity. One of her cases was a girl breadwinner who had lost a hand in a candy-cutting machine. Frances thought that the employer had a definite responsibility, and stirred up such a well-bred row that the factory awarded the crippled young woman $100.

When Frances was offered an experimental teaching position by a fashionable girls' school in Lake Forest, Illinois, The Family made no serious objection. Teaching was an honorable profession. Although Illinois was far away, Fanny would be in genteel surroundings. No thought was given to Lake Forest's closeness to raw and smoky Chicago, where strange social ferments were at work.

Frances Perkins taught school in Lake Forest, but she went to school in Chicago—not a formal school but a source of passionately sought education.

She sat at the feet of Jane Addams, founder of Hull House. Through Miss Addams she met Graham Taylor, the ardent young sociologist whose Chicago Commons was doing for young men what Hull House was doing for the girls of the slums. Raymond Robins, recently appointed superintendent of the Chicago Municipal Lodging House, told her about human derelicts, victims of a greedy industrial age which extracted maximum labor for a minimum wage and then discarded their toil-broken bodies for the community to support.

When autumn came, and with it another school term, the young woman went home to Boston and threw a bombshell into the bookish calm of her family. She was going to quit schoolteaching, she announced, and take up social-service work in the big cities. The Family said No again. Settlement work, social uplift, was something that needed doing, but Fanny Perkins was not going to do it. That was final. Nice young women did not snoop in dirty tenements, inviting insults from uncouth men.

Fanny said her mind was made up. Her father cut off her allowance. She went forth with only her clothes, the little money she had saved, and a gold watch.

Today Miss Perkins makes a sharp distinction between her official life and her private life. On the job she is public property and the public can learn as much about her as it is able without help from Madam Secretary. After office hours—and hers is a sixteen-hour shift with ten minutes for lunch—her life is her own and woe to anybody who invades that privacy unasked.

So also does she guard the details of those formative years of hers. But those who knew her then say that she literally lived off her little gold watch. It spent more time in pawnshops than it did on the bosom of its owner.

"My generation had a passion for social righteousness in those days," is Miss Perkins' impersonal comment.

SHE was unprepared, and had to learn as she labored. Consequently she never had the time, if she had the inclination, to see that every question has two sides, that not all the "underprivileged" are victims of entrenched greed. She was an idealist, and remains one. A characteristic of idealists is lack of perspective and impatience with evolution. Being an idealist, she is a radical and a sentimentalist.

The first salaried employment she found was as executive secretary of the Research and Protection Association of Philadelphia, which endeavored to protect immigrant girls. Her salary was forty dollars a month.

Mark that title, executive secretary! It was to belong to her for years, in one organization after another. "Executive" should be her middle name.

Directing the lives and destinies of penniless, illiterate, frightened immigrant girls who were only too anxious to be told what to do probably had a large share in fixing Miss Perkins' mental patterns. Besides, living in Philadelphia enabled her to attend postgraduate classes in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

As her experience and education progressed, she decided to seek a wider field. Philadelphia was a stodgy town. The newspapers and magazines were full of stories about the evils that flourished in cruder, gaudier centers.

Those were the days when Theodore Roosevelt was inveighing against trusts, denouncing malefactors of great wealth, whooping it up for the Simple Life. Those, too, were the days of the muckrakers. All that crusading stirred Miss Perkins and went far toward fixing her mental patterns also.

New York lured her. She enrolled in Columbia University and became a candidate for a Master's degree in sociology. Her thesis, based on malnutrition among slum-dwellers' children, involved a study of 107 case histories. Up and down tenement stairs she toiled, and through stinking alleys, to quiz suspicious immigrant mothers on what they fed their children and how much the food cost.

Only once was Miss Perkins thrown out of a tenement flat, which is a pretty good record. In fact, it was so good she had to explain it in her thesis, and thereby to permit one of those very rare glimpses into her private being. She declared that she had succeeded in gaining the confidence of her subjects through her ability as a gossip. "Gossip seems to be the well worn path to the back door, the intimate side of every human soul," she wrote. "A good gossip, like a good poet, is born, not made." Whereupon Miss Perkins claimed for herself membership in "the species of born gossips" and went on to defend tongue-wagging as a promoter of "greater democracy" because it accomplishes "the miracle of understanding between two strangers." It is a little unfortunate for her that when she became Secretary of Labor, and as such the inevitable subject of gossip, she did not reread her M. A. thesis and gain tolerance from her own youthful philosophy.

The year she won her M. A., 1910, found her road dividing again. She was invited to become the salaried executive secretary of the Consumers League, also to become a staff lecturer at Adelphi College for Women, on Long Island. She accepted both. Would she become a teacher again? Or would she remain in the front-line trenches to battle her chosen enemies hand to hand?

Between lectures at Adelphi she completed a survey of cellar bakeries for the Consumers League in the winter of 1910-11. Bread vanished from many a table when her report was published describing the unsanitary conditions under which it was prepared by sweating, tubercular bakers. That report also, ironically enough, gave a tremendous impetus to the Big Business branch of baking, the mass production of breads and pastries, which was just getting under way.

Then, on March 25, 1911, occurred that history-making horror, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire.

Disturbed by the clangor of fire apparatus in the narrow streets of Greenwich Village, where she lived, Miss Perkins jerked on her three-cornered hat and followed the engines a few blocks in time to see the holocaust in all its sickening details.

Girls beat their fists to a bloody pulp against locked doors and doors that could not be opened on account of the pressure of the panic-stricken and fainting women piled against them. Others, their hair and clothing ablaze, leaped from windows to the mercifully quicker death on the pavement. In all, 148 employees perished, many of them before the eyes of thousands. It was the most sickening human sacrifice to industrial greed and carelessness that New York had ever witnessed. To Fanny Perkins that fire was a torch illuminating the path she had to follow through life, that charred factory an altar before which she took a vow to dedicate her career to fighting for exploited workers and against greedy, unprincipled employers.

How that high resolve became an obsession which has made her so opinionated a partisan that even those she professes to serve are made resentful, we shall see.

She had no trouble in diverting the energies of the Consumers League to a crusade for fire prevention. Up to Albany she went to lobby for laws to protect those who labor. There she had her first encounter with " practical " politicians, and crossed her Rubicon into politics.

SHE went to work with all her characteristic impatience with conniving and diplomacy. To her the problem was elementary. Shopworkers had been burned to death because a factory was a firetrap. Very well, then, firetraps had to be eliminated at once, immediately, forthwith! There was no room for argument.

The politicians nodded and looked sympathetic. Yes, Miss Perkins; but, Miss Perkins, one can't shut down all the factories that are not fireproof, or have them condemned. They represent huge investments, they provide work for thousands, the loss in tax ratables would be a hardship on the taxpayers.

Sound arguments, in the main, but also employed to postpone any legislation until the public excitement died away. For, in spite of the whole thing, some New York business and industrial interests fought against more fire laws. The real-estate lobby, lavishly endowed with a slush fund, was contemptuous of " hysterical busybodies " like Fanny Perkins. She found her greatest difficulties, however, not with the Tammany machine but with the Old Guard Republicans who were dead set against " pampering the laboring classes."

In fact, it was " Big Tim " Sullivan, one of the Tammany bosses, who took Miss Perkins in hand to teach her how to go about this business of lobbying, more for his own amusement than anything else—at first. State Senator, now Congressman, Christie Sullivan also coached her. Tammany took the politically realistic attitude that if Manhattan's voters wanted fire laws badly enough to stir up a fuss for them, then the electorate had to be satisfied. Terms could probably be made with the real-estate trust after the public clamor died down.

But Fanny found at least one Tammany politician more deeply moved by the Triangle holocaust: Assemblyman Alfred E. Smith. He worked to get her appointed to the New York State Factory Commission as director of investigations, as much to educate her in the realities as to accomplish reforms. She lasted two years, meanwhile resigning from the Consumers League to become executive (of course) secretary of the Committee on Safety, another crusading pressure group. She was in her element now, was Fanny. Two crusading jobs at once! She probed, she wrote letters to the Times, she lectured, she organized Fire Prevention Day. She ran from the City Hall to the state Capitol with armloads of evidence that, despite the awful lesson of the Triangle fire, and in violation of the laws that were inching their way into the statutes, scores of factories still kept their emergency exits chained and locked to save the small wage of a watchman, and clothing factories still stored inflammable goods without safeguards. She berated factory owners to their faces, and in general made herself a great nuisance to the authorities and the industrialists, and a matchless heroine to the factory workers and citizens of good conscience.

PARALLEL with her first efforts to obtain adequate fire laws for New York, she worked for the passage of a law forbidding employment of women for more than fifty-four hours a week; a nine-hour day, Saturdays included. Business and industrial interests fought that, too. Their arguments, and the men who advanced them, disgusted Fanny Perkins. To her mind, they stigmatized all big business. It took three years' work to put the fifty-four-hour week for women workers into the laws of the state, and then it was done only after a heart-stopping Garrison finish in the legislature. The politicians did the industrial lobby the favor of delaying consideration of the bill, despite the insistence of the more humane element among them. Finally, on the last day of the session, it was called up for a vote. A hasty canvass revealed the trick to Fanny: it would be beaten by two votes. Big Tim Sullivan and a couple of other Tammany leaders had left for the Albany night boat to New York City.

She telephoned the pier. The boat had not yet left. Ordering the captain not to cast loose under peril of heaven knows what penalties, she raced to the boat, found Sullivan in his cabin, described the situation to him and almost literally dragged him back to the Capitol, his fellow legislators in tow. They arrived in time to cast the votes that passed the bill.

Experiences like that, however, only made her the more certain that politicians, with a few exceptions, are sharpers and bribetakers—an illusion she later transferred to senators and congressmen without accepting proofs to the contrary. Her snootiness to members of Congress has done her great personal damage, and, through her, done damage to those whom she professes to serve.

The exceptions to her rule about elected officeholders were Al Smith, a socialistically inclined young state senator named Robert Wagner, who was chairman of the Factory Investigation Committee, and another young senator, one Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Senator Roosevelt's wife, Eleanor, rich, public-spirited, found in Fanny Perkins a kindred soul, and thus a friendship was formed which was more than any other human association to influence her career.

All these friends were Democrats, but Miss Perkins was not and still isn't a political party member. She is not a Communist nor a Socialist, and not a Democrat. She was a New Dealer when Roosevelt was still a conservative dilettante. She is allied with the Democrats today because the Republicans opposed her when she entered politics.

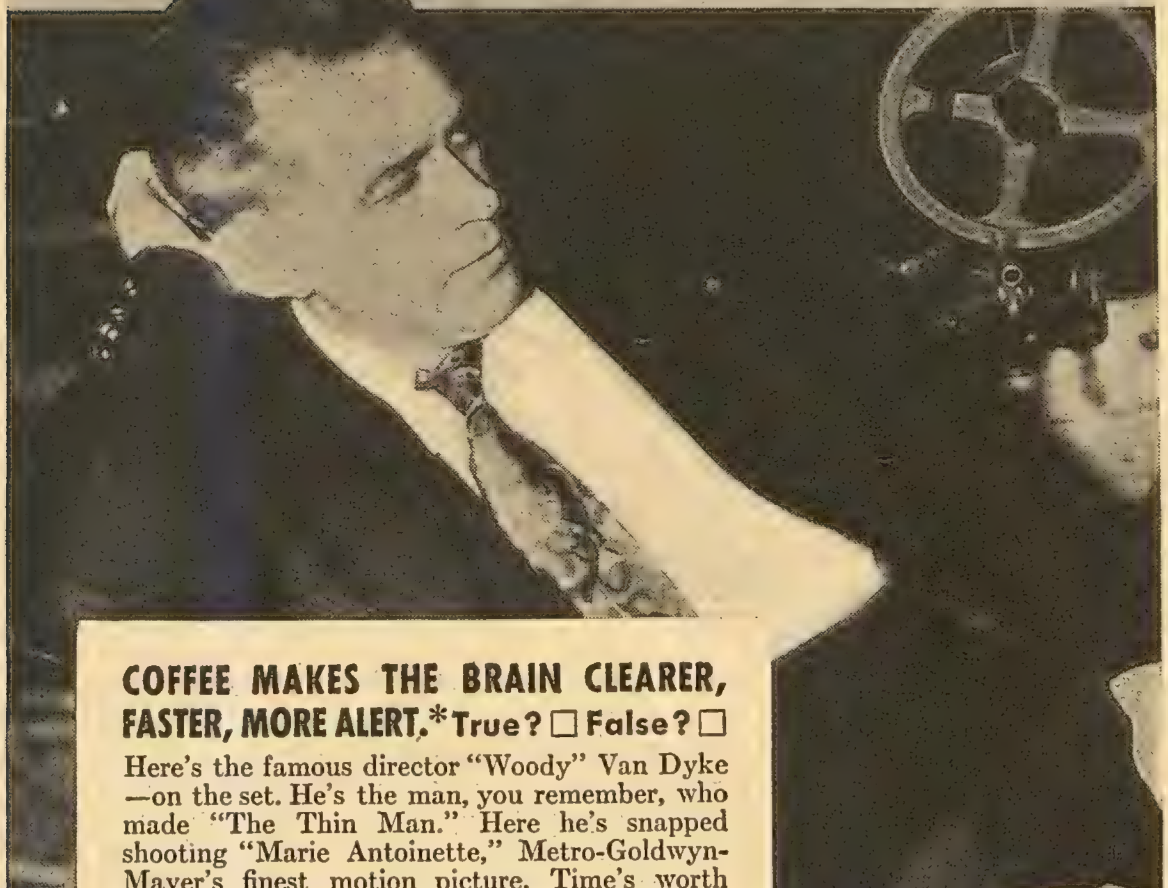
What happened to Madam Perkins? Here was a woman who wanted to help humanity, yet she has antagonized large and powerful sections of Americans, not only of decent business men and manufacturers but great sections of labor, too. What were the influences which guided her from a course of great opportunity and helpfulness? What brought about the unpopular position in which she finds herself today? What are her real aims? Follow Mr. Karig next week as he continues his interesting story of her life and official acts which have aroused such widespread condemnation.

TRUE-*or False?*

How much do you know about America's most popular drink . . . the one you, yourself, partake of several times a day? How much of what you know is true—how much is false? Here a lot of nonsense and old-wives' tales are exploded — a lot of sound, solid, modern medical truths told. Check your beliefs with the facts.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.



COFFEE MAKES THE BRAIN CLEARER, FASTER, MORE ALERT.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Here's the famous director "Woody" Van Dyke—on the set. He's the man, you remember, who made "The Thin Man." Here he's snapped shooting "Marie Antoinette," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's finest motion picture. Time's worth $3,358.21 an hour here. Van Dyke's brain has to be at hair-trigger efficiency every single, costly minute. What's *his* drink? . . . *Coffee!* They say he drank 1,340 cups during the 67 shooting days—20 cups a day. Let the scientists explain it . . . "Coffee exerts a direct action upon the higher centers of the nervous system. It induces mental clarity, facilitating the reception of sensory impressions and the removal of the sense of fatigue." (See "Dietetics for the Clinician" by Milton A. Bridges, M. D.)

Statement in the headline above* is True.

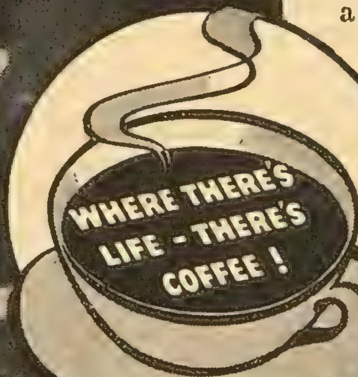
UNITED STATES DRINKS HALF OF ALL COFFEE GROWN IN THE WORLD.*

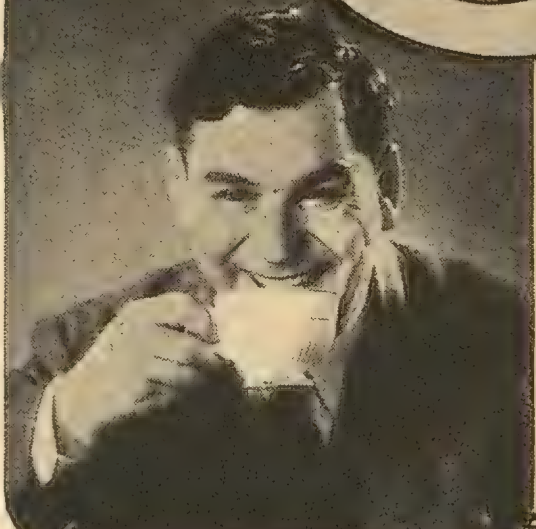
True? ☐ False? ☐

To the United States come one and three-quarter *billion* pounds of coffee annually . . . half of the world's crop. Most of it comes from the Pan American coffee growing areas. And what with the fact that Americans are the largest coffee drinkers in the world—and America has one of the world's highest public health ratings—it speaks well for coffee as a healthful beverage!

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!


WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE !



COFFEE MAKES PHYSICAL WORK EASIER,*

and you can work longer and harder if you drink it. True? ☐ False? ☐

You've seen workmen engaged in heavy-duty jobs stop for a bracing hot cup of coffee. You've seen drivers piloting monster trucks long hours over tough roads stop for their coffee at roadside shacks. There's even a law in New York State decreeing that coffee *must* be served at frequent intervals to certain types of workers. Scientists explain that coffee not only intensifies the vigor of muscular contraction but also enables the muscles to act more economically—to do more work with the same expenditure of energy

Statement in the headline above* is True.

ATHLETES WHILE IN TRAINING DRINK COFFEE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Thirty leading coaches state that coffee is served at their training tables. Among the coaches interviewed are Football Coaches Howard Jones of Southern California, Benny Friedman of C. C. N. Y., and Dutch Clark of the Detroit Lions. There is a wealth of modern medical opinion supporting their views that good coffee is a most healthful, harmless, invigorating beverage.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE MAKES YOU DROWSY.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

If you do feel drowsy, take coffee. Instantly it picks you up. Gives you new drive and energy. Yet—it interferes with sleep in no way—if two hours elapse between the time you drink coffee and go to bed. Drink that extra cup after dinner if you want it. The pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people, according to medical authorities.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

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120 Wall Street, New York

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL · COLOMBIA · CUBA · EL SALVADOR · NICARAGUA · VENEZUELA

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

THE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH TESAR

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

I SHOULD never have given the kid an automobile to take up to college with him, but he and his mother had talked me into it.

"Half the guys I pal around with have them, dad," he said. "And I can't be mooching their buses all the time. Besides, I can get home oftener if I have one."

I guess it was that last that sold me, because his mother and I certainly missed the kid after he went up to State U. And if he was driving cars up there anyhow, he might as well be driving his own, I figured.

So I'd bought him one, and now he was in trouble.

He'd been picked up three times on pretty serious traffic violations, he confessed to me, and had been warned that a fourth offense would mean the loss of his license. Now, on a visit home, he'd been picked up for the fatal fourth time. And he wanted me to do something about it. Just because, before I went into the oil business, I'd been a policeman for twenty years.

"You've still got plenty of pull down there," he said. "You could fix it for me."

He wasn't a bad kid at all; in fact, I thought he was a blamed nice kid, even if he did belong to me. His mother and I had just spoiled him, I guess, like we'd spoiled both our kids—him and his younger sister Mary. Although Mary had more sense in some ways.

"Supposing I don't want to?" I said. "In my time I've seen to it that a lot of young punks like you lost their licenses."

"But you *got* to, dad! I promise it'll be the last time!"

"I've heard that before," I said in my best old squad-room tone. "You had your chance and you muffed it."

I remember how the kid gave me a kind of helpless look.

"All right," he said, turning to leave my office.

"Come back here!" I called to him as he was going out the door. "Sit down."

I remember how his face brightened up as he came back and sat down across the desk from me with one of those let-the-old-gent-get-it-off-his-chest-and-he'll-come-through expressions on it. After all, he was only eighteen years old, and he was my fault.

"Know what you're asking me to do?" I said.

"Fix it," he came back at me, with that smile of his.

"No, that isn't what you're asking me to do," I told him. "You're asking me to make a bum out of the man who pinched you."

"I don't see how—"

"Well, I'll tell you how."

I'd decided to tell the whole story to him some day anyhow, and I figured that was as good an opportunity as any. He was old enough to hear it.

"The story of your *life?*" he said, kind of surprised.

"Twenty years of it."

"But, dad—it's eleven o'clock, and I told a guy I'd—"

"It won't take me twenty minutes. *And you're going to sit there and listen to it!*"

"O. K.," he said.

"And wipe that smile off your face!"

He did, and I started in. . . .

Twenty years ago (I told him) I was in France, fighting in that World War you may have heard something about. I'd been a rookie cop when America went into it and came back to my job on the force here after it was over. Came back to my job and to the girl I'd gotten engaged to before I went overseas. Yes, your mother.

In France I'd been a motorcycle dispatch rider and had gotten to be pretty good on the two-wheelers, so when I came back I put in for the job of motor cop and got it. Of course the motorcycle force in those days wasn't what it is now, because automobiles and roads weren't what they are now, but we had pretty much the same kind of work to do. Speeders and drunken drivers and all the rest. If anything, it was more dangerous then. Sixty miles an hour meant something!

And how they hated motor cops in those days!

I never did like the idea of being hated, so I tried to be a different kind of motor cop. If a guy came along going over the speed limit on my patrol—thirty miles an hour was the limit even on some of the boulevards in those days, understand—I'd give him all the rope he needed to hang himself. Or, maybe, if he looked like a decent guy, I'd just ride up alongside and wave him down a little. Drunks? Well, the death rate wasn't what it is now, and I used to try to handle them sensibly. So long as they showed me they could drive all right, I'd pass them. One-armed drivers were O. K. with me too, so long as the road was clear.

I don't think they hated me much on that first patrol of mine. You ought to have seen the stuff I got when Christmas came around. I'll bet there wasn't another motor cop in the state that got anything like it. And maybe that was all that started the trouble. Jealousy. . . .

The first thing I knew, I was called into the chief's office and asked what was what. The chief said he'd gotten reports that I was letting 'em off too easy—that the public was getting away with murder on my patrol.

"What do you mean, easy?" I told the chief. "There's only been one smash-up on my beat, and that's more than you can say for some of the others."

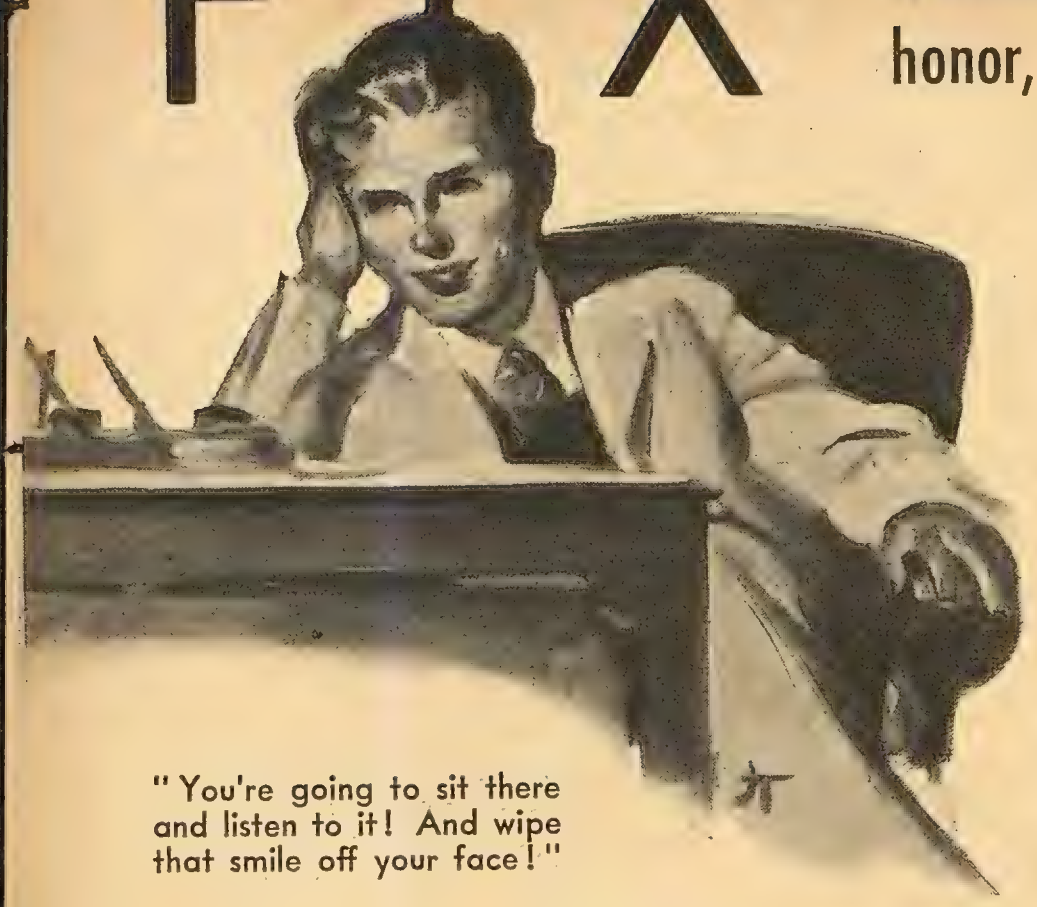
"That isn't the point," the chief said. "You're not enforcing the law."

"But the law's only to help people, isn't it?"

"Don't argue with me," he said. "You've been riding

FIX

A tense, searching tale of love against honor, and a father's tragic dilemma



"You're going to sit there and listen to it! And wipe that smile off your face!"

one of our busiest roads for almost a year now, and your record of pinches is lower than anybody's. If I didn't know you pretty well, I could say that maybe you've been making a good thing out of it."

I began to get mad.

"Don't get mad," he said. "I'm not accusing you. I'm only telling you to watch yourself. Get the idea?"

"I get the idea," I told him.

I went home hopping mad that night. I told your mother what the chief had said to me—your mother and I had been married about six months then, and you, son, were on your way—and she calmed me down. Your mother's always been a very practical-minded woman, son; a good deal more practical-minded than me.

"He's right, when you stop to think about it," your mother told me. "They don't pay you to judge people; they pay judges to do that. All they pay you for is to see that the law is enforced."

"And have everybody hate my guts."

"You can't help it, if you want to be a motor cop."

She never had liked the idea of my being one, and maybe if I'd listened to her, the thing I'm going to tell you about never would have happened to me. But I listened to her later about something else, and it happened to me anyway, so there you are. . . .

Anyhow, she got me calmed down, and I went back to work figuring that from then on out I was going to be tough. But it's hard to make a change in yourself that way overnight. The very next afternoon I found that out.

I stopped a girl going forty-five miles an hour in one of those old Loziers—you don't remember them, I guess—and be hanged if she didn't talk me out of it! Think of it—she was going forty-five miles an hour! She was a pretty girl, even if I had been married to your mother only six months, and maybe that had something to do with it. I'm human, son, believe it or not.

I remember I was standing there in the road beside my motor, waving good-by to her, when the chief's car came up behind me. I didn't even hear it, it slid up so quietly; the old devil, with my sergeant along with him, had been hid out on a side road, watching me.

"Friend of yours?" was the first I heard from him.

"No," was all I could think of to say.

"She was doing at least fifty; I clocked her," the sergeant said. "The limit's thirty, ain't it?"

"But the road's clear, sarge—" I started in, "and those buses can fool you when you're driving 'em."

"They can't fool you when you're watching 'em."

There was no use arguing; they'd caught me. And just when I'd decided to play it their way.

"Wheel your bike on in," the chief said. "I'm taking you off of here right now."

I could feel the mad rising up the back of my neck.

"You want my badge?" I asked him.

I know I shouldn't have asked him that, son—with you on your way and everything. But I've always been kind of impractical like that.

"You want to turn it in?" he came back at me.

Some day you may be up against a spot like that, son. And always remember this: if you haven't got responsibilities, the answer is easy. But if you have—

"No," I said, "I don't want to."

"All right," he said. "Wheel your bike on in. And tomorrow night you go on the River Road, relieving Anderson. I suppose you know what that means?"

I knew, all right. He was going to put me in a spot where I'd have to play it his way, or else. The River Road . . . they call it McAllister Parkway now, and that's where you say you just got pinched for the fourth time. Well, it was a swell place to get pinched in those days, too. It was the only way to get down to a lot of roadhouses and honky-tonks on the river that aren't there any more. Laid end to end, the drunken drivers that have been picked off of that road during the past twenty years would reach the length of Main Street. We had to pick 'em to keep 'em from killing each other, let alone respectable citizens.

IT was a break for me in a way; if there was any place I could be tough and feel right about it, it was the River Road. I remember going home and telling your mother how I felt about it—without telling her, of course, how I happened to get changed over. Yes, sir—the next night, when I relieved Anderson, I was all set to be tougher than he ever had been.

And what do you think?

Right off the bat I had to stop the one man in town who shouldn't have been stopped, no matter what he was doing. Alfred P. Cory! The owner of the Sentinel-Mirror—the newspaper that had put the administration in power and was keeping it there! Yes, son—that's who I had to stop. And I guess you know that Cory is still about the biggest shot in these parts, now that he's Senator Cory.

He's toned down a lot in the last twenty years, but in those days he was a wild young buck. His father had left him the Sentinel, and while he was making a good thing of it, at the same time he was raising hell on the side and getting away with it because he was who he was. He was married, too, with a couple of kids. . . .

I remember he was driving a big foreign car and it was about eleven o'clock at night. He'd been down along the river somewhere and was on his way back to town. I could see the car coming about half a mile off, going at least fifty and weaving from one side of the street to the other. As it got closer I could see two people on the front seat—a man and a girl. The man had one arm around the girl and she was waving a bottle.

So I took after them as they passed me. . . .

I got up alongside them, but would they stop? The guy just made a swerve at me, almost sending me off the road. That made me mad, and I got out my gun and got all set for a crack at their tires. I guess the guy figured I meant business when he saw my gun, because he jammed on his brakes and pulled to the side. I remember the girl—a blonde—laughing, and him swearing. And I remember propping up my bike and leaving my book in my pocket. Just for that swerve I was going to take both of 'em in and throw 'em under the sergeant's nose. . . .

The guy was sore as a boiled owl when I walked up to him, and not as drunk as I'd thought he was. And he took the play right out of my hands.

"What the hell are you trying to do?" he asked me.

"What are *you* trying to do?" I cracked back at him.

"You big fool!" he said. "Don't you know who I am?"

"I don't care who you are," I told him. "You're under arrest." The blonde started laughing again. "And you, too, blondie," I told her.

That seemed to make her laugh all the harder, and he started laughing too.

"I guess you're new on the force," the guy said. "But in case you're interested, my name is Alfred P. Cory."

"And mine's Napoleon Bonaparte," I said. "Drive on up to the station, and I'll follow you. Get going!"

I started back to my bike, but he stopped me.

"You mean to say you've never heard of me?" he asked.

"Sure I've heard of Alfred P. Cory, the boy wonder."

"And you don't believe I'm him?"

Something about the guy's tone kind of made me hesitate; if he *was Cory*—

"Let's see your license."

He passed it out to me, smiling like he wasn't sore at me—like it was all just a misunderstanding on my part—

And—he *was* Cory! And I'd been a copper long enough to know what that meant. Long enough to know that you can't handle the Alfred P. Corys of this world like ordinary mortals. . . .

And yet, there was something else to consider, too. Something quite apart from that swerve he'd made at me. I was only a copper, but I was human, too, and had my self-respect. Only the day before I'd been yanked off a beat for doing what I'd thought was the self-respectful thing to do, and ordered by my chief to play no favorites on this new beat, or else. It might be the smart thing to let Cory go because he was Cory. But how would I stand with myself if I did? You see what I mean, son?

I guess Cory figured I was just embarrassed for not knowing him. "You'll know me next time, officer, anyhow," he said, friendly as you please and slipping into gear. "I won't hold it against you."

I'll always think that the decision I made in the next split second was the worst one I ever made in my life, son. You'll see why—I hope—before I get through. And I'm telling you that if I'd been thinking first about your mother—and you—I'd never have made it.

"No, Mr. Cory," I told him. "I can't do it."

I remember how he looked at me like I was crazy, and how the blonde got serious all of a sudden.

"You're kidding," he said.

"No, I'm not kidding," I said. "If the sergeant wants to turn you loose, that'll be all right with me."

"But, my dear man—you still don't seem to realize that my newspaper—"

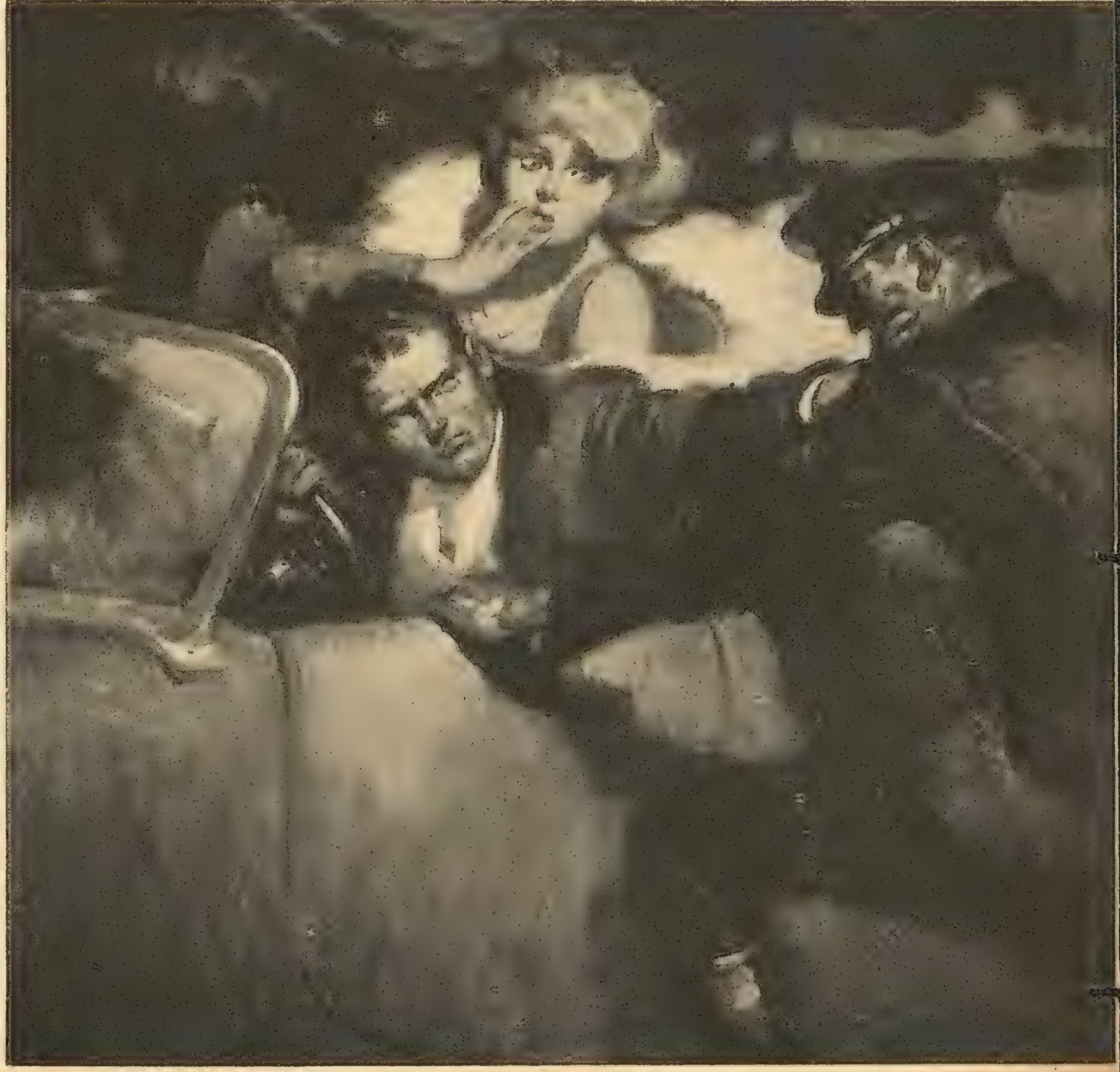
"I know about your newspaper," I said.

"And still you want to arrest me? Embarrass me, maybe, before reporters from other papers? Because don't think your sergeant won't release me."

The more the guy talked that way—as if he owned the world—the madder he was getting me. . . .

"I can't help what the sergeant does," I said. "I'm telling you you're going in!"

"Oh, give him some dough, Al!" the blonde said. "That's all he's waiting for."



That made me real mad. If she hadn't said that, I might have let him off with a ticket, at that.

"Are you going to start for the station house, or am I going to have to drive you there?" I told him.

"I'm going to start all right," he said, "but I'm not going to go to the station house."

He tried to push me off his running board and start up, but I put my gun on him.

"Now we're going in," I said.

I just left my bike there by the side of the road and we went in. . . .

It sure was a break for him that there didn't happen to be any reporters from any of the papers there; I didn't find out until later how big a break it was. His wife would have divorced him in a minute if the story had gotten to her, and he was just beginning to have political ambitions. And publicity about blondes and liquor never helped a guy politically yet.

The sergeant turned him loose, of course, just as soon as he saw who he was. Turned him loose with an apology!

"You haven't heard the last of this," he said to me as he started to leave.

He couldn't have said anything worse to me at that point, son. I almost took a sock at him.

"*You* haven't heard the last of it, either, Cory," I told him. "If you'd acted half decent, this thing would have ended right here, with the sarge turning you loose. I might even have let you go with a ticket. But now I'm going through with it myself, if I have to go to every other paper in town!"

Think of it, son—with you on your way!

"How're you going to prove it, you fool?" the guy said.

"I'll prove it—don't worry!" I said. "The sergeant here isn't going to perjure himself for anybody!"

For just a second there was a frown on the guy's face as he looked at the sergeant. And I thought the sarge looked a little worried. too.

"We'll take care of him, Mr. Cory," the sarge said, kind of soothing like. "He's just a little bit wrought up."

"See that you do!" Cory said, and went on out.

I remember how my heart kind of sank when I heard the sarge say that they'd take care of me. Because he'd been the only one there, and if he didn't come through—

"Sarge—" I started to say, but he cut me off short.

"Don't worry about me, kid," he said. "I don't like the guy any better than you do."

"Then you will testify for me?"

"It ain't going to come to that, kid, and you know it. Why did you do it?"

"The chief ordered me to."

"He never ordered you to pick up Alfred P. Cory!"

"He ordered me to pick up anybody who was violating the law. And if ever a guy asked to be brought in, Cory did."

"Well, you brought him in, all right. The next thing is, we gotta figure out what we're going to do. I better phone the chief," he said.

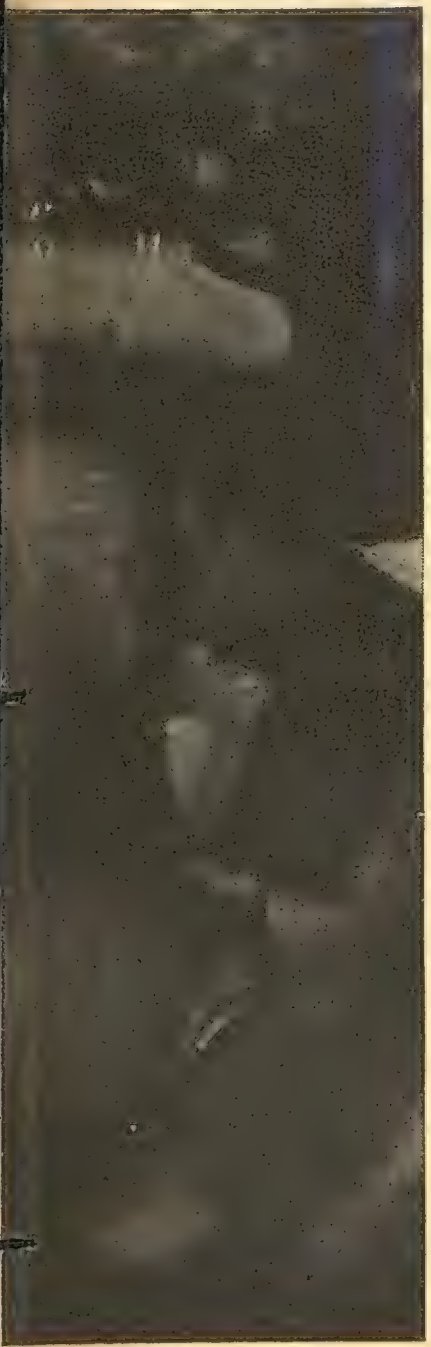
"Go ahead and phone him," I said. "I'm through. I'm going home."

"You don't want to lose your job, do you?"

"If he loses it for me, it's not worth having," I said, and went on out, leaving him on the phone.

I hopped a streetcar to where I'd left my bike and brought it back to the station, figuring it was about the last thing I'd do as a member of the force. In the morning my badge would be quietly taken away from me, "for reasons," and I'd have to find some other way to keep your mother—and you—going; to take care of the doctors and hospital bills that would be coming up, on top of everyday eating.

Thinking about that, I guess I'd cooled down quite a bit by the time I got back to the station with my bike. The chief was just getting out of his car. I didn't feel like talking to him, but he saw me and told me he'd gotten out of bed to come down and see me.



He tried to push me off his running board and start up. "Now we're going in," I said.

The old hard-boiled edge was out of his voice; he just sounded worried.

"Come on in, son," he said, "and let's talk it over."

"There's nothing to talk over," I said. "He's going to get my job—and I'm going to get him, if it's the last thing I do!"

"Now, now—that's not the way to look at it at all," he said, putting an arm around me, fatherly like.

I went into the station house with him. There were a couple of reporters there from Cory's opposition papers, talking to the sergeant. They pounced on the chief when they saw him. They had a tip, they said, that Cory had been arrested that evening for drunken driving. Was there any truth to it?

"Not the slightest," the chief said. "I can't understand where such a report originated."

He still had his arm tight around me when he said it, and I'm telling you it was all I could do to keep from throwing it off and opening up to those reporters. But the old boy had me kind of hypnotized, I guess, because first thing I knew I was in a private office and the door was locked and he was talking to me.

"I know how you feel," was the first thing he said to me, "and I can sympathize with you. But maybe it isn't as bad as you think. For you, anyhow."

"How do you mean, for me? I wasn't doing the drunken driving!"

He sat there, smiling kind of sadly.

"You've got a whole lot to learn, boy," he said, "and one of the first things you've got to learn is, you can't butt your head against a stone wall."

"Cory being the wall?"

"No—not Cory. He's a louse and we all know it. But what Cory controls, if you get what I mean. It's too bad a man like him controls it, but there you are."

"His newspaper?"

"That's it. I don't like the idea any better than you do, but it can make us or break us if it wants to."

"Us? I'm the fall guy—"

"No, you're not. Not any more than the sarge or me."

"I don't see what you mean—"

"If I told you that the sarge and I would do a lot of things we shouldn't do but wouldn't perjure ourselves, you'd see what I mean, wouldn't you?"

The old boy—putting it to me like that—it kind of took my breath away.

"Yes, I see," I finally said. It never occurred to me that the old boy might be putting on an act; I was only a youngster myself, remember.

"You can go through with it if you want to," he followed up. "But it means the sarge is through, as well as you, if you do—to say nothing of me," he added.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," I said. "But what am I going to do? He'll get my badge—"

"No, he won't. I've talked to him already, and I've got that all fixed. You won't even get put out in the sticks."

"How do you mean?"

The old boy shot it right at me.

"How'd you like to be a sergeant?" he asked.

"Merry Christmas from him?" I came back at him.

"Yes."

WELL, that kind of took my breath away, too. Fifty dollars a month more, to say nothing of it being the first jump upward . . . . a jump you ordinarily had to wait for for years.

"I'll think it over," I said. "But I don't think I'd like it."

"Think it over anyway," he said. "We're all in the same boat."

I said good night to him and went on home and told your mother about it. Your practical-minded mother, son. . . .

"Why not?" was all she said to me, after I'd finished.

"You mean—you *want* me to do it?"

"Why not? You say, yourself, it was a dumb thing—taking him in in the first place."

"But if I let him get away with this—it's kind of like a bribe, isn't it?"

"Why is it like a bribe? The sergeant let him go, didn't he? And I think the chief's perfectly right. You can't make over the world; you've just got to take it like you find it."

"It would be fifty dollars a month more."

"That's just it. And, like you say, you can go on up from there. And with the baby coming on—"

I know your mother wanted me to do the right thing, son. And there was an awful lot involved.

So next morning I went down and told the chief that I'd play ball, and right away he assigned me to a sergeantcy in one of the downtown precincts. Took me off the motor squad.

And I can see you're getting restless, son, so I'll skip over, say, the next fifteen years. There's nothing much to tell you about them anyway; you remember a lot about them yourself. You came along, and four years later your kid sister. I got to be a lieutenant, finally, on the traffic squad. And I guess I'd pretty near forgot all about my run-in with Cory by the time you kids were old enough to go to school. I certainly never had reason to think that any of the promotions I got after that first sergeantcy were due to him. Through the years he changed a lot, too, like most of us do. Quieted down and did a lot for this town with that newspaper of his, to give him his due. Finally ran for the Senate and made it. Might even be President some day, the louse!

Your sister Mary; I'm coming to her now . . . and then I'm through.

Remember five years ago, when she got hurt so bad by that hit-and-run driver when she was coming home from school, when we thought she might be crippled for life, and she isn't, only because we had her operated on by that big specialist? And remember how we never did find who that hit-and-run driver was?

Well, that isn't true, son. I mean, about that driver. *I knew who he was!*

Why didn't I arrest him? Why haven't I done a lot of things I ought to have done in my life? Why am I sitting here telling you all this? Of course I ought to have arrested him—but let me finish, son. . . .

It was Mary herself who told me who the guy was—or rather, gave me the number she'd been smart enough to grab after he knocked her down. Remember how I always used to talk to you kids about grabbing auto numbers if anything happened? Well, that's just what she did, and she gave it to me when I went down to the hospital where they had her with a couple of doctors shaking their heads over her spine.

She wasn't going to die, they said. But her spine . . .

WHAT they told me was that she was going to be a cripple for life if we didn't get her fixed up right off. It was a trick operation, they told me, and there was only one man in the country who could do it the way it ought to be done. He was in the East, and we'd either have to get him out here or take her back there to him.

Well, I almost lost the number Mary had given me, thinking about how I was going to do it! It would cost at least two grand, they told me, and how was I going to get two grand right off?

But it got dumped in my lap, son—just like that sergeantcy. . . .

When I left your mother there in the hospital with Mary, later in the day, to go out and get something to eat, I came out of my trance long enough to phone in and check that number.

And who do you suppose it was? You won't believe me, son, when I tell you. You'll say a thing like that couldn't repeat itself. . . .

No, it wasn't Cory. Cory had gotten respectable, like I said, and was running for the United States Senate then. It was Cory's son!

A fraternity brother of yours? I didn't know that. . . .

But that's who it was . . . young Cory. Hit and run—with the penitentiary staring at him if I lifted a hand. Because there were other witnesses who could describe the car, even if they hadn't grabbed its number, like poor little Mary had. . . .

Alfred P. Cory! I had him where I wanted him at last! And yet, what was that to the two grand I needed for Mary?

Have you begun to get an idea yet, son, why I'm telling you all this? You're asking me to fix something for you. To make a bum out of the man who pinched you. And I'm telling you how the fix made a real bum out of me! Yes, the worst kind of a bum—even if your sister can play tennis today, and you're in college and a fraternity brother of the guy who nearly killed her!

Because, instead of sending out like a man and having the punk arrested—and because I needed two grand and didn't know where else to turn—*I went to his father!*

And his father—because the kid was *his* son, and because he was running for the United States Senate—gave me *five* grand to keep it quiet!

Now do you see what I mean?

Five thousand dollars! The fix! All I had to do was get the number Mary had given me mixed up. To make a mistake. And that's what I did, and that's why your sister is playing tennis today. It took all of two grand to see her through, and maybe you've got a hazy idea now of what I did with the other three grand. Stuck most of it in that oil prospect—and now I'm a millionaire. A millionaire! Good God! . . .

I was through. I'd shot the works to the kid—told him the whole story, like I'd figured on telling it to him some day. And he sat there across the desk from me looking at me like I was crazy!

"But, dad," I remember he said, "it came out all right. You didn't do anything wrong, if it came out all right."

"I didn't?"

"You didn't! Mary's playing tournament tennis, isn't she? And you've got all the dough in the world, and I'm in college?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I remember asking him, feeling kind of sick.

"It's got everything to do with it, dad," he said. "This is America, and this is the year 1938, isn't it?"

"So what?"

"Well—so what? You're making a mountain out of a molehill, dad. You worked the fix in a big way for yourself. Why can't you work it in a little way for me?"

He didn't even understand what I was driving at. What was the use?

"All right," I finally said. "If you give me your solemn word of honor it isn't going to happen again, I'll take care of it for you."

"I promise, dad," he said.

"You're sure your word of honor means something to you?"

"Of course it does!" I remember he said. . . .

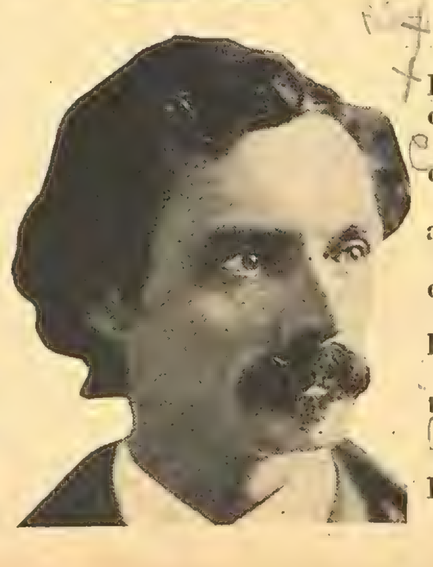
I REMEMBER how he went out of my office with his eyes bright again; the old gent had come through. . . . I fixed the thing for him, God help me, and he went back up to college. And a week later we got the telegram that he'd been killed. . . .

Our son. . . .

So you see why I—

THE END

QUE20TIONS



1—Mustache cups were still in flower when this week's early photo was bulbed. Its subject was U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain 1905-12; but perhaps you recall him better as editor in chief of a great New York newspaper. Who?

2—May a man marry his widow's sister in any state except New Mexico?

3—Which Washington pitcher threw a baseball at the rate of 122 feet a second?

4—*Table d'hôte* literally means what?

5—Which actress was starred in all of the following plays by J. M. Barrie: A Kiss for Cinderella, The Legend of Leonora, The Little Minister, What Every Woman Knows?

6—Under the metric system, hectare is a measure for what?

7—Does the Great Seal of the United States appear on the $1, $10, $20, and $100 bills?

8—According to the Bible, what king became herbivorous?

9—Is a machete a South American tea, a cutting instrument, or a speechless parrot from Panama?

10—If not swatted, does an ephemeral insect live long?

11—What ended Utah's three-year plague of grasshoppers in 1848-50?

12—Who is Europe's youngest king?

13—If Puerto Rico was originally the name of Puerto Rico's capital, what was originally the name of the whole island?

14—The opposite of a homeopathic doctor is called what?

15—For what process was François Appert awarded 12,000 francs by the French government?

16—Where in North America is there a walled city?

17—By what name was Gertrude Zelle MacLeod better known?

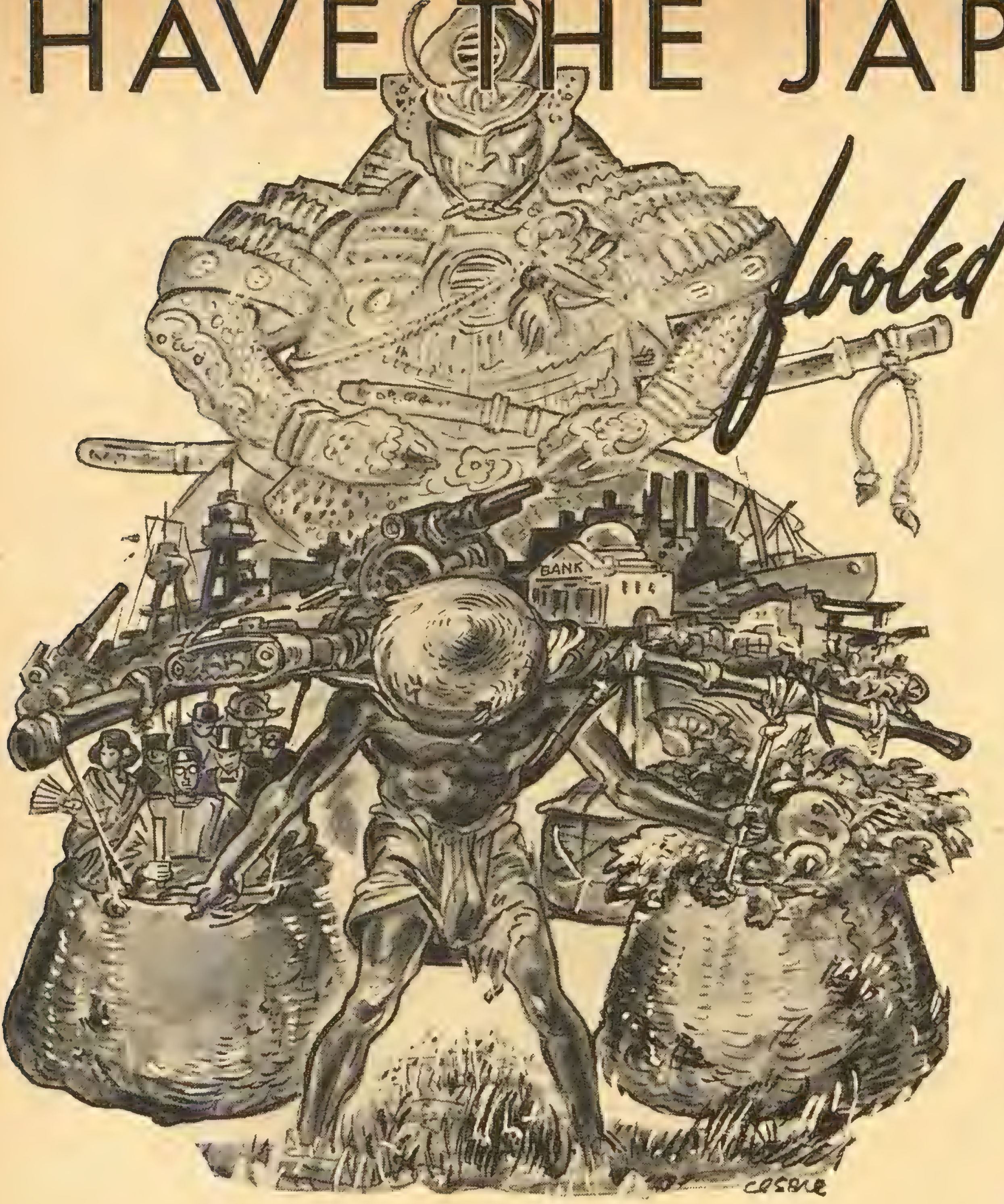
18—Does a personal letter belong to its writer or to the one who receives it?

19—How are baby whales fed?

20—Who was the feminine star of Joy of Living?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

HAVE THE JAPANESE *fooled themselves?*



A surprising closeup of hidden things that may turn the tide of history in the Orient

BY CARL CROW

Author of Four Hundred Million Customers

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IF some kind of international contest were to be held and a prize of, let us say, a jar of raspberry jam awarded to the world's greatest rube, there would be contenders of many nationalities, for there are rubes in every country. But the contest would soon narrow down to one who does not present the conventional picture of the rube. He would wear a cotton kimono and wooden sandals, eat rice with chopsticks. His nationality would be Japanese. The Japanese farmer is the world's supreme rube—so perfect in all the details of rubedom that no one else would have any chance to win the raspberry jam.

The Japanese rube is a very important person who deserves more attention than he has received. Were it not for him there would be no great Japanese mercantile marine, the Japanese manufacturers would not be able to undersell the world, and the Japanese war lords would not have a big and expensive military machine to play with. More than that, the moment the rube goes to town and begins to wear store clothes, it will no longer be possible for Japan to maintain a huge merchant marine and make profitable sales of goods at prices well under the cost of manufacture in America. And the military machine will be whittled down to a reasonable size, so that it will no longer be a menace to the peace of the world.

In the first place, this rube constitutes the great farmer class, the largest single class in Japan, numbering no less than 5,500,000 families. That represents just about half of the population of the country. Then, he is undoubtedly the world's most efficient and cheap producer of food. On his millions of farms, which average much less than two acres, he not only feeds his family but sells millions of bushels of rice at a price low enough to enable the Japanese workmen to live on the very low wages they are paid.

Cheap rice is the basis of the greatness of Japan. With plenty of it, the cost of living will be kept low. Wages will be kept low, so that manufacturers can make goods and undersell any one else. This keeps Japanese ships busy carrying freight and provides the taxes to support the army and the navy. If the farmer got good prices for his rice and other farm products, the whole system would collapse. As a result, the farmer is encouraged in every way to produce food in huge quantities, and at the same time the all-powerful officials prevent him from getting a good price for it. A system of economy which deliberately keeps about half of the population in poverty sounds screwy to Americans, but it has worked in Japan.

Many of the rice fields of Japan are no larger than a parlor rug, but they are carefully tended and there are few if any crop failures. But occasionally there is a shortage of rice—a general drop in production because of climatic conditions. One would think that under these circumstances the farmer would be allowed to get a higher price for his diminished crop, just as farmers in other parts of the world do. But that is not the case. If the price shows any indication of a rise, the low tariff barriers are made still lower or torn down entirely, and enough imported rice is allowed to come in to keep the price down to its normal low level, which is just enough to keep the farmer from starving.

Official statistics show how well the rulers of Japan have succeeded in this policy. In recent years the average annual net income of Japanese agriculture worked out at approximately $16.20 per family. Obviously there was not enough money to tempt the rube into expensive habits. Almost the only luxury he could afford would be an extra pinch of salt in the boiled turnips. His income would be even less, or more probably nothing at all, were it not that he sells the best produce of his farm and eats the poorest.

In spite of all else, the farmer would not fare so badly were it not for the taxes. In their determination to solve the economic problems of the country by keeping the farmer poor, the Japanese authorities do not even allow him to keep a fair amount of what he has earned. In no other country in the world is the farmer compelled to bear such a disproportionately heavy burden of taxation.

For example, in the annual income range of more than $60 and less than $100, the manufacturer will pay 1½ per cent income in taxes, the merchant 12½ per cent; but the farmer will pay more than 30 per cent. Very few farmers get into higher brackets, but if they do, the disparity in tax rates remains about the same.

Even before the tax collector gets around to him, the government chisels revenue out of the farmer in indirect ways. There is no crop which impoverishes the soil so quickly as rice, and the constant use of manure is necessary. To supplement this, artificial fertilizer must be bought from the great fertilizer trust, which makes outrageous profits, part of which go to the government. The farmer cannot import his own fertilizer because the trust is protected by high-tariff barriers. Indeed, Japan is surrounded by a whole series of flexible tariff barriers. All manufacturers are protected in every possible way. But there is no protection for the farmer.

WITH low prices for his produce, high taxes, and costly fertilizer, he has to turn to other work to make a living, and as a result every farm is a small sweatshop where the farmer's wife and the farmer's daughter make all sorts of things for sale to America. This sweatshop industry has been highly developed. Its products fill the holds of a great many Japanese ships and add to the flood of cheap Japanese goods which decorate the counters of the five-and-ten-cent stores.

One would think that after working from dawn to dark to produce cheap food, while his Buddhist wife and daughters worked equally hard making Christmas-tree ornaments, the Japanese farmer had done enough for his country. One would think he might eat some of his own rice and his wife might even make a silk dress for herself. She raises silkworms and spins the raw silk, but they must sell it in order to pay the taxes.

For centuries the farmer has been cast in a Spartan role—and kept there by the military rulers of the country. His life has been made hard not only because it helps to keep the wage scale of the people at a low level, but because, by contrast, it makes the life of a soldier not only one of glory but also one of comparative comfort. The farmer's wife raises her boy to be a soldier not merely because it is the patriotic thing to do but because he is much better off in the barracks than he is on the farm. A soldier wears shoes and socks and a glorious cap. In the winter his uniform is actually warm. And food! He actually gets twelve ounces of meat a week, even when not fighting. There are many full-grown farmers who never have eaten anything more luxurious than a piece of salt fish.

The rube's training to be a soldier starts from the time he is born. All his toys are guns or swords. When he goes to the primary school the most important part of his wardrobe is a cap like a soldier's. He is taught by men, and they are drill sergeants first and teachers afterward. At seven or eight he solemnly learns the goose step. If there is not enough to eat, he is reminded that soldiers on the battlefield sometimes go hungry. When he is a little older he is given training with a real machine gun and joins his schoolmates in glorious sham battles which are directed by the war office and supervised by retired army officers.

Finally the great day arrives when he is conscripted and goes away to join his regiment. The whole village turns out to give him a party—the first party given in his honor. Every one drinks wine which has been distilled from the inferior unsalable rice, and the older men get a little tipsy. He probably has his first drink. It is a glorious day for him, for he is entering a new life. As a soldier he will be a personal servant of the Emperor and so have a more or less direct connection with divinity. Even if he never advances beyond the rank of private, mere civilians will bow respectfully to him and he will be a hero in his home village.

With their background of poverty and hunger, the rubes of Japan have never objected to conscription. The city slickers have, and in sophisticated places like Tokyo and Osaka smart oculists have, for a generation or more, done a good steady business selling young men glasses which would produce an artificial astigmatism so that they could not pass the physical tests laid down by the army. The farmer boy has never done this. He couldn't afford to buy the glasses anyway.

Until a year ago this system was very satisfactory for every one except the farmer, and although he has occasionally complained, he has not complained loudly or bitterly enough for the rulers to pay much attention to him. It enabled the manufacturers, the exporters, and the shipowners to grow wealthy, and gave the war lords plenty of money and men for their military machine. The officials who taxed the farmer kept him in a good humor by village theatricals and other diversions which were paid for out of his own taxes, although that fact seldom occurred to him. His satisfaction over the fact that his son was a soldier outweighed any mild regret he may have felt at having to sell his daughter in order to save the old homestead from foreclosure.

His soldier son probably had a few clashes with bandits in Manchuria or Formosa and then came back, a hero, and worked in the paddy field again. Or he may have been promoted and remained in the army as a glorious second lieutenant. If he rose to the rank of a captain his fame would extend over several districts and yokels would come to see the place where he was born.

But this year things are different, because this is a different and in many ways a more serious war than any Japan has ever fought, and things are not working out according to schedule. Every Japanese soldier is taught to believe that he is under the divine protection of the Emperor, and to make doubly sure that he will not stop an enemy bullet he usually wears a few charms and amulets. Heretofore these safeguards have worked satisfactorily. The farmer has felt reasonably certain that his son would come back a hero and be able to pull the weeds out of the paddy field again.

THIS year thousands of neat wooden boxes containing the ashes of dead soldiers are being shipped back home. Many more thousands of wounded farmer boys are being sent to hospitals. Many of those who survive will be heroes all right, but they won't be any use at the rice planting. The charms didn't work. The divine will of the Emperor does not seem to be functioning. If the Japanese army had been as good as the war lords said it was, the Chinese army would have been in full retreat and the war all over when spring rice planting began. A few dead heroes provide suitable decorations in any family tree, but already the supply in Japan exceeds the demand.

Before the invasion of China many more farmer boys than the army needed were conscripted, and only the best were taken from each village. It was really an honor to be selected. But, with a million or more men under arms in China, the army has to take every one who can shoulder a rifle. In the meantime, the farmer's taxes rise still higher to help pay the cost of the war. There are fewer hands to tend the rice and less is grown, but the price remains at the same low level.

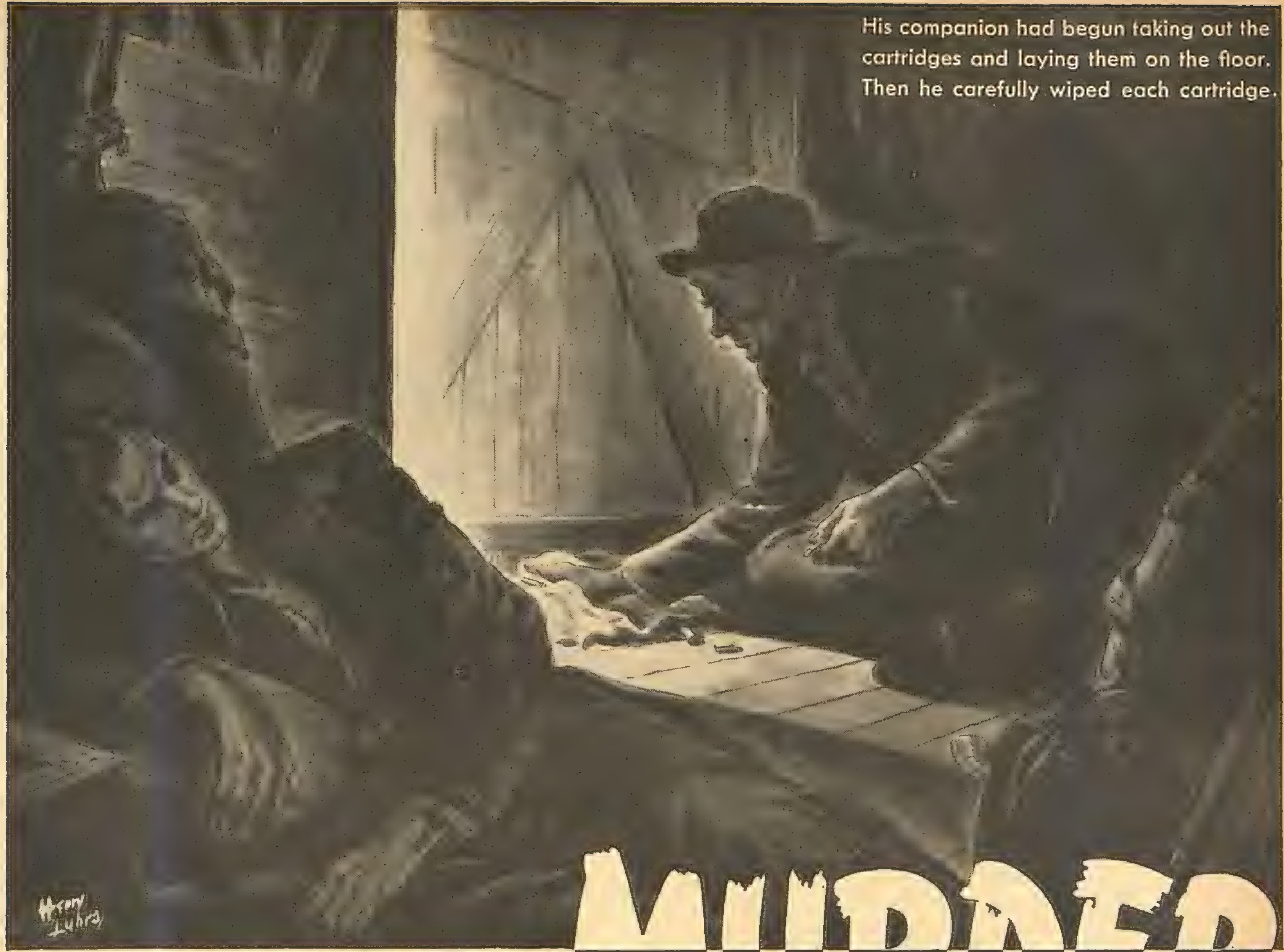
The army officer gets advanced in rank and decorated by the Emperor. The munitions manufacturer and the shipping magnate get even richer than they were.

The farmer whose son has been killed in China tightens his belt.

The soldier fighting the Chinese has begun to sing a little song in envy of the louse who eats regularly and does not live in fear of enemy bayonets. Being a soldier is not the glorious thing he was taught it would be.

Will the Japanese rube who returns from the war decide that he has been taken for a ride? That is the question that is worrying the officials of Japan today, and on its answer will depend much of the future history of Asia.

THE END



His companion had begun taking out the cartridges and laying them on the floor. Then he carefully wiped each cartridge.

RIDING WITH MURDER

The true story of one who faced death in the dark and thwarted a killer's escape—Does he merit Liberty's Valor in Citizenship award?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"HEY, you! Hold up your hands!"

Young Maynard Berry made out a great lumbering figure lunging toward him across the floor of the swaying boxcar. In the one streak of winter daylight from a crack in the closed door he caught the flash of something shiny and metallic.

He decided to obey.

"Come here, where I can get a look at you!"

Maynard stepped into the strip of light and submitted to a quick and expert one-handed frisking.

"You ain't a bull?" barked the man.

"No; I'm a medical student."

Which was a fact. The impression still seems to be general among those who ride in cushioned comfort in parlor cars and coaches that those who avail themselves of the harder but freer accommodations offered by the empty freight car are a bunch of bums. The truth is that since the autumn of 1929, "hopping a freight" has been looked upon with increasing favor by the best social and intellectual circles.

This dark-haired, neatly dressed, twenty-one-year-old Maynard Berry had swung his five feet ten of athletic brawn aboard the four-o'clock eastbound freight out of Sacramento, California, in Christmas week of 1936.

From a big Eastern medical school, Maynard had come out to California the year before to earn the money to continue his medical education. He had found work as a nurse in the Fort Miles Veterans' Hospital in Oakland, and was now conserving his hard-earned surplus by riding the rods back to New York.

If the young man had been able to buy a ticket at the Sacramento station, he would doubtless have had a more comfortable ride; but in all probability he would not have qualified, as he promptly did aboard the freight, for consideration by Judges Homer S. Cummings, Thomas E. Dewey, and George E. Q. Johnson for the award of the Liberty Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

It was now a bit disconcerting to him to find himself set for his long eastward trek in a freight car whose only other occupant was a burly stranger with a gun.

The stranger eyed him narrowly, then approvingly.

"College stuff, eh? Well, doc, since you ain't got no gat, I guess you can drop your mitts."

Berry relaxed. He hadn't been so afraid for his life as for the little wad of bills pinned to his undershirt, which was to pay his tuition.

"Have a nail?" he said, producing cigarettes.

"Don't care if I do, buddy," answered the gun-toter.

The freight was about forty miles out of Sacramento and going fast. Escape by the door was out of the question. The first likely stop would be Roseville, a division point; but the freight would not arrive there for another hour and a half or more.

The thing to do, obviously, was to make friends with this man who had him in his power.

As they squatted on the floor, Maynard sized the man up. He was not tall—about five feet eight—but was stocky, with heavy shoulders and powerful hands. His age, Maynard thought, was thirty-five or -six. Actually, it was only thirty.

As the tension gradually eased, the two travelers dropped into a discussion of the relative merits of the East Coast and the West. Berry had been much impressed by California. The gun-toter thought it was a lousy place. He asked how far Berry was going, and when the boy said "New York," he allowed that he was on his way there, too. He seemed friendly enough but kept the revolver prominently displayed.

"That's quite a gun you have there," Berry said.

"Yeah," he replied uncommunicatively.

"Looks like an old army revolver."

"Is. But not U. S.—Russia. Got it in Oakland. Was made about forty years ago for the Russian army."

THE conversation had given Berry every excuse for examining it. He was sure he could identify it anywhere by its unusual size and shape and its silver handle.

"Is it 'hot'?" he ventured.

"Well, I suppose you might call it 'hot.'"

"Stole it, I suppose?"

"None of your business!"

"Have another cigarette?"

"Thanks, kid. I didn't have time to lay in a stock before I started. Left rather suddenly, you know."

He laughed a knowing laugh. There was no more information forthcoming, however, and Berry fell back on guessing how much farther it was to Roseville.

"I'll get another pack of nails there," he said.

"Aw, no, I'll buy," said the man with the gun.

"O. K. I'm not so flush."

"Well, I'm not doin' so worse, myself. Made a pretty good haul just before I left."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Maynard in apparent admiration. "Get away all right—without any trouble?"

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. I got away with the till, but I had to do a little shooting up."

"Man or woman?"

"Man—just an old Dutch baker. The old fool put up a squawk."

"I see."

Maynard Berry saw plenty. Hold-up! Old Dutch baker! For twenty-four hours Sacramento papers had been full of a robbery of the bakery at 1720 L Street, climaxed by the murder of its proprietor, Max Krall.

According to the newspaper account, two men—one in his thirties, corresponding in appearance to the man in front of him, and the other considerably younger—entered the Krall bakery shortly after dusk.

The older of the two men brandished a large shiny revolver in the face of Mrs. Mina Hawky, who was Krall's partner in the store, and told her to "shut up." Instead, she yelled loud and long, until Max Krall himself came running from the back room and remonstrated with the robbers. Thereupon the man with the gun opened fire, shot Krall twice (once in the back), swept the money out of the till, and escaped with his companion.

There was no doubt in Berry's mind that he was shut up in this freight car with the murderer of Krall.

For his own safety and for his wad's he no longer had any great fear. All he had to do was to be reasonably friendly as far as Roseville, then drop off and catch the next freight that came along.

But—

In the side pocket of his coat was the newspaper in which he had just seen the picture of the murdered body of the honest baker. It was against all of the young athlete's principles of fair play that this murderous thug should be permitted to escape.

Right then and there Maynard Berry made a resolve to prevent it if he could.

"How about some chow?" he suggested, as the train slowed down at what they figured would be Roseville.

"O. K. A bowl of bean soup wouldn't go so bad."

As the youthful Maynard sat breaking bread—or rather, sipping soup—with this enemy of society, he canvassed the possibilities of raising an immediate cry against him, and found them dubious. If the killer would only leave him alone in the lunchroom, he might tip off some one. But the killer stuck closer than a brotherly plaster. To accuse him publicly while he was still armed would undoubtedly mean another shooting affray, possible additional deaths, and almost certain escape.

There was nothing to do but to steel himself to climbing back into the darkness of the boxcar, and to wait until he could somehow disarm his fellow traveler. As it happened, however, the latter attended to the disarming himself; for he realized that the bullets found in the murdered man's body might be easily traced to the unusual weapon he was carrying.

After the train left Roseville, Maynard pretended to doze. There was a thin strip of moonlight filtering through the crack in the door, and he was soon aware that his companion had edged nearer this faint light and had begun taking out the incriminating cartridges remaining in the gun and laying them on the floor of the car.

Then the killer produced a cloth with which he carefully wiped each cartridge. After that he pushed them out through the crack—all save one, which Berry managed to push into a corner of the car.

At this point the train unexpectedly slowed down and came to a full stop at a mountain town, Colfax.

"I was goin' to take this gat to Reno," said the stranger, "but I guess I'll play safe and sink it somewhere along here."

"I'll help you," agreed Berry.

The two slipped out of the car and into an excavation near the tracks, where the murderer dug a small hole with his hands and buried pistol and holster.

While he was thus engaged, Maynard Berry wandered casually over to the station and engaged the train dispatcher in what appeared to be a desultory conversation. What he was actually saying was that his companion was wanted in Sacramento on a murder charge.

Picture the scene. The sleeping mountain village. The long, silent, spooky freight train. The tiny station with its single light. The twenty-one-year-old lad, his message delivered, his conscience eased, free to take ten steps into the darkness—and safety.

But, thought the boy, who is to identify this killer if I run for it now? I'm the one he confessed to.

So, with a coolness and courage that only heroes know, he deliberately returned to the waiting train.

True, the murder gun was gone. But who could tell how many other weapons the killer might have? And what if his suspicions had been aroused?

ONCE more in the boxcar, young Maynard again feigned sleep. The stranger, for his part, stretched out and was soon snoring in earnest.

The Colfax dispatcher lost no time in communicating with Sacramento's famed chief of police, Austin J. Roche. From the railroad company he learned that the next stop of the freight would be Gold Run. At once he got the dispatcher there on the telephone, and authorized him to intercept the fugitive and start with him on the first westbound train toward Sacramento.

The Gold Run dispatcher, arming himself, met the freight as it pulled into the yard and, on a signal from Berry, placed the man under arrest.

At Colfax, on the way back, Berry located the buried gun. This weapon was to play an important part in the case against the prisoner.

It should be noted that Berry was under no compulsion to return to Colfax, or to go on back with the dispatcher and his charge to Sacramento. Twice—once at Colfax and once at Gold Run—he could have bowed himself out of the situation with no discredit to himself. Again, after the finding of the gun, he could have retired from the case. But he elected to hold himself at the disposal of the Sacramento authorities.

At the arraignment the killer said he was Charles E. McGuire, a native of Pennsylvania, a miner by trade. He told a sordid story of the few days preceding the bakery hold-up which left no doubt about his criminal intent. Questioned by Sergeant Lincecum, he said he had robbed a Sacramento beauty parlor, getting money enough to take him down to Oakland, where he had burglarized a house and stolen the big shiny revolver. The house was that of W. M. Brown, a former employer who, he had observed, owned the kind of gun he needed for stick-up purposes.

Returning to Sacramento, he had fallen in with a young fellow named George Rotosky. He had staked him to a bed in a flophouse, plied him with cheap liquor, and finally sold him on coming out and "knocking over a couple of spots." McGuire insisted that they had been drinking quite a lot, but admitted they knew what they were about when they went into Max Krall's bakery. He explained that when "the lady started hollering" Krall came out and grabbed him by the arms, and that in the struggle the gun went off twice "accidentally."

The explanation was not a very reasonable one, since the medical examination showed that both shots had been fired at a distance of about four feet, and that one bullet had entered the body through the back. Mrs. Hawky's evidence was also to the effect that there had been no struggle and that McGuire had shot the baker in cold blood.

Juries, however, are sometimes strangely unimpressed by medical evidence, especially where a man's life is at stake; and Mrs. Hawky, although an obviously sincere witness, might be considered too eager to obtain vengeance for the death of her partner and friend.

In view of these facts, the importance of Maynard Berry, as a wholly disinterested state witness, became so obvious that Chief Roche and District Attorney Babcock decided to avail themselves of his offer to remain in Sacramento for the trial.

The murder was committed on December 20, 1936. The trial ended September 27, 1937. This meant a delay of nine months in young Berry's return to his interrupted medical education. But he never beefed about it.

When the trial finally came off, the D. A. and his chief deputy, J. Francis Shea, put the state's various witnesses through their paces. Mrs. Hawky, a plump little German woman on the sunny side of forty, made an excellent impression. There was no real feeling of confidence, however, in the outcome until the clear-eyed, clean-cut, upstanding young man, Maynard Berry, took the stand and told the story of his night ride with murder on the eastbound freight.

McGuire, from the first, had denied that he had ever seen Berry or talked to any one on the freight; but this contention fell to the ground in the face of the modest young man's circumstantial account, which the able defense attorney, big six-foot James Gaffney, was quite unable to shake.

Throughout his nine-months stay in Sacramento, Maynard had made no attempt to bask in the warming glare of publicity. And after he had done his turn at the trial he unostentatiously left town without collecting a police reward to which he was obviously entitled.

The only recompense he was willing to accept for his midnight bravery and his nine-months vigil was board and keep while he was waiting, one new suit to replace the suit he had literally worn out in the service of the community, *and* a first-class ticket to New York.

The jury promptly found McGuire guilty of murder in the first degree, and Judge Dal M. Lemmon sentenced him to be hanged on December 3 of last year. Subsequently Rotosky was arrested in Leadville, Colorado, and he is now in San Quentin for life.

The police, the D. A.'s office, and the press united in giving credit for this result to Berry.

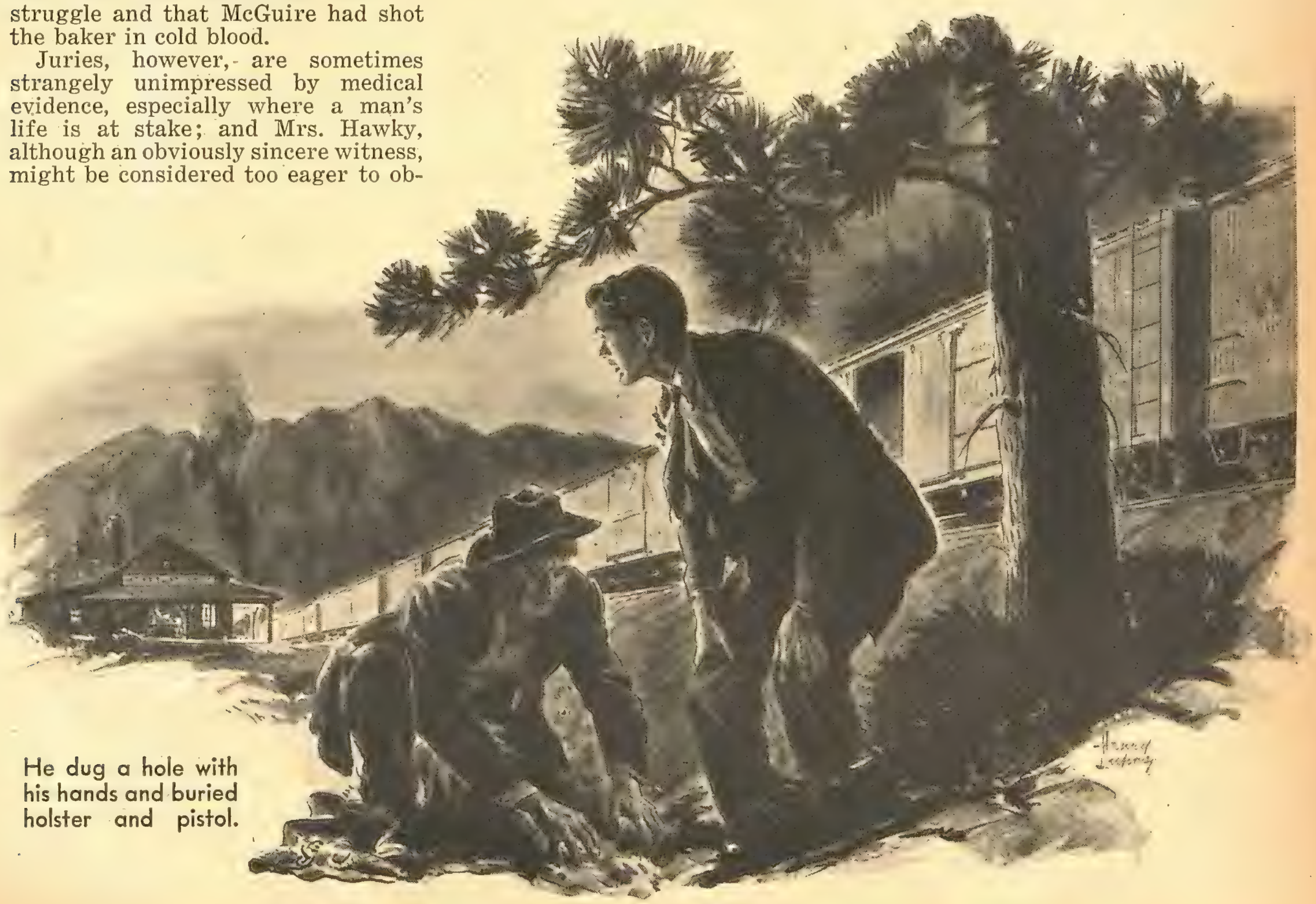
"It was through his testimony," Chief Roche told me, "that McGuire was convicted. This was an outstanding case, and one which might never have been solved but for the splendid assistance rendered by Mr. Berry."

"This boy," said District Attorney Babcock, "made a tremendous sacrifice to see justice done."

One of the big Sacramento dailies carried a front-page editorial pointing out the remarkable service Berry had rendered society by turning in the rat McGuire.

Maynard, running true to form, said nothing!

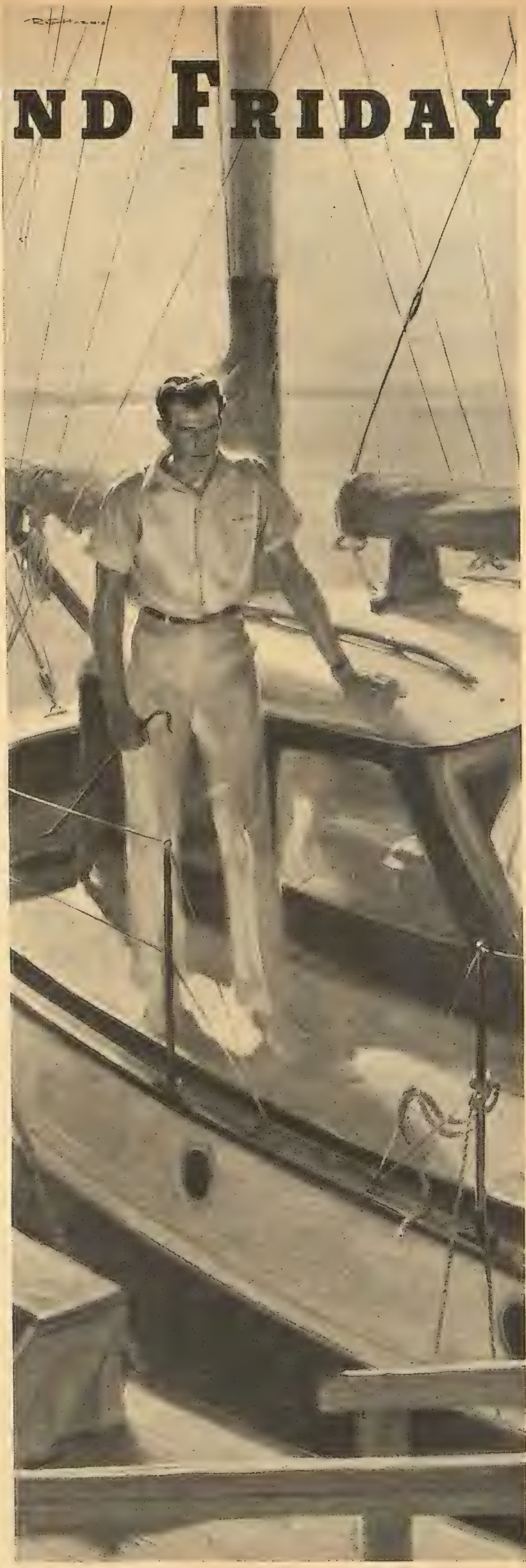
THE END



He dug a hole with his hands and buried holster and pistol.

COME AROUND FRIDAY

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Nick sighed. Did it matter whether a man made a living in tweeds or sea boots?

THE Manchu's teak panels had been fitted by a Chinese shipwright who loved the brown wood. Nick Harmon had gone right across the cabin aft of midship with a ripsaw. He pried savagely with a wrecking bar. The resentment in Nick's heart quickened his muscular reactions. The varnished teak came away in splintered bits.

"A man who would make a mess like this of as sweet a boat as the Manchu ought to be shot," Judy said, her clear voice harsh with anger.

"When the mess is cleared away and the afterdeck rebuilt," Nick answered with a patience he did not feel, "she'll look shipshape. She'll be fit to go offshore. A boat can't get by on her looks—like a woman. She has to be able in any going."

"Like a man," Judy snarled. "Like you, I suppose."

Nick went on prying out another section of that paneling.

"This fishing thing is sheer insanity," Judy said coldly. "Colly, *don't* lean over the rail."

Master Collingwood Harmon, aged four, sprawled on the afterdeck, his head out far overside, watching shiners weave under the Manchu's quarter. The whole afterend was out of the cabin. Nick could see his son absorbed in marine zoology.

"He's all right, Judy. Don't get cross with him because I'm in the doghouse," Nick said in a soft voice designed to turn away wrath. "The way we've been living is insanity, Jude. Unless I got some break that I have no reason to expect, another six months would put us on relief—or sponging on our families. If a man is shut out of one thing he can always try another."

"This is just sheer idiocy." Judy's voice lowered, became intense. "If we couldn't afford to keep her, you could have sold the Manchu for a decent price—before you tore her to pieces like this. You could go back to Longman, Starr's. Dad could get you in some place. We could live."

"You might. I couldn't," Nick answered. "All I'd make as a customers' man for Dick Starr wouldn't—There are no more customers. If there were, Harmon & Dyke's office wouldn't be closed. As for any job Major Collingwood could ease me into—well, when you figure rent, light, heat, food, to say nothing of—"

Nick bit off his words. No use going over that ground again, patiently or otherwise.

"Five years on my own ruined me for wearing anybody else's collar," he said, after a pause. "Punch the office clock for a pittance. I'll do it if I have to. But I won't have to—if I can make this stick. Have a heart, Judy. If a man is using his best judgment to make a living for a woman, the least she can do is to give him a chance."

"You don't have to make a living for *me*," Judy stormed. "Nor Colly. I can go home—and I will!"

Nick watched her walk up the float, then sighed and turned to with his wrecking bar. Why couldn't she see that a man had to take a chance? Did it matter so much whether a man made a living in tweeds and a starched collar, or in sea boots and oilskins?

Fish scales, slimy messes, what would people say, no life for a man with any ambition, no life for anybody, no fun for anybody. All right for him to go raging up and down the coast in what was left of the Manchu—if *he* enjoyed that sort of thing. But what was *she* going to do? Sit on her thumb? And she was not going on that boat after he'd gutted it to make a fish hold, and stuck those ridiculous poles up and strung lines all over the place. And

A swift and exciting tale of romance, the grim hazards of the sea, and what love did at last to a woman's pride

BY BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

he could get a decent job if he tried, so they could keep the apartment and live as they had lived from the beginning.

And so on. Nick knew it all by heart. He knew all the answers, too. That battle had raged for two weeks. This, somehow he felt, was the zero hour.

How had they got that way? he wondered sadly.

They had been married six years. There had never been anything to fight about until Nick went to bed one night a moderately well-to-do young man and woke up in the morning to find himself broke. Broke inasmuch as a business which had netted a good profit annually had gone out from under him. The same thing had happened to other men all over North America. When the mess was cleaned up, Nick had about three thousand dollars left, five rooms full of furniture, a car that wasn't much of an asset, and the Manchu.

Nick pondered dubiously on the future. There wasn't going to be much doing in the stockbrokers' line for a long time to come. He had marked time for months, looking for some opening, trying to conserve his resources, worrying over how to provide decently for Judy and the kid. And Judy chafing, never having learned that dollars don't lie in the bank to your credit unless you have first put them there. All the while a lot of propaganda from the Collingwood side of the house. And finally open war.

When Nick knocked off at six, he stood a minute on the float, seeing the finished job in his mind's eye.

The Manchu was forty feet over all. Lots of beam and draft. Lots of smooth power to drive in a seaway. Flaring bows and lots of deck room now. She'd be a sweet troller. . . .

Nick opened the door and said, "Hello, everybody!"

No answer. He looked in the kitchen. He went into their bedroom. Things were tumbled about. A note propped against a dresser lamp ran:

> I meant what I said this afternoon. I've gone home. I'm staying there until you change your mind about this crazy fishing business. It just doesn't make sense.
>
> JUDY.

Nick read that note again slowly.

"No," he said aloud. "It doesn't make sense."

But Nick didn't mean what Judy meant.

NICK saw Judy two or three times in the next three weeks; talked to her. But they didn't get anywhere. He telephoned the Collingwood house on a Monday forenoon.

"I'm leaving Wednesday. Do I see you before I go?"

There was a pause. He could hear Judy breathe.

"Wednesday," she said. "You likum fish? All light. You come aloun Fliday."

Nick slammed the receiver down. That barb went deep—the answer of the Chinese cook to the tramp who came to the back door saying he was hungry. He had told Judy that one himself.

When Nick went out First Narrows with an ebb tide he felt as if, instead of burning his bridges behind him, he had blown them sky-high.

The Manchu curtsied gracefully to a westerly swell rolling in the gulf. Vancouver fell astern.

The Manchu walked west with an eight-knot stride. The wind freshened. Showers of spray came aboard as that clean bow sliced each marching sea.

It seemed incredible to Nick that he and Judy should get like that. Judy had gone back to the ancestral hall—a large stone house west of Denman. Judy had Colly. Judy had the moral support of "the family." Judy had a home. Nick's only home was the one plunging under him.

"Aren't you coming back, Jude?"

"When you come to your senses."

Their apartment had a "To Let" sign in a front window. The furniture that made those rooms livable stood sheeted in a storage warehouse.

NICK drove straight for the Ballenas. The bluebacks were running there, as trollers in Coal Harbor had told him they would be. He anchored with the fleet between the islands, a forest of tall slender poles standing upright against the masts, voices calling back and forth, radios crooning. Nick didn't know a soul there. He ate his supper and turned into his bunk.

He was in a totally different world now. He had felt that strange transmutation from tensity, excitement, worry to a calm acceptance work in him all the way across the gulf. It reached its peak when the mainland and his home port was a blurred smudge on the horizon. Some anodyne for heartache, some antidote to loneliness in that wide sweep of wind-harried inland sea.

"With a packet like that you'd ought to hit the West Coast or up north where the big money is," a troller outfitting at the same slip had told Nick—a little enviously, for the Manchu looked good when Nick had finished working her over. Well, Nick reflected drowsily, before the fall rains begin she'll know the sandy shoals of the West Coast, the deeps of Milbank Sound, the fogs and tide rips off Cape Scott.

The jangle of the alarm clock startled Nick at 2.45 A. M. Even so, there was a light streak in the east. Anchor chains rattled as the hooks came up. Heavy single-cylinder motors went *chook-chook-chook.* If you have to be an early bird to catch a worm, you have to be still earlier to take blueback salmon.

Nick took them. By the dozen, the score, past the hundred. It was phenomenal, the way those living streaks of silver struck the glittering brass spoons that opening day. Everywhere wet lines flashed, bluebacks came aboard in shining arcs. As if those fish were starving for brass and silver lures, eager to fulfill their destiny of feeding the multitude that subsists out of tin cans.

Nick pulled lines weighted with six, eight, fifteen pounds of lead, fifteen-fathom lines, until his wrists ached, until his fish box was full and he was laying them in rows on the deck inside the low bulwarks.

He trolled all day. The salmon struck all day. Until the sun dipped behind Vancouver Island the trolling fleet kept up that slow patrol. The Manchu was all but last boat in beside a bulky fish packer. Trolling boats clustered around that packer like chickens around a mother hen. Fishermen watched Nick pickaroon his salmon up to the scales on the packer's deck.

The man handed Nick a slip and seventy-two dollars in cash.

"High boat," he said loudly, grinning.

"Hot diggety!" a redheaded boy called across to Nick. "Let's go partners. With my brains an' your luck we'd be high boat every day."

Nick cooked supper, tumbled into his bunk. Almost before his eyes closed there was a tremendous din—all the cooks in the world beating tin dishpans. But it was only his alarm clock. Nick sat up in the darkness, flexing sore, stiff hands. Early out! Early out—the trollers' litany.

The run moved north. The trolling fleet followed the run up to The Sisters, to Hornby Island, to Cape Lazo, to Mittelnatch, up into the swift tideraces off Cape Mudge.

Wherever there were salmon there was the Manchu. And where the Manchu went she took bluebacks in smooth water and rough, from cool dawn to glowing sunset. Four days out of five Nick was high boat.

"That guy gets all the breaks," a troller growled to Mel Adams—the redheaded kid who had yelled at Nick that first evening at the Ballenas.

"That guy makes his own breaks," Mel retorted. And Mel spoke by the book, because he made his own breaks, too.

They made a sort of loosely connected trio, Nick, Mel Adams, and Bill Small—the Manchu, the Condor, and the Bold Mary. They were first out and last in. They had able boats and the guts to face any weather as long as the salmon would bite.

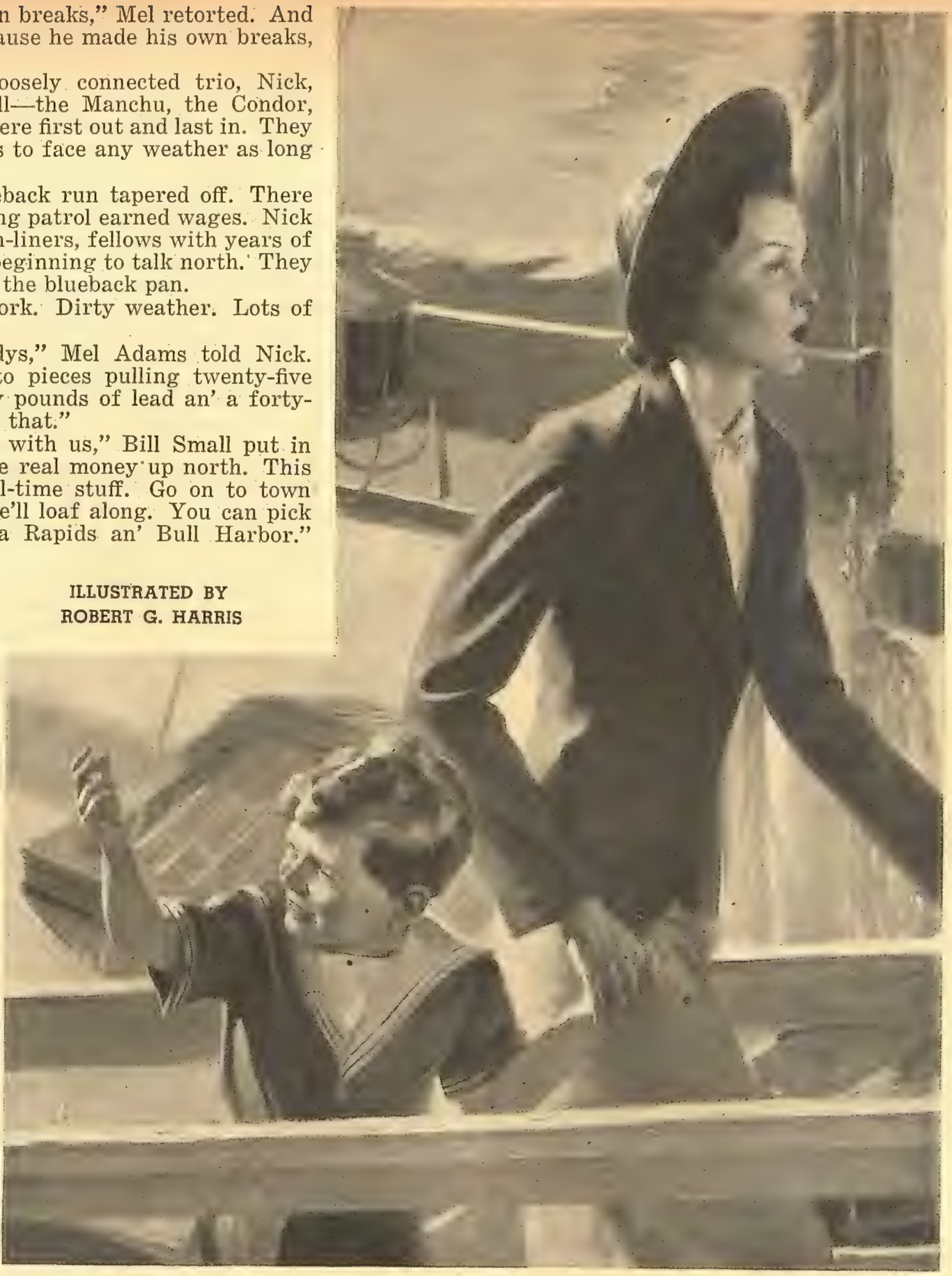
In three weeks that blueback run tapered off. There were still salmon. A day-long patrol earned wages. Nick listened to a few of the high-liners, fellows with years of experience. They were all beginning to talk north. They had skimmed the cream off the blueback pan.

Tough stuff. Offshore work. Dirty weather. Lots of fog. But fish!

"You oughto have gurdys," Mel Adams told Nick. "You'll tear your hands to pieces pulling twenty-five fathoms of line with thirty pounds of lead an' a forty-pound spring on the end of that."

"You better come along with us," Bill Small put in his oar. "You'll make some real money up north. This blueback fishin's just small-time stuff. Go on to town an' have gurdys rigged. We'll loaf along. You can pick us up between the Yuculta Rapids an' Bull Harbor."

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT G. HARRIS



"You don't have to make a living for me," Judy stormed. "Nor Colly. I can go home—and I will!"

NICK watched a machinist making the final test of his gurdys. Six-inch brass spools driven through geared shafting off his engine. Three spools on each side to wind up six lines. He looked at his hands. They were red and hook-scarred. He had been a little slow learning that he had to protect his hands with antiseptics against the poison of salmon slime.

He looked out over the slips to the roofs of the West End. He could almost see the chimneys of the Collingwood house. He had telephoned as soon as he got in.

The races were on at Brighouse. Judy was going out at one thirty. Colly would be playing around the yard. She wouldn't be home that evening.

So he went up to the house in time to pass Judy as she came down the walk to get in Dick Somers' car. Nick played with Colly under a locust tree for a couple of hours. It had happened day before yesterday.

"You've let me down, Nick," she said in a cold voice over the telephone next morning when he asked her point-blank. "There wouldn't be any gain in me seeing you."

Still, he had gone to see her last night. And there didn't seem to be much to say. You can't talk to a woman who just answers in monosyllables.

Anger was slowly replacing that dead weight of loneliness in Nick Harmon's breast. Something wrong with a woman who raged at a man who strove for something better.

The mechanic gathered up his tools and left. Nick sat in the cabin, thinking about heading north. Every day counted. The salmon only ran in season, a season all too short. He made a mental count of his cash resources. Wrote out a check for Judy. He was addressing the envelope to her when Major Collingwood stepped aboard.

Even his wife called him "the Major." He was very erect, with silvery hair, florid skin, thin beaked nose straddled by pale gray eyes. Worth half a million in real property and undepreciated government securities. Mostly inherited. Carefully husbanded. The Major had always disapproved of Nick Harmon—of all the Harmons. The Harmon background reflected activity rather than aristocracy. The Major's wife also disapproved. But always with perfect courtesy. There had been veiled hostilities when Judy got engaged. Open attack when they were about to marry. Judy had won both skirmishes. A spoiled only child, whatever Judy wanted she ultimately got. She had fought for Nick. Now she was fighting against him.

"Judy seems to have very decided notions about this fishing project of yours," the Major said. "I suggest that you give it up."

"It's up to me to make a living for three people," Nick pointed out. "If I can't do it one way, I can another."

"It seems to me a rather crude method," his father-in-law drawled. "No future in it. Can you even make a living at it? If there were any possibility of a business opening, I'd consider starting you in something—for

Judy's sake. But under present conditions any business venture is hopeless. I think I can, however, get you into the Western Trust. They'll pay you a hundred and twenty-five a month to start."

Nick listened to this impassively.

"You pay your chauffeur a hundred a month and everything found," he said softly. "In the Western I'd have to keep up some sort of appearance. House rent, food, clothes. Judy has difficulty dressing herself and Colly on a hundred a month—she says. Don't two and two make four in your figuring, Major?

"No, I'm not going to work for the Western Trust for a taxi driver's pay. I'm going to make what I can on my own—and live on it."

"It won't be much of a life for Judy, I'm afraid," Major Collingwood scowled.

"It's her life, not yours," Nick retorted. "She asked for it. Now she can take it."

Nick, stormy anger rising above the forlorn feeling that had ridden him for three days, added: "Maybe a divorce would be a solution."

The Major fingered his white mustache.

"Since you have gone the length of separating, divorce may be the only real solution," he agreed coldly. "You were never, in my opinion, Harmon, the man to make Judy contented."

"I know. A stuffed shirt with connections and a bank roll would have looked better to the Collingwood family."

Nick said that rather bitterly, and instantly was ashamed of himself. Because Judy had wanted him for what he was.

The frosty gleam in the Major's agate eyes didn't bother Nick at all, but he was somehow relieved when the Major stepped off the Manchu. Only, when it grew dark, he hated to turn into his bunk. It was so empty, and Judy was only six blocks away.

NICK watched the green sea slide by the Manchu's hull with a soft slithering sound in a July sunrise all pastel shades of pink and gold and gray. All day he drove west by north, and in the entrance to Goletas Channel he overhauled the Condor and the Bold Mary. They lashed the three boats abreast and cracked a bottle of rum Nick had brought along. Bill Small steered the middle boat. Mel Adams picked a banjo and sang ribald songs. Nick began to feel almost human again. They made Bull Harbor that night. When they put out in the morning, the Pacific Ocean lay blanketed in a shroud of fog that crept swiftly inshore.

In convoy with Mel Adams and Bill Small, Nick steamed out long before daylight. They knew the ground and the game, and they averaged better than three thousand dollars a year. High boats. Not many such. Half a dozen out of a fleet a hundred strong.

Dawn came and grayness, gray mist that thinned and thickened and swirled all about them. Three short blasts from Mel Adams. Nick could hear the heavy two-cylinder motors slow to labored coughing. They were on the forty-fathom bank, twenty miles at sea.

Nick dropped his poles and ran his lines; put out his bow poles. They stood out from the Manchu's stem, a pair of wooden antennae with a bell on each tip.

Before he got back aft to compass and tiller, a bell jangled and the starboard pole bent and sprung as if something were trying to tear it out by the roots. Nick let the gurdy reel in the main line to the first lead. Five fathoms still to be taken in hand over hand. He fought that spring ten minutes before he slung him aboard. A red spring. Fifty pounds of dynamite. Other bells clanged, trigger sticks sprung and quivered while he tussled with that first big fish.

"And they say there's no sport unless you use the lightest tackle," Nick panted. "It's like a hundred and ten volts up your arm when one of these babies breaks water."

He had twelve hundred pounds of salmon aboard at ten o'clock. His arm muscles quivered with strain and excitement. He could see now why power-gurdy gear was imperative.

Nick didn't know where he was. He knew where he ought to be. He had always been a good chart-and-compass navigator. Born on salt water, he had played with sail and power all his life. He had been steaming an hour on one course, an hour on another. Allowing for the set of the tide, he should be—anyway the boys had told him you could bank on the fog clearing about noon, so you could get a landfall.

If it didn't, you reversed your outbound course and drove blind in the fog until you heard the smash of breakers on the seaward shore of Hope Island or found yourself tossing on Nawhitti Bar. From there to Bull Harbor you trusted to your compass, your ears, and your luck.

The springs kept striking. Nick felt hollow inside. He couldn't leave his compass and tiller aft and his gear long enough to get hot food.

A little after noon a land breeze rolled the fog out to sea. The mainland shore by Cape Caution lay purple in the east. As the mist cleared, he sighted other trollers, and steered toward them until he picked up the green and white of Adams' Condor.

"Good pickin's, huh?" Mel yelled.

Nick pulled his lines and shut down; cooked a hot meal; then trolled again, creeping slowly across a ground swell. Now and then he could see a bright flash when a fish came in over a distant rail. Nick was tired, dog-tired, sleepy, by four in the afternoon, sitting with the tiller between his legs in the little aft cockpit. Three or four boats were dark specks heading home. About six thirty Mel Adams put up his poles. Nick followed suit.

He tailed along after the Condor, cleaning fish all the way in. The Bold Mary plowed at his tail. Gutting fish, washing down decks, so that once alongside the fish scow he would only have to heave up his fish and tumble into his bunk—and tumble out again at 2 A. M. and do it all over again.

Still, he delivered sixteen hundred pounds of spring salmon—mostly red—and a few coho at Bull Harbor. Adams and Small only topped him a few pounds. Sixteen hundred pounds! At eleven cents for red springs, four for white, and seven for coho. Nick looked at the sheaf of ten-dollar bills. Well, it was a good thing to get it while the getting was good, because there were days when you went out there and took a beating and didn't get a smell.

NICK had a week's stubble on his chin. His eyes were bloodshot. His legs ached from bracing himself against the Manchu's wild plunging all day. He was so sleepy he was weaving on his feet when the Manchu, the Bold Mary, and the Condor swung their sterns against the buyer's scow and a man made their lines fast to a cleat. Nick leaned a moment on his pickaroon over a hatch filled to the coaming with salmon. Late August. Nor'west winds. The three of them had been the only trollers to cross Nawhitti Bar that day. Fishing fools.

Nick glanced up on the scow. At first he thought he was seeing things. Then the dual apparition moved toward him, making intelligible sounds, and Nick's faith in his eyesight was restored.

"How did *you* get here?" he asked.

"Steamer to Shushartie. Fish packer across here," Judy said. Colly was already clambering aboard the Manchu with welcoming squeals.

"Oo—oo—oooh!" he cried. "Fish! Look, mummy."

"Better come aboard," Nick said. "I have to get unloaded."

He reached up for the bag she carried. Judy looked sober, almost frightened; and that made Nick wonder, because in his experience Judy was always either bubbling with careless laughter or openly on the warpath. She stood on the top companion step just inside the cabin door, watching him heave those salmon up on the floor. Another big day. There had been several of them recently. The boys were making a killing. Nick and Mel and Bill were making the biggest killing of all. But they were dead on their feet every night. Nick himself was too weary to care much about anything when he shoved out into the bay and dropped anchor. But he was starving, too. He had been standing on his ear for fourteen hours without a bite to eat.

He didn't try to make conversation. He made coffee instead, and slapped a couple of rib steaks fresh off the scow ice into a hot pan. Stood by the galley stove watching them sizzle.

“I can do that, Nick,” Judy said in a curiously timid voice. “You look tired.”

“If I sat down I'd go right to sleep.”

Nick topped off his steak with two cups of coffee. Judy ate hers and said that it was good. Nick wanted to talk but somehow he couldn't begin. He wondered why Judy had appeared there without a word of warning. He had only written to ask how Colly was, and Judy had replied briefly, guardedly. In the back of his mind was the necessity of getting out at 3 A. M. and the hope that nor'west wind would die down. It was dark now. The days were shortening. It didn't seem like two months since he had left Vancouver the last time. No; be hanged if he'd start asking why this and why that. Let her talk if she wanted to. She hadn't come three hundred miles without some reason.

“You and Colly will have to sleep in the double bunk,” he broke a long silence. “No hotels in Bull Harbor. Nothing but trolling boats and a fish boat.”

“I've slept on the Manchu lots of times, Nick,” Judy said quietly.

“Come to think of it, you have,” Nick answered. “Well, that berth's made up. I'm dead for sleep myself.”

Forward there was a lavatory and storage space. The wheelhouse floor covered the engine, three feet above the main-cabin floor level. In this space, separated from the cabin and galley by a curtain, Nick pulled down a berth folded against the wall, put on his pajamas, and lay down. He was asleep two minutes later, his last conscious thought a stupid wonder about Judy being there.

He had set the alarm for three o'clock. But he wakened without the alarm. Wide awake and refreshed and extraordinarily alert, although he had slept only four hours.

The lights were still on in the cabin. Nick drew the curtain aside to look. Colly was tucked up in bed. Judy sat on a stool by the galley stove. She had on a suit of green pajamas that Nick remembered with a queer pang. She nursed her chin in one palm, brooding, her dark hair a smooth casque over her bowed head.

“Why don't you go to bed?” Nick spoke.

Judy looked at him. She came up on the wheelhouse floor, bent over Nick in his bunk.

“Are you still mad at me, Nick?” she breathed.

“I wasn't mad at you any time,” he said.

“You should have been,” she answered.

“Yeah; maybe I should have beaten you,” Nick said.

“Can I come in your bed, Nicky?” she asked.

“It's pretty narrow for two,” Nick said.

“I'm not very broad in the beam,” Judy whispered. “I want to be close to you.”

She slid herself in under the blankets. The warmth and softness of her body sent a hot shivery wave over Nick. But he didn't say anything for a time.

“What did you come up here for, Jude?”

She didn't answer for a minute. Then she said, with her lips pressed against the stubble of beard on his cheek:

“Do you ever wake up in the night and find yourself groping around in the bed for somebody that isn't there?”

Nick hadn't supposed Judy felt that way.

“So what?” he asked softly.

“I know—I was a louse,” Judy murmured. “But do I have to crawl and beg, Nick?”

“No!” Nick said violently. He kissed her. “You can stand up on your own two feet and thumb your nose at everybody—so long as you want to track along with me.”

They lay silent for a long time.

“You see, Nick,” Judy said abruptly, “I was a spoiled brat when I married you. For six years you went right on spoiling me. You always did whatever I wanted. I suppose I just naturally had to ram my head against something immovable before I learned that you can't always get what you want just by simply demanding it.

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

A Scotsman who spent his youth in the West, several years as range rider in Montana. Which accounts for the fact that of his eleven published novels, four are tales of the old cattle country, the rest dealing with the Pacific Coast.

“When I went home and you went fishing, it wasn't so hot. I missed you dreadfully, but I thought—because I'd sold myself the idea—that you'd soon be back, ready to admit that it was a fool undertaking. And since I'm full of natural cussedness I couldn't even be nice to you when you were in just before you came north.

“Being at home wasn't what it once was. I'd been mistress in my own house, just as you were boss in your own business. Mama and dad still think I'm a child. It was, ‘Judy, you really must do this,’ and ‘Judy dear, you ought to be more careful.’ And finally they got around to criticizing you for what you had done and hadn't done, and could do and wouldn't do, until I wanted to scream sometimes.

“When they finally began to suggest that I might possibly get a divorce—the obvious inference being that I might be free to do better in the matrimonial market, instead of being tied to a dud—well, I just packed a bag, grabbed Colly, and flew the coop. I missed you so much Nick. All the time.”

“I suggested to the old man last time I saw him that maybe a divorce would be a solution,” Nick said.

“Oh, you did, did you?” Judy lifted her head. “Well, you just try divorcing me! I know I was a heel—but—”

Nick laughed. Judy put her head down in the crook of his arm.

LET'S forget it,” said he. “Maybe if you hadn't got my back hair up, walking out on me like that because I wouldn't take a job and go on trying to live shabby genteel, I wouldn't have bucked this game so hard and done so well at it. It's a lot better than wearing anybody's collar, Judy, in times like these.”

“It seems to be,” Judy said. “I've learned a lot of things I didn't know in the last three months. Lots of our crowd are worried to death. They're losing jobs, seeing their money go, wondering where the next hundred dollars is coming from. Some of them are actually scared. Even mama's worried about expenses, and dad's constant theme is the frightful specter of increasing taxation to pay for relief costs and the menace of Red agitators among the unemployed.”

She rubbed her hand across his chin.

“You need a shave pretty badly, old man,” she chuckled.

“The salmon don't care if I have whiskers a foot long,” he retorted.

“I must be sort of funny, Nick,” Judy said after a little. “When I told these people who I was, the men started talking about you. I got quite a kick out of it. You and two other fellows. You seem to be persons of consequence around here. They call you the Three Must-get-theirs.”

“Oh,” Nick laughed. “That's me and Mel Adams and Bill Small. Lone-wolf trollers. The rest of this gang are jealous. We know our stuff and we do it, fair weather or foul.”

“You're not a lone wolf any longer,” Judy told him. “You've got a partner on the job now. One that is willing to do her share.”

“It's a tough game, Judy,” Nick said. “Long hours. Dirty work sometimes, and dirty weather. You could go back to town till the season's over. There'll be a layoff from the middle of October till the springs start running in February on the West Coast.”

“I will *not*,” Judy declared. “I am *not* going to be a trolling widow any more. I can cook for you, and take a trick at the wheel. What good is a woman to a man if she can't stand a little tough going?”

Nick had often thought that, sometimes bitterly, sometimes forlornly, in the last three months. But he wouldn't be asking himself that any more, he thought, as he dozed off to sleep with Judy's dark head resting in the crook of his arm, and the Manchu rocking slow and easy in the swell that sidled into Bull Harbor from that nor'west wind whooping down Goletas Channel.

THE END

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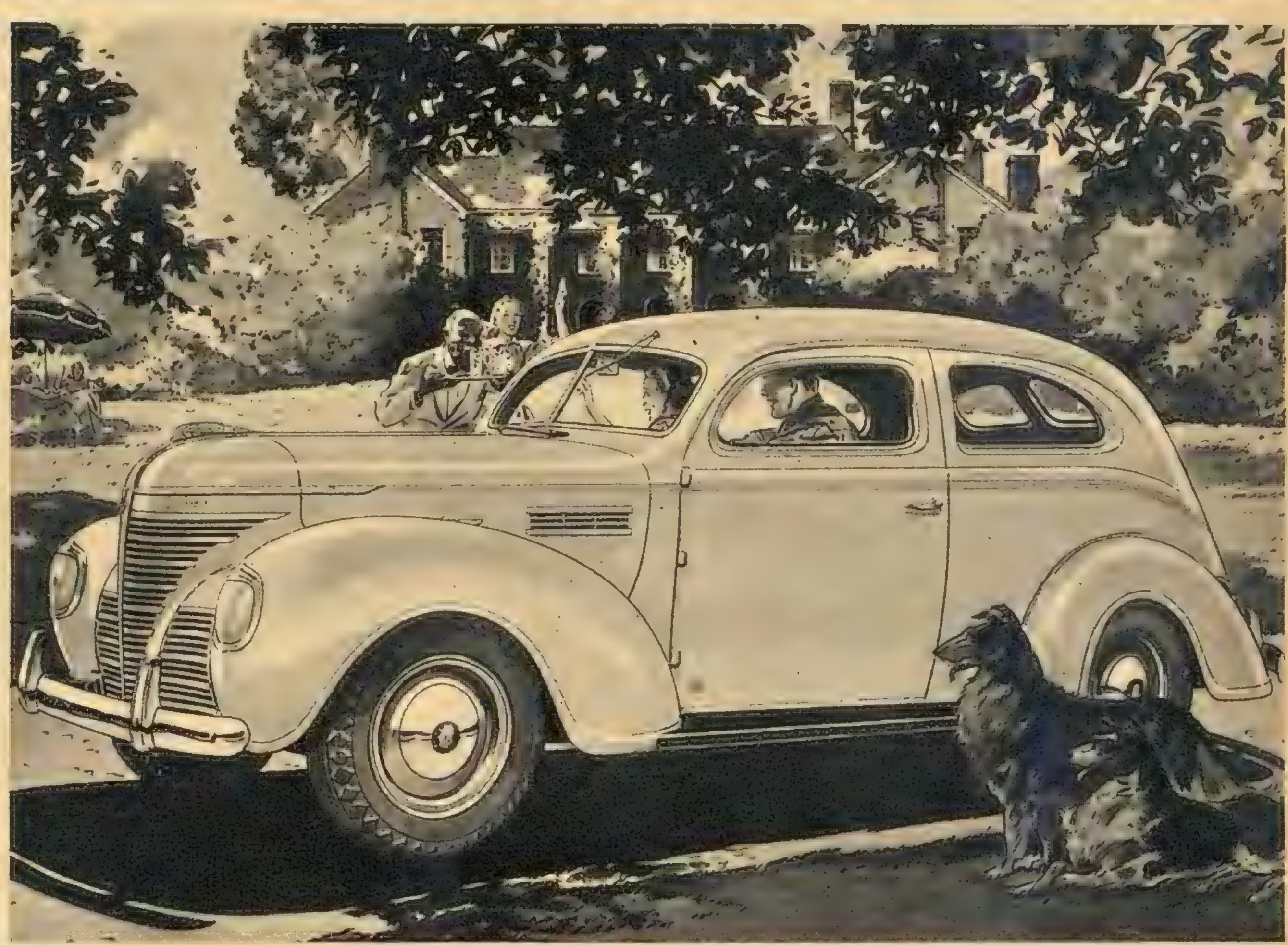

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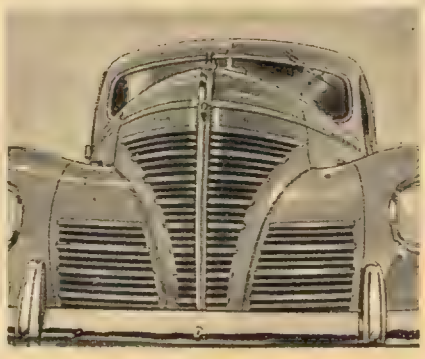

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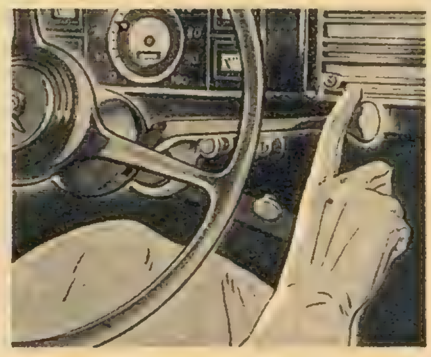

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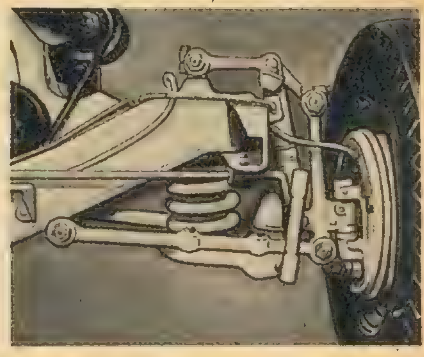

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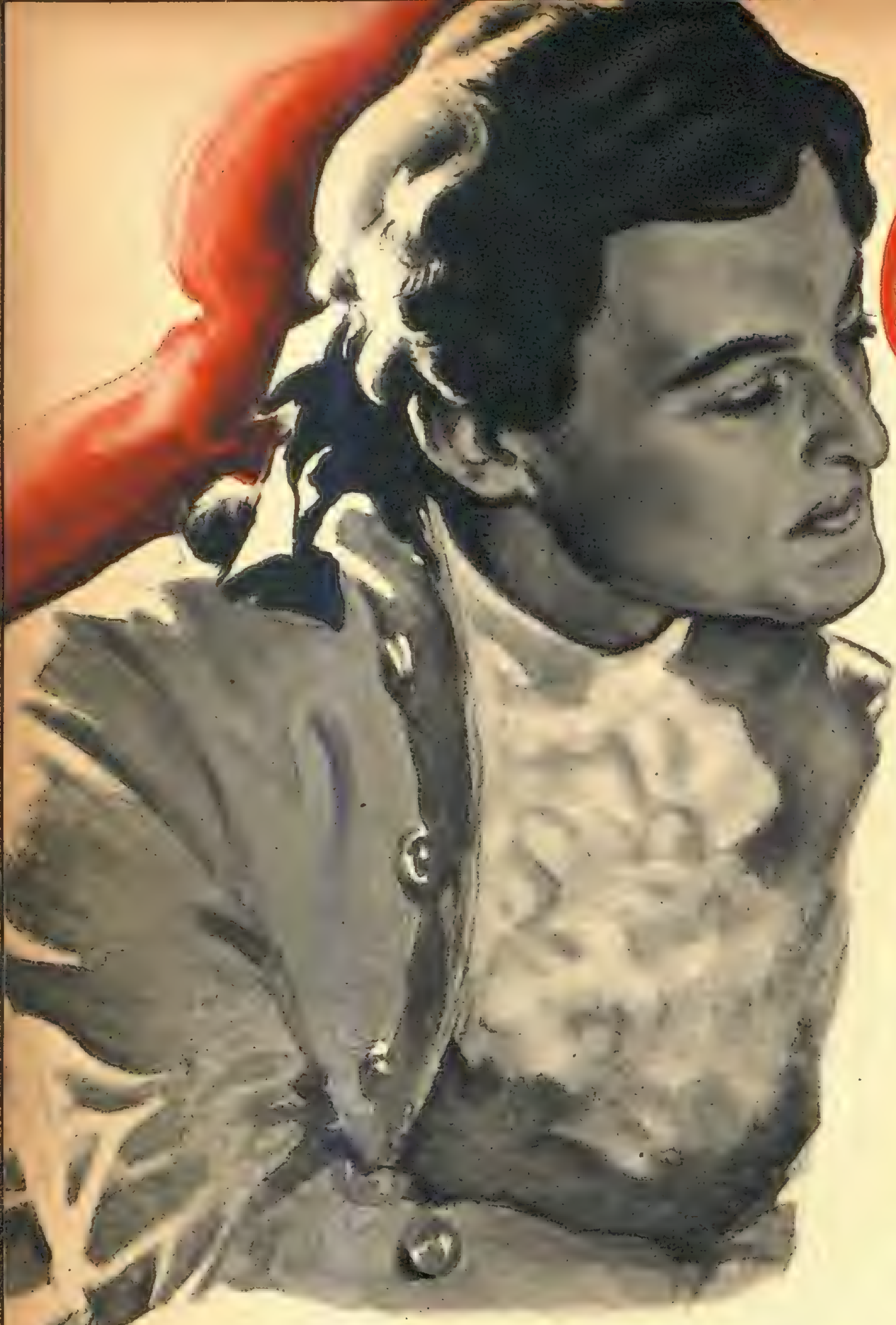
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

Casanova's

Our hero scores, and victory veers in a sly and sparkling game of hearts—Who'll win?



"I wouldn't have come if I hadn't loved you at sight," said Casanova. "Then," asked Faustina, "why did you run away?"

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THAT gay rogue, Casanova, arrived in Florence almost penniless as usual, and, leaving his bags on the diligence to be sent for by a mythical friend, alighted to seek refreshment in a byway restaurant. Here he struck up an acquaintance with a petit Frenchman—Monsieur Dubois. Shortly after Dubois departed, a striking, beautiful woman sat down at Casanova's table. In a manner somewhat motherly—yet with a hint of something else, too—she took charge of the melancholy poet, carried him off to her apartment, and packed him off to bed.

After the next morning's breakfast, learning of his precarious financial state, she arranged to have Casanova, who modestly admitted his skill at cards, teach the art to her friend Signor Rossi. While assured of bed, board, and spending money, Casanova felt fettered and decided to forsake the masterly Faustina.

Seated beside the driver of a diligence northward bound, Casanova was bidding a silent, somewhat regretful farewell to Florence and Faustina, when suddenly she appeared around a corner and commanded him to return "home."

PART TWO—WISDOM . . AND A WOMAN

THEY said little until they reached the apartment in the Via Curtatoni, but he puzzled her by the good-humored smile on his face. She had expected stubborn resistance. Inside the apartment he hummed a little tune, as though to express happiness bubbling over.

"Giacomo," she said, "I hope you understand my motives."

"Your motives, dear Faustina? Have you motives?"

"I would never have ordered you off that coach-top," she began, "if you hadn't—"

"But you didn't order me! You expressed a wish that I should come down, and that was enough."

He leaned over and kissed her surprised hand. She would have to steel herself against sentiment, if the argument was to be kept alive.

"The moment Signor Rossi told me he had mentioned his gambling friends in Piacenza, I knew you would run away. Do you think it was honorable?"

Casanova smiled. "It was bad form, Faustina, which I always deplore. I also was sorry, or I soon would have been, that I didn't take my baggage with me."

The beautiful woman looked hurt.

"Why did you—did you—"

"You are about to ask," said Casanova, "why I tried to escape. Escape is the word. You thought me a weakling in distress, in need of loving care. Your care was so loving that it recalled those times in my life, once or twice, when I have been in jail. The linking of ideas moved me by a natural reflex to cut through the bars."

He spoke with deference and courtesy, but she began to cry. "You may go, Giacomo. I would not detain you, not for the world!"

"Don't apologize," said Casanova. "It's I who was wrong. I thought I wanted to leave you."

She took refuge behind her handkerchief, not being sure what he meant.

"Faustina, when you hailed the coach I realized what good fortune brought us together in my moment of greatest discouragement. Your kindness—dare I go so far as to say your love?—has restored me to myself. I cannot live without you. I shall stay here always."

He helped himself to the most comfortable chair.

"You owe me nothing!" It wasn't the happiest remark, but it was the first she could think of. "I would have done it for anybody."

"But in this case you did it for me," said Casanova, smiling even more broadly. "My disposition leans toward gratitude. I shall never forget your generosity."

"I deserve no credit," said Faustina, equally polite. "I wouldn't have asked you here if you hadn't been in trouble."

"I wouldn't have come," said Casanova, "if I hadn't loved you at sight."

"Then," asked Faustina, "*why* did you run away?"

"Knowing you better," said Casanova, "I saw that what you need is the masterful type, and I feared I wasn't quite imperious enough. But when you stopped the coach my courage returned. Also my love. Have you told Barbara we want dinner early?"

"But we don't!"

"We are going to the theater. Pray stay where you are—I'll tell her."

From one end of the play to the other they sat in the recess of the box, his left arm around her, his right hand free. She could not attend to what was happening on the stage. Capable though she was, she always did best when she had time to plan, and now she was rehearsing to herself what she would say to him when they got home.

SECRETS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

They said very little, so far as concerned words. They were hardly inside the apartment before he was pressing her to his bosom.

Next morning she rose as usual almost with the sun, but Casanova was already dressed for the day.

"Couldn't you sleep?"

His black eyes never had a happier sparkle in them. "I prefer to help you with the marketing," said he.

She hesitated, with natural reticence. "I have other errands besides marketing, Giacomo—silly little errands that would never interest a man."

"I go for the pleasure of your society," said he.

She soon learned he had strong opinions about shopping. He criticized her butcher and led her, as it were by force, to a rival; he showed her a cheaper place to buy her vegetables; he forbade her publicly ever to patronize that wine merchant again.

"Giacomo," she protested, "even if the old shops were all a mistake, at least they knew me. I brought no money with me this morning."

"But I did," said he in an affectionate tone.

It was always difficult for her to do sums in her head, but unless she added up wrong he was now, having paid for her groceries, as poor as when she had first met him.

Later in the morning, of course, he had to give Signor Rossi his card lesson. That day Signor Rossi did very well. At least Casanova corrected him only once, and then mildly. When the lesson was over the old man was pleased with himself.

"I can't thank you enough," said he. "Really, I ought to pay you more."

"The reward is already too great," said Casanova, accepting the providential gold piece. "I've enjoyed these sessions with you." If there was a final note in the remark, it didn't lodge in Signor Rossi's ear.

"You think," he asked, "I have some talent?"

"I don't think," said Casanova courteously. "I know."

"Ah, that is very encouraging," said Signor Rossi.

"I should make my meaning clearer," said Casanova. "You have no talent at all. Even had you begun these studies while you were cutting your teeth, I doubt if it would now be safe for you to play cards with your maiden aunt."

"Ah," said Signor Rossi again, pale as a sheet.

"But there's no reason," added Casanova mercifully, "why you shouldn't continue the lessons. Many a fair player would teach you for one quarter my price."

"If I have no talent," said the old man, crushed, "to what end should I study?"

Casanova smiled at him. "You like to play, don't you? The ideal game for you would be with your instructor, during a lesson, when there are no stakes. Or if there were he would feel obliged to play in your interest."

"Then you're not coming back this afternoon?"

"Will you excuse me, signore? Serious affairs call me elsewhere. Also, there is the teacher's reluctance to accept from his pupil what he hasn't earned. You've already paid for more card knowledge than I can impart."

It occurred to Signor Rossi that he was being insulted. He rose painfully to his feet.

"I commend you to God, signore!" said Casanova, marching firmly from the room.

At lunch he was in excellent form, dispensing cheerfulness, eager to know how Faustina had spent the hour since they parted, indulging in playful remarks with Barbara.

"My dear, your father's ancient friend cares less for cardplaying than he did."

Faustina looked scared. "Doesn't he improve?"

"You know how the mind wanders as we grow old. I shouldn't be surprised if he took up another hobby."

She sat there a moment, intense, biting her lips, while he reflected that he now knew her well enough to foretell what she would do. Never, without a struggle, would she permit his daily stipend to be cut off. She would wait here in the apartment, shaping her campaign, till she thought the afternoon lesson was concluded. Then she would fall upon Signor Rossi—not, of course, obviously but as if by accident. He would think she happened by and stopped in for a casual chat. When she was done with him the old man would be a card fanatic for life.

"My dear," said Casanova, knowing the way a plan lures you when some one keeps you from thinking about it, "on what day do you pay Barbara her wages?"

Faustina was puzzled. "Why, I paid her yesterday."

"Reckoning from yesterday, then," said Casanova, "I assume the rent of the apartment and all other expenses."

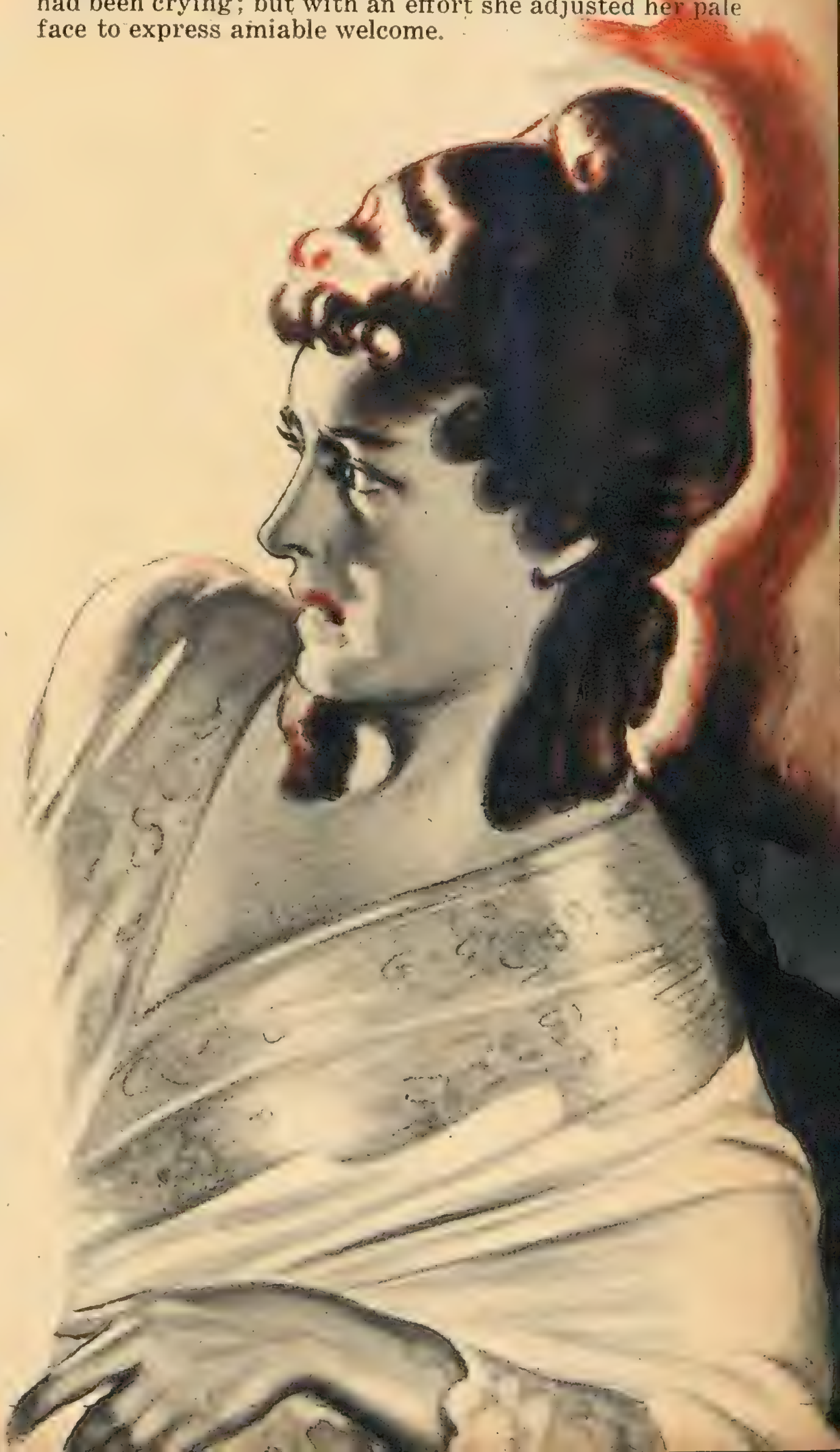
"Giacomo, this is my home—you are my guest!"

"Darling, it will always be your home, but can I accept your support? No, my dear. I shall provide you with—with what my love prompts me to divide."

"Don't be foolish, Giacomo. You can't afford it!"

He smiled his most enchanting smile. "I love you."

When he came home for dinner, later than usual, she had been crying; but with an effort she adjusted her pale face to express amiable welcome.



"Your day has been happy, I trust," said Casanova.

"Did Signor Rossi do any better?"

"Er—Signor Rossi?" He had difficulty in placing the name.

"Giacomo, you weren't at Signor Rossi's this afternoon!"

"No, my dear. You were."

"Giacomo, you lied to me! He is devoted to cards."

"That's strange! He certainly gave me the impression—"

"He says you spoke harshly to him and declined to come again!"

"Ah, I recall!" said Casanova. "I was afraid he might take it amiss. The incompetent are always sensitive."

"What did you say to him?"

"I had an important engagement this afternoon."

"Giacomo, you know you hadn't! I promised you would give a lesson twice a day!"

Casanova took from his pocket a small box, neatly wrapped, and offered it with a bow. "For you, my dear."

Her hand shook as she took out a diamond bracelet.

"With my gratitude," said he, "and my undying affection! Thanks to you, my dear, I've won a double handful of gold pieces."

She looked up. "You are gambling again?"

"Darling, my health is completely restored."

That evening she went to bed early with a sick headache, and, though she protested, he sat reading a book just outside her door. He wished to be within call, he told her, if she needed anything.

NEXT morning, as he was walking briskly through a narrow street, he came on the Frenchman, Jean Dubois, gazing at the blank outside of a small house.

The man had not been in Casanova's thoughts since their meeting that first night in Florence.

"*Ah, voilà!*" said Monsieur Dubois. "How I am glad to see you! Doubtless you are familiar with this historic edifice, monsieur?"

Out of courtesy Casanova inspected the house.

"Monsieur," said Dubois, "behind that wall resided the sublime Dante. From that doorway he issued one morning, turned toward the Arno, and paused at the bridge, doubtless meditating a poem. At that moment Beatrice walked by. Monsieur, does not the episode, even after these centuries, thrill you?"

Casanova laughed. "She walked by, as you say. The episode does not thrill me. Beatrice is no admiration of mine."

"Extraordinary!" Monsieur Dubois was horrified.

"I've an appointment to keep at the other end of town," said Casanova. "Will you forgive my haste?"

"I will accompany you," said Dubois, trotting alongside. "Permit me to explore your reasons. You, a native of Florence, do not admire Beatrice!"

"As a woman she was no better than a ghost."

"A spirit," corrected Dubois.

"You flatter her," said Casanova. "She was weak. She lacked personality. I can't imagine how she would behave if I met her. I've no idea how she would talk. Why a strong man like Dante bestowed his adoration on anything so passive I never could understand."

Monsieur Dubois's voice rose with excitement. "But this is remarkable! You really do *not* understand! Yet it is so simple. The masculine element in her was no more than three per cent."

Casanova stopped in the middle of the street, his jaw hanging loose, his eyes staring.

"Monsieur," said Dubois, "don't tell me the principle is new to you!"

"Why should she be masculine at all?" said Casanova.

"But every woman is, up to a certain percentage! Similarly, every man is feminine. The proportion varies. The variation, monsieur, makes possible the bliss, or causes the distressing conflicts, of marriage."

Casanova stroked his chin with his hand; then, recalling the hour, walked on.

"It is purely a matter of statistics, a science in which my countrymen excel," said Dubois, pursuing him. "Each of us is both masculine and feminine. In woman the feminine normally predominates—in man, the masculine."

"You think," said Casanova, "I'm partly a woman?"

"I should judge no more than fifteen per cent, monsieur. With me the proportion is higher. Would it be indiscreet, monsieur, to ask if you are happily married?"

"Very," said Casanova.

"In your case, then," said Dubois, "your wife is eighty-five per cent feminine. In perfect mates the percentages complement each other."

"But suppose they don't?"

"The least fortunate combination," said Dubois, forsaking Dante for arithmetic, "occurs when both the man and the woman have a high percentage of the masculine. Each will then wish to dominate. For that distress, monsieur, no satisfactory remedy has been found."

Casanova stopped again and shook the Frenchman's hand. "What a light you shed! Only today I assisted my wife in the marketing, and we nearly came to words. She found fault with every shop I led her into. If I chose one street, she knew we ought to go down another. I must have been unwittingly too masculine."

"The diagnosis is perfect!" Monsieur Dubois drew a scientist's satisfaction from a misery which illustrated his hypothesis.

"She is home now with one of her headaches," said Casanova. "I'd like to discuss this with you further."

"Monsieur, for me it would be a pleasure."

Casanova thought a moment. "Shall we say dinner tonight at the restaurant where we first met? I'll bring her—you can see for yourself."

"What a privilege, monsieur! I shall be there."

Casanova had intended to be home for lunch, but after this talk with the Frenchman he decided to stay away. Not until the end of the afternoon did the Via Curtatoni see him. At the apartment Faustina's maid opened the door.

"Barbara, my dear," said he, "is your mistress abroad?"

"Signore, she is still in her room."

He astonished the girl by a gift of money equal to her wages for a week.

"Be careful to prepare no dinner for us this evening."

"She gave particular orders about the dinner!"

"Be a good child," said he, planting a kiss on her ripe lips, "and if it's my orders you happen to obey instead of hers, there's another handful of silver for you tomorrow."

"But she'll be angry with me, signore!"

"It won't last," said he. "She may not think of food tonight, but if she does, say there is none."

HE went softly to Faustina's closed door.

"Dearest."

He thought he heard the creak of the bed, as though the invalid had raised herself on an attentive elbow.

"Darling."

He lifted his knuckles, hesitated, gave a loud rap.

"Who is there?"

"It's Giacomo, my love. May I come in?"

"I'd rather not."

He turned the knob firmly, entered, closed the door behind him.

She laid her head on the pillow again. It did not escape his notice that she was clad in a delicate negligee, most becoming.

"Giacomo, I prefer to be alone!"

He seated himself solicitously on the edge of the bed. "How's the headache?"

"I have no headache."

"Good! I thought you'd be in shape, with a little rest."

She closed her eyes and sighed deeply. He was unkind enough to say nothing. For some minutes each waited for the other to begin. When at last she opened her eyes and saw him smiling, she lost her temper.

"Where were you this time?"

"Not to disturb your repose, I took a long walk."

She closed her eyes again. He waited inexorably.

"Giacomo, you *knew* I expected you for lunch! You are intolerable!"

His imitation of astonishment was perfect. "Darling, what have I done?"—anxiously.

"What *haven't* you? You are determined to disarrange my home! You contradict me, you upset my plans, you break your engagements. You make me miserable!"

He reached to take her hand, but she drew it away.

"I'm sorry about the lunch," said he. "The food in the restaurant was unsatisfactory. I'm quite hungry."

She collapsed on the bed, this time with a groan.

"You always prepare such delicious meals," said he. "What did you have at noon?"

"Nothing. I couldn't eat," said she. "I never can when I'm unhappy."

Pity oozed from his voice. "My darling, you must be famished! We must dine early. Or Barbara might prepare you something now. I'll tell her."

He started up on his errand of mercy, but Faustina came suddenly to life.

"Don't you dare tell her! You interfere too much! This house will become demoralized."

He turned back remorsefully toward the bed. "A thousand pardons! I forgot myself. I was thinking only of you."

"Heaven knows what you were thinking of!"

"Darling, if I summon Barbara, will you order yourself a little tea?"

She flushed red. "I want nothing. Please leave my room! I wish to get up."

"But you're too weak, aren't you? I should advise—I am permitted to advise, am I not?—I should advise that you continue to rest and let Barbara bring your supper here. A little gruel, perhaps?"

HER head was back on the pillow, her eyes were once more closed. She was wondering what to do with him.

"Do you have these spells often?" said he. "I marvel at the injustice of nature which every so often reduces even the sturdiest-appearing women to absolute feebleness. I've heard it said that nature intends, by this device, to provoke in men a tenderness which otherwise they might lack."

Faustina put her stockinged feet firmly on the floor, found her slippers, wrapped the negligee tighter around her.

"Will you please have the kindness," said she, "to stand out of my way?"

He followed her from the bedroom. "Barbara!" she called. "Barbara!"

Barbara brought a frightened face from the kitchen. "Yes, signorina?"

"We will have dinner at the usual hour."

Barbara glanced at Casanova, who smiled encouragement.

"Signorina," said the trembling girl, "there is no food."

When Faustina's mind refused to grasp this information, Casanova came to her rescue.

To feel better faster —take Sal Hepatica!

MR.: Just my luck! Drive half-way across the continent to see a football game and then wake up with a logy headache! Yes—I know I need a laxative, but it'll be hours before my head clears.

MRS.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, dear. It's a lot different.

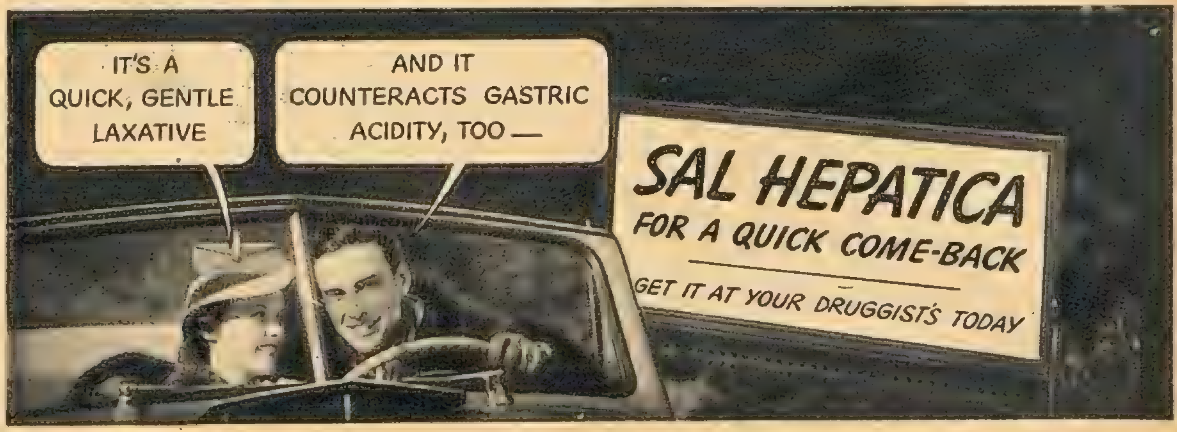
MR.: You say Sal Hepatica is different. How?

MRS.: Well, first, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, it counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast. Millions have found that out—so try it, dear.

THAT AFTERNOON

MRS.: Darling, you've certainly changed since this morning!

MR.: Feel great, honey, thanks to you and that glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica... Say, that's another touchdown! What a game! What a team!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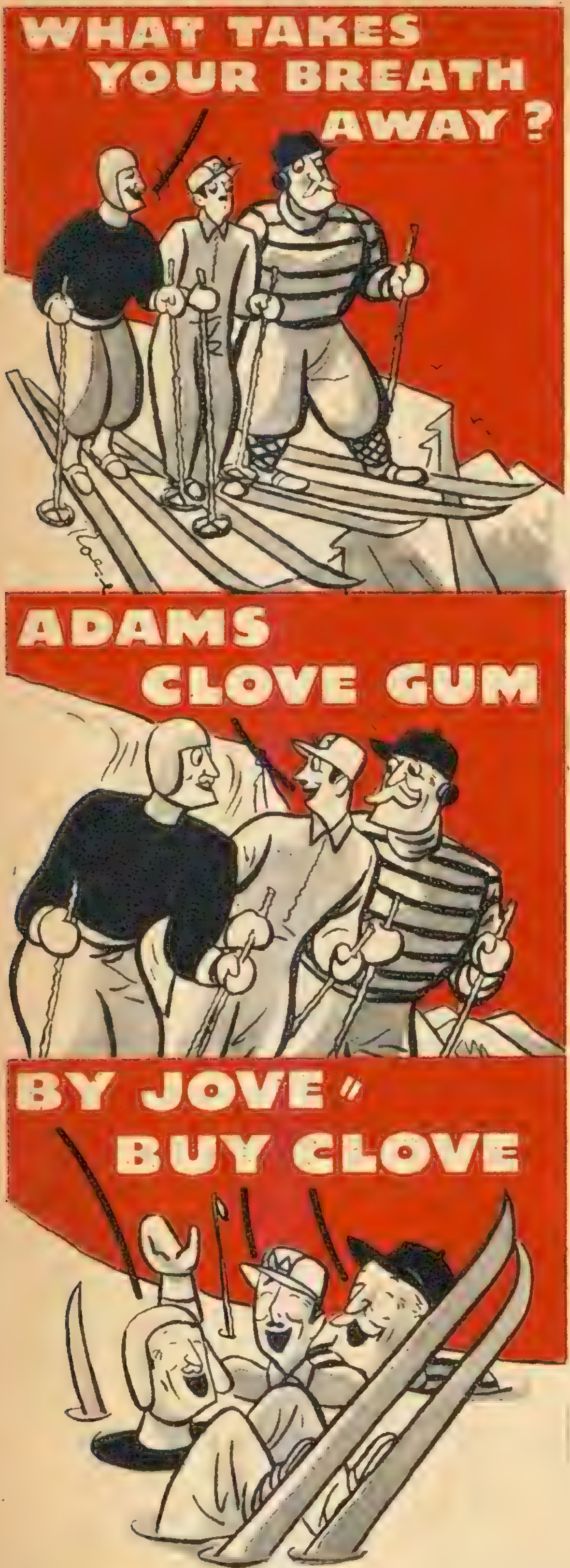

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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

" It doesn't matter in the least! We will dine out."

" Absurd!" said Faustina. " The larder is full."

" It was, signorina, but there has been an—an accident."

" Really, I prefer dining out," said Casanova. " Don't give it another thought, darling. The variation in your routine will be refreshing."

" I'll see about that accident," said Faustina, starting for the kitchen.

Barbara would have followed, but Casanova held her by the arm.

" Angels in heaven, signore! She'll kill me!"

" This," said he, " though you may not recognize it, is the will of God. That gift I promised you will be doubled."

Faustina, having reassured herself of the food supply, returned to stare at the two culprits. Casanova had his hand still on Barbara's arm, just above the elbow. Whenever the girl showed a disposition to speak, he pinched her.

" Have I gone mad?" said Faustina. " Or have you?"

" We are dining out," said Casanova. " That is, I hoped you would be well enough to give me that pleasure. Fortunately, your strength is revived. To spare Barbara unnecessary effort, I told her to cook nothing."

" I might have known!" said Faustina icily. " You are the accident!"

" That little subterfuge," said he gallantly, " was a suggestion of mine. I wished to surprise you."

Faustina looked hard at her cowering servant.

" Barbara, you may go. I will speak to you later."

They stood there until the kitchen door closed.

" Well," said Casanova cheerfully, " we might as well sit down." He dropped into his usual comfortable chair. " Do sit down, darling! You overtax yourself. It will be a good half hour before you need to dress."

SHE took a step toward him. " I have one request to make—the only favor I have ever asked of you."

" Ask me anything, darling!"

" Take your baggage and leave this house! Go to Piacenza. Gamble as much as you like. Ruin yourself quickly! I wish I had never seen you. I hate you!"

He leaned forward suddenly, caught her around the waist, drew her down upon his lap. She struggled vigorously, but his arms were like iron. He had her head on his shoulder, his right hand was patting her back.

" There, darling," said he. " Don't cry!"

She hadn't thought of crying, but when he mentioned it her nerves gave way and she began to sob. She was a large woman; he was conscious of her weight.

" An idea occurs to me," said he. " We'll dine at that little restaurant where you first came into my life, a much needed rescuer. This time the repast will be transfigured with deep meaning. We are beginning a new life. It is a wedding banquet."

She rallied for a final protest. " No, Giacomo. You must leave me now—forever! We could never be happy. I couldn't enjoy a dinner in that restaurant—it would remind me of disappointed hopes."

" Then we'll go somewhere else," said he. " I selected that particular restaurant only out of sentiment."

She sat up on his lap, but he noticed she didn't rise.

" I must get my handkerchief," she said.

" Take mine." He gave it to her.

" From now on," he continued, " I shall devote to you all my days. There will be no absences, not for a minute. I won only a few hundred pieces this afternoon; but that sum, with yesterday's thousand, will keep us for a while, living simply as we do."

GIACOMO, I wish you to leave me at once. Nothing that you say reassures me! Never before have I met your kind of man, and I don't believe I could get used to you."

" If you put it that way," said he humbly, " I can't argue. The only virtues I am conscious of are an aptitude for loving and for faithfulness —so long as the love lasts. I am *not* worthy of you, but that's no reason why I should consent to give you up. On the contrary."

" But what," asked Faustina, " am I to do when your love wears out?"

" You won't have to worry," said he, smiling. " I'll be frank. At that moment I always disappear."

She herself couldn't help smiling. " I still wish you would go now."

" Let's compromise," said he. " For this evening we'll enjoy unruffled happiness—it *is* unruffled now, isn't it? I'll devote myself to you for a week—one week and no longer. At the end of that period, if you again ask me to say good-by, I'll say it."

Dressed for dinner, she looked ravishing. He told her so.

He insisted on a coach to carry them to the hidden eating place in the alley off the Via di Cimatori. As the horses, with their loud hoofs, trotted through the narrow streets, his satisfaction found outlet in an occasional laugh.

" Why do you laugh, Giacomo?"

" At new-found wisdom, darling."

" Oh, you think you're wise?"

" I'm happy—that's wisdom enough."

There was an extraordinary smile on his face as he held the restaurant door open for his beautiful Amazon, and saw the elflike Frenchman, already at the table, stand up to make his bow.

Is the artful Casanova really sincere? Has he succumbed to the wiles of the fair Faustina? Will the tender fetters of married life finally claim Europe's most noted dabbler in affairs of the heart? Next week's concluding installment of this intriguing story will provide a thrilling dénouement for you!

Does College Football Need a CZAR?

An insider admits "appalling dishonesty" in the game, and discusses a startling remedy

BY WALTER R. OKESON

Chairman Football Rules Committee and
Former Commissioner Eastern Intercollegiate Association

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THERE aren't enough men in America, either with or without the equipment to head a national intercollegiate athletic body, to force honesty on a naturally dishonest college head.

Because there aren't, it would be impossible to create a national intercollegiate police force. If a college is inherently honest, its athletic policy will be honest. If it is inherently dishonest, its athletic policy will be dishonest.

What could a czar do, this being the case? The answer is quick and explicit: Nothing. You can't regulate the morals of an individual, and you can't regulate the morals of an organization, especially one as complex as a major educational institution.

It would be impossible for one man to enter into the moral structure of a college and make it conform to his own standard, or to the standard imposed upon him by those who elected him to office.

The only standard of conduct which can conceivably be of any value to intercollegiate football is the standard of conduct the individual college imposes upon itself. If these institutions are not inherently honest, then no regulations can make them so.

And they are not all honest. The ratio of dishonesty among American colleges is appalling. That is not to say that half of them, or one quarter of them, are dishonest. Probably not more than 2 or 3 per cent are dishonest in their athletic dealings. But even that is appalling. It is made more appalling by the fact that it is almost impossible to prove dishonesty and expose the guilty schools.

There is a tendency among colleges to cover their athletic dishonesty with a wink and a shrug of the shoulders. I have heard men connected with great educational institutions say that no one can be hurt by a little proselyting in athletics provided no one finds out about it. Such an attitude in institutions dedicated to the training of young minds is nothing less than criminal.

What could an athletic czar do to prevent this sort of thing? Could he go into the councils of the school and demand that the school adhere to certain standards? He could go in all right, but I wouldn't want to be standing in front of the door when they threw him out.

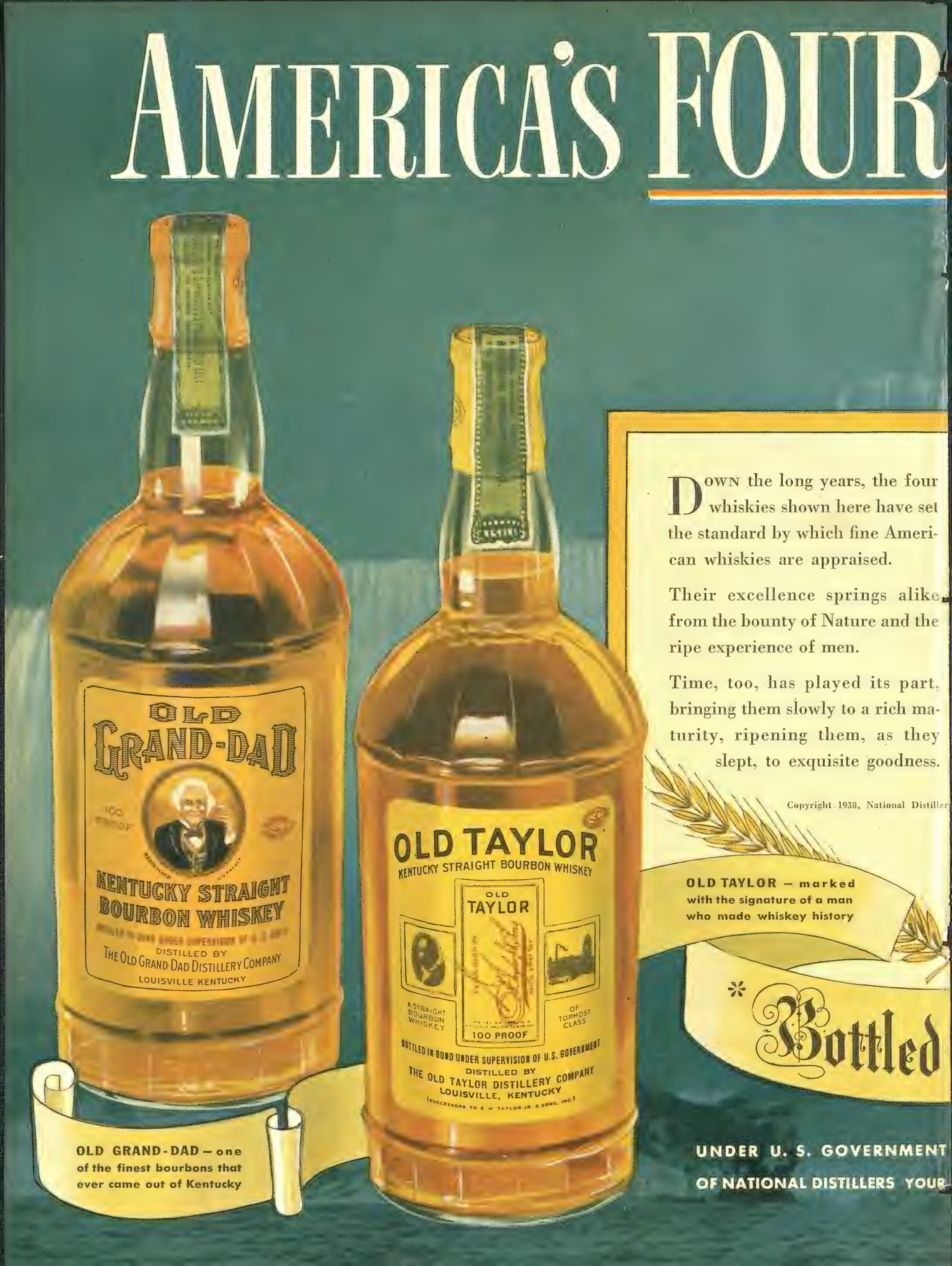
I will grant that a czar could do one thing. He could, provided he had the evidence, summarily withdraw all other colleges under his jurisdiction from the schedules of the offending school. But where and how are you going to get such evidence?

From a proselyted athlete? Rubbish. No matter what the athlete said, it would be his word—the word of a confessed wrongdoer—against the good name of a great institution. Nobody would believe his story, whereas every one would take the word of a college head.

Nor would the evidence be so easy to get. Few colleges directly indulge in proselyting. When a boy is given a job (most of them purely theoretical, too) to earn his way through a college and have some spending money on the side, he isn't given the job by the college. Some wealthy alumnus, filled with the good old college spirit, gives him the job, puts up the money for his tuition, for his wages, and otherwise looks out for him.

None of the money involved goes directly through the college. There are even times when the college heads know nothing of the arrangement. I wouldn't be so naïve as to say that the coach of the youth's particular sport would know nothing of it. Officially he wouldn't, of course, but coaches have a way of knowing just what it is best for them to know.

Now, if this alumnus who has financed the youth who decides to squeal to the theoretical czar were interested enough in his *(Continued on third page following)*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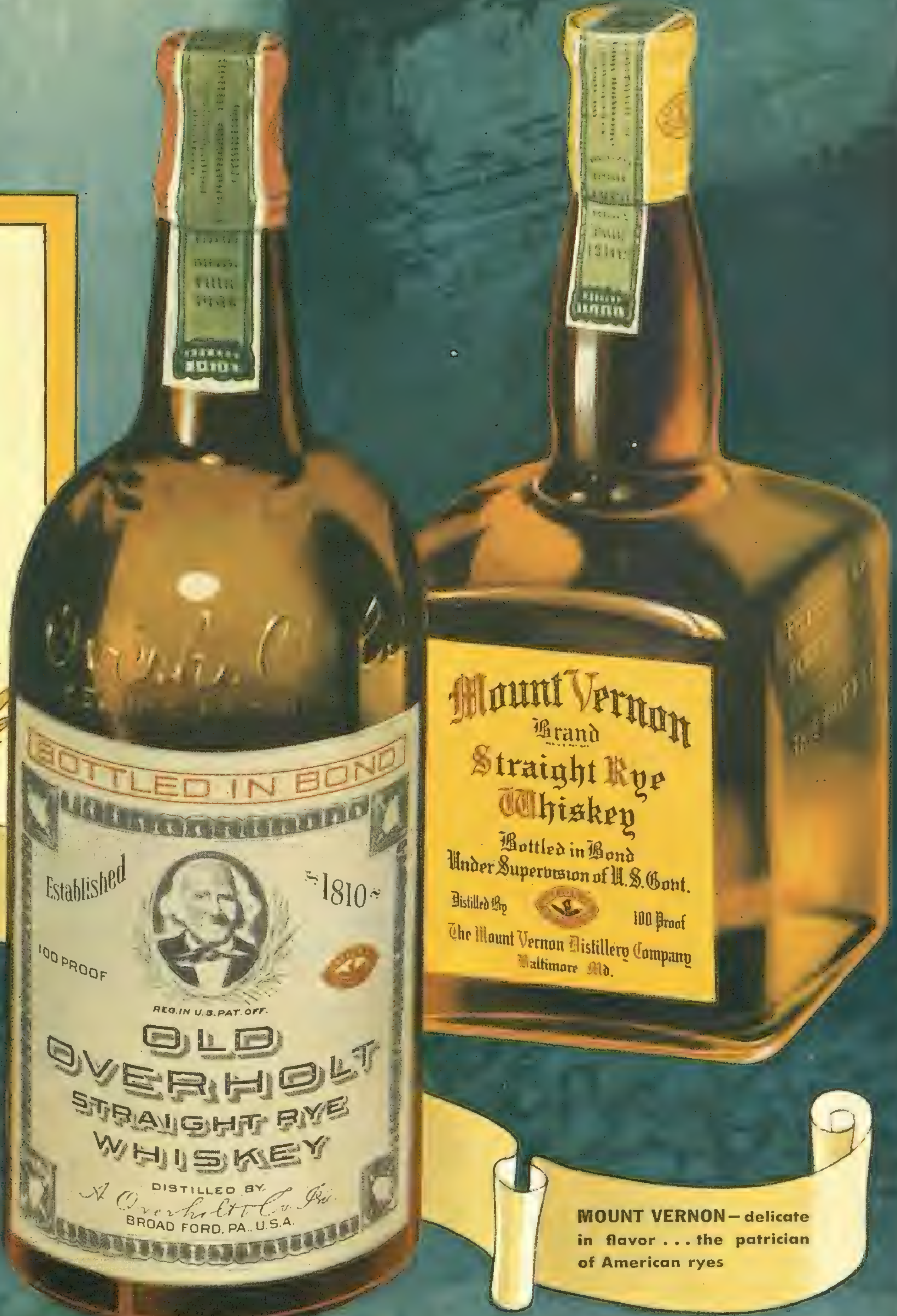
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SUPERVISION and the EMBLEM

GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

(Continued from third page preceding)

college to put up money to hire a good halfback or tackle or pass catcher, would he be stupid enough to admit that he had violated the rules of the organization with which his college worked? The answer is that he surely wouldn't.

Any evidence, to be of value, must be provided by the college itself, and it is to the credit of American colleges that many of them, even when not accused, have uncovered such evidence and cleaned house.

There has been much talk, some of it pretty loose, of football overemphasis. Not so many years ago a certain group even went so far as to agitate for the complete abolition of intercollegiate football on the grounds that it was a menace to our educational standards and would in time reflect on our national standards of integrity.

I don't recall that I ever heard a more absurd argument than this. The evils of intercollegiate football can be abolished—not through compulsion but through a determined effort from within. To hope to correct even the smallest of our national idiocies by abolishing intercollegiate football is like trying to bail out the ocean with an old felt hat.

Among those who maintain that a czar, if appointed on a national basis, could correct the evils that so patently exist today, there is always the reference to Commissioner Griffith of the Big Ten Conference, whose work in the Big Ten has been an inspiration to admirers of fair play and clean athletics in every part of the land.

But Major Griffith is called upon only to impose regulations adopted unanimously by the ten members of the Conference. The Big Ten faculty representatives make the rules, and as it is one of the proudest of the conferences it would quickly resent any attempt to dictate to it.

Greatly as I admire Major Griffith, I am constrained to believe that had he gone into the Big Ten and dogmatically begun laying down rules of conduct in the manner of the high commissioner of professional baseball, he not only would have been resented, he would have been bounced. The objection on the part of great institutions such as those in the Big Ten against any form of czarism would have been too much even for him.

Here, in a sense, is the crux of the czaristic theory. Professional baseball can be ruled over by a splendid old gentleman and ruled over firmly. Professional baseball magnates are not above taking advantage of each other up to the extreme hilt. Knowing their own weaknesses, they are not in a position to resent too greatly any criticism of them, nor are they in a position to risk financial ruin by failing to abide by the dictation of a man with the impeccable record for honesty that their Commissioner Landis enjoys. To do otherwise would be to court distrust and eventual ruin.

There is no such compulsion among accredited colleges of the country. The men who head these institutions can generally be depended upon to be men of strong character and definite convictions. They are particularly allergic to any stigmata that might reflect even in the slightest on their institutional integrity. They also are extremely jealous of their own rights in their own bailiwicks. They regard, and justly, their schools as absolute independent units which must work out their own ideas and salvation without outside interference or dictation.

TO say that athletics or, to be specific, football is a minor part of the purposes of such a college would be to beg the question. It is, in a sense, a great deal more the front, or showcase, of the school than its science department, or its medical school, or its law or letters school. It is the thing the public sees and evaluates most widely and it must reflect the attitude and aims of the school.

Hence, no college head is going to permit any one with the dictatorial power that would be necessary in any intercollegiate czar, to mold the football policy of his institution. Nor is he going to permit any czar, so called, to bumptiously meddle and interfere in the football business of his school, because this would be tantamount to surrendering the school's individuality to an outsider, something no school can afford to do.

One of the problems of intercollegiate football that has been causing the greatest havoc of late years is that of open aid to potential football stars. There has been a movement, and a not inconsequential one, to come out into the open with assistance to able young high-school athletes after they have selected their school. I firmly believe that such a course would be the most disastrous blow that could be delivered to the cause of higher education in America. The most disastrous that could be delivered through football, at any rate. There is no good reason in the world why a boy who intends to be a professional athlete should be given help denied to a boy who wants to be a doctor, an engineer, or a teacher.

Another matter that has caused much contention in intercollegiate football is the pay of coaches. There has been a tendency in many quarters to inveigh against the policy of paying a football coach as much or more than the nominal head of the college that employs him. I regret to say that I am completely out of sympathy with this attitude. So long as intercollegiate football is on the business, and big business, basis that it is today, the coach is absolutely worth what he can produce.

If a coach can turn out winning teams and these winning teams attract patrons to the school's games, then he is doing what he is asked to do and he is earning every nickel he is paid. At his best, he usually is the ablest teacher on the campus and, in 90 per cent of the cases I have encountered, the most definite personality.

AMONG those who believe that football needs a czar and needs one quickly before all is lost, there has been a note of horror over the fact that a great Eastern university sold the broadcasting privileges at its home games to a large oil company. Such goings on, the shocked element said, indicate to what a low estate the game has fallen, prove that it has become as commercial as professional baseball and the liquor business.

I find myself strangely unable to share this alarm. On the contrary, I am convinced that Yale University not only did its athletic treasury a sizable amount of good, but likewise helped out members of its alumni who, because of rain or any one of a hundred reasons, are unable to attend the Saturday games during the season. So long as there is going to be broadcasting, with alumni to listen in, I can see no reason why any college shouldn't be permitted to gain financially by it.

A czar couldn't do anything about such commercial transactions anyway. No school would permit any one man, no matter what his authority, to cramp its fiscal style in this way, and no school should.

When the pro-czarists cant about the necessity of controlling the mushroomlike growth of the so-called Bowl games, I am in complete sympathy with them. Anything that tends to detract from a student's main purpose in attending college, which is the obtaining of an education, is at least questionable, and certainly these Bowl games do that. Football during a short fall season does at least as much good as the classwork it slightly curtails, but when that short season is over, it should be stopped and the players and followers given a relief from the strain and excitement it involves.

Bowl games serve no useful purpose as far as college life goes, but I fail to see how a czar could go any further in curtailing or eliminating them than he could in controlling the sale of broadcasting rights. When all the major schools of the country simultaneously have the courage and principle to refuse invitations to these postseason pretenses at college sport, then the Bowl games will die out, as they should, but no czar is going to stop them.

Summing it all up, it can be pointed out that football, like Topsy, "jest growed." I do not maintain that the colleges aren't culpable up to a certain point in the growth of emphasis on intercollegiate football. That they have created a tail too big for the little dog to wag, I will be the first to assert. But I can see no way in which a football czar could remedy this.

The presidents of our colleges are czars themselves, men with almost absolute authority in their little worlds. If any czaristic corrections are to be made in our most spectacular intercollegiate activity, they are the ones to make them, and they alone can.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

YOU are wrong if you think smart burglars do their busiest burgling in the summer months, when people wander far from home. That's a popular notion; but insurance experts tell me there's no truth in it. The burglars are too cagey. They prefer to rob occupied residences in autumn, winter, or spring; because a lived-in house is more likely to be full of valuables worth looting. . . . So *right now* is the time to beware of burglars and to take precautions against them. Theodore Rosenthal, burglar-insurance specialist for N. & T. Rosenthal, Inc., gave me the following tips: . . . In this country last year there were six burglaries to every fire. . . . Be sure all your doors and windows are fitted properly with good strong locks. . . . Don't keep much cash in the house—particularly around the end of the month. Some burglars make a regular business of breaking into small homes and stealing the rent money. . . . *Dinner jobs* are considered now, by professionals, to be the fruitiest branch of burglary. While you and your guests chat genially across the prandial board, the second-story worker climbs your porch and ransacks your upstairs rooms at his leisure—encouraged by the sounds of your revelry below. . . . My insurance friends say you ought to know about *fur floaters* and *jewelry floaters*—the technical terms for policies covering jewels and furs—treasures most frequently filched by the burglar boys. . . . And here are two random notes: . . . Insurance companies *hate* to insure stamp collections. . . . Never, in all their experience, have any insurance experts heard of any burglar hiding under a bed!

☆ After every vacation season I get harrowing reports from new members of the A. O. C.—Amateur Obstetricians' Club—that involuntary brotherhood of husbands who have gone through the terror of happening to be alone with their wives when the baby decided to be born in the middle of the night, long ahead of schedule. . . . Summer cottages, snugly secluded in the woods or by the sea, produce these cases in greatest number. . . . My most recent communication on the subject is from a young Chicago husband who delivered his wife of a nine-pound first-born son at dawn on a beautiful Sunday morning toward the end of August. I sympathize with the pitiful conclusion of his letter. He says: "The wife and kid came through fine; but that was the last day of my two-weeks vacation—and it was the *only* day we hadn't had rain."

☆ At this time of year for an intimate little dinner of four or six, I recommend broilers done the French-Canadian way. Call them *Broilers Quebec* and prepare as follows:

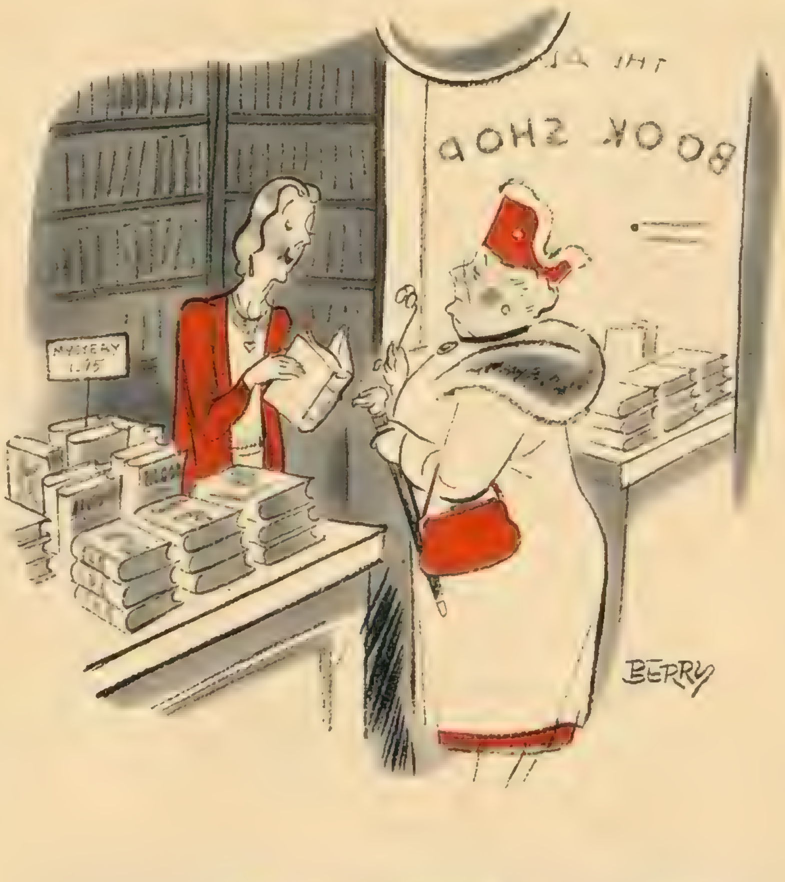
Have the butcher split birds in half, removing leg bones, rib bones, and rockiest part of breast bone. Use ½ bird for each portion. Skewer each half together neatly with 2 or 3 toothpicks. Rub with flour and paprika; brown in butter; then arrange in large fireproof dish suitable for serving at table. Cut 1 lb. mushroom caps in quarters; simmer in butter with 1 tablespoon minced onion and a pinch of nutmeg. Add 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, and 1 cup cream. Cook sauce 2 minutes; pour around broilers; cover dish and bake 35 minutes in slow oven. Uncover and cook for 10 minutes more. Serve straight from the oven with a garnish of cooked green peas between the birds.

☆ A new kind of hope chest has been invented by a wife I know. She devotes one bureau drawer entirely to the things her husband never can find when he wants them in a hurry. The *hubbyhole* is her name for it, and she hopes it will lengthen her husband's life considerably by saving him from apoplectic fits of household temper. . . . In the *hubbyhole* she keeps spare sets of shoelaces, shirt studs, cuff links, evening ties; styptic pencil, tube of glue, rubber bands, razor blades, big screwdriver and small screwdriver, box of assorted tacks and nails, gimlet, bottle opener, can opener, corkscrew—and *always* a fresh pair of men's garters. Probably her husband will live forever.

☆ For thoughtful reading try Puritan City, Frances Winwar's fine history of Salem, Massachusetts—most romantic of old New England towns. (Published by Robert M. McBride & Co.)

☆ A noisy girl in a blue dress can be seen more clearly than a noisy girl in a red dress. . . . The statement may strike you as absurd, but it is really very scientific. Recent experiments by ophthalmologists tend to prove that certain colors look brighter when accompanied by sound, while other colors require quiet for our maximum perception of their vividness. The reason is said to be a psychological tie-up between the senses of sight and of hearing, much the same as the well known relationship between taste and smell.

According to the new theory, orange and red are hues to be tranquil in. Green or blue, it is claimed, go best with clamor.



" It's full of thrills and suspense and on page 217 you'll find an excellent recipe for a lovely fruitcake."

I

FATHER FLANAGAN

REAL LIFE: FATHER FLANAGAN AND ONE OF THE BOYS.

SPENCER TRACY

ON THE SCREEN: "KEEP YOUR CHIN UP."

BY THE RT. REV. EDWARD J. FLANAGAN

A famous priest tells the story of a stirring adventure in Hollywood

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

I HAVE just returned from Hollywood, where I enjoyed a unique experience—that of meeting myself. It is a strange feeling to meet, face to face and for the first time, the man who is to play the part of one's self, and to match philosophies of life with this other person.

Yes, I sat across the table from him in the lunchroom on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot at Culver City the other day and did just that.

For a great many years I have been building up in my own mind—as every one does—a mental image of myself. When I comb my hair each day, looking into the mirror, I am adding to that self-impression. So, when I was introduced to the man who is "me" in a moving picture, you can imagine my feelings.

It was as if I had looked into my mirror and seen, not myself—not the Father Flanagan I had known these many years—but a total stranger, dressed as an aviator with grease paint streaking down his face, spotting his leather flying jacket. For my *alter ego*, my screen personality, is Spencer Tracy, who was then engaged in making the last "shots" for Test Pilot. After Test Pilot he was me—Father Flanagan—in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of Boys Town, a movie based upon our incorporated township, composed of two hundred homeless boys who govern themselves. Yet, until within a month of the time the first camera would start clicking, we had never met.

" Father," Spencer was saying, and he grinned sheepishly at the personal superstition he was about to reveal, " I'm almost afraid of this part in Boys Town. They tell me I made a pretty good priest in San Francisco. Well, out here we have a saying that ' the second time's the charm.' I wonder if I will do as well again as a priest in Boys Town.

"All actors do everything possible to live their part—to be the very image of the person they are portraying. But few actors, father, have the opportunity of being confronted by that person. That makes the going even rougher; for as I play this part I will be thinking not only of you but of what you will think of me."

As he talked I could feel his eyes upon me, studying my every little mannerism: the way I sat in the chair, the way I talked, the way I pushed the hair back from my forehead. I knew that he was studying me—the man he was going to become—as searchingly as I studied him. I almost knew what was running through his mind. Now he was talking again:

" I'm so anxious to do a good job as Father Flanagan that it worries me, keeps me awake nights. Maybe I'll be overanxious, because in Boys Town I'm going to get a chance to do something I've always wanted to do."

Now the deadly serious Spencer Tracy was talking.

" I want to do something for the other fellow, the less fortunate man. I don't mean by just writing checks for charity. Any one can do that if he has the money.

" I want to use the natural talent that God gave me in a role that will bring home to the public the story of neglected homeless boys. The drama is there—plenty of it. One doesn't need any plot genius to manufacture it. I've seen them, hungry little fellows with pinched faces, in bread lines; I've seen them clustered on the tops of freight cars pouring into California.

" That's why I really want to do a good job in Boys Town. In such a picture I can show them how worthwhile men can be built from such raw material.

" If I am instrumental, through this picture, in giving a new opportunity, a new hope, a new life to one single child who otherwise would not have such a chance, then I've done something. And the Boys Town movie will give me such an opportunity. I

MEET MYSELF IN SPENCER TRACY

SAYS SPENCER TRACY.

only hope that I can do justice to the part."

To hear such a philosophy of living come from the lips of my other self was—to use my earlier analogy—looking into my mirror and finding not my own but a stranger's face staring out at me. Yet, when the stranger talked, it was my voice and he was expressing my philosophy of life.

Of all the players in Hollywood who might have been chosen for the part, the man who *was* selected was a man who hoped to accomplish in the picture Boys Town the same thing that I was working to accomplish in the real Boys Town—the giving of new opportunity to the hundreds of homeless children scattered throughout America.

"You might be suffering some doubt, Spencer," I reassured him, "about your ability to portray Father Flanagan. But you can rest assured that Father Flanagan has no such doubts. Any man who believes as you do, who feels the urge to do things to ease the path of the less fortunate man, can not only do a good portrayal of Father Flanagan—he can do a good portrayal of men far greater than Father Flanagan."

This philosophy of doing for others, incidentally, is not peculiar to Spencer. All Hollywood seems to participate in a growing social consciousness which is abroad in the land. In such pictures as Winterset and Dead End the motion-picture industry has demonstrated its power along these lines. Boys Town will, I believe, be its first attempt at a social-service theme developed upon actual fact and living figures. And Hollywood is enthused about it.

It was almost a year ago that John Considine, Jr., Metro producer, happened upon a small item in a Los Angeles newspaper which intrigued him. It was the story of our "city" election at Boys Town, Nebraska, where some two hundred citizens of a legally incorporated township went to the polls and elected a boy mayor and six boy commissioners. Here was color. Here was romance.

So, a short time later, O. O. Dull and Eleanor Griffith, who jointly did the preliminary research for the picture, sat in my office at Boys Town.

"I guess you will be glad to know, father," Mr. Dull said, after introducing himself as John Considine's representative, "that this picture is going to be made."

"That," I answered, "depends entirely upon the type of picture you are planning to make. If you are planning to weave a sentimental plot around the name Boys Town, an Oliver Twist orphanage picture, I'd rather that it never be made.

"You know," I went on, "there have been some movies about orphanages that I haven't liked. For the most part, I don't believe such pictures have been justified. Of course, in a few instances there have been abuses. But in most cases the abuses have been due more to a failure to understand children and their problems than to an actual desire to abuse.

BOYS TOWN, however, is supported by voluntary contributions of people who feel that my way of handling boys is a good way. And my way is to recognize that each boy is a definite individual, a separate social entity with ideas and natural gifts peculiar to himself. My way is to let the boy handle himself. Boys Town is *not* an institution. It is a township where fine little men live and work, study and play, govern themselves and mold—largely by and for themselves—the strength of character essential to a good life.

"If you can capture such a Boys Town on the screen I sincerely believe you will have a great moving picture and I shall be happy."

And this is exactly the sort of picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has written around Boys Town. From faded clippings in our files the staff gleaned almost forgotten incidents. They gathered facts from case histories and correspondence. They lived with the boys until they knew each one's desires and ambitions. They captured the "feel" of the township, its spirit, ends, and aims.

They know of young Larry Kennedy, a former Boys Town mayor whose ability as a pitcher captured the eye of St. Louis Browns' scouts and who last spring was under contract to the Springfield, Illinois, club for a year's seasoning. They know of another chap who went from Boys Town to a university and into the office of a nationally known law firm.

In Boys Town you will find stories as dramatic and moving as those Edward Doherty passed on to Liberty readers last fall when he wrote The Boy Who Shot His Father, an article which focused nation-wide attention on Boys Town. These stories are from my own limited experience. There are so many others. What a magnificent picture could be woven around Jane Addams and her Hull House! Around Dr. Bernardo and his orphaned lads who have done so much to people Australia and make it a land where men might work and live. Around Don Bosco in Italy. . . .

These are constructive stories, stories which add warmth to the human heart, inspire great deeds. How much better for the human race are stories of this caliber than stories of crime and evil-doing, stories of war and destruction! There is, I'll venture to say, more appeal—if a quieter appeal—attached to the building of Hull House than there is in the mad scramble of Napoleon to found an empire. And I speak from my own small experience when I say that Hull House is a more lasting monument to true heroism than is the tomb of Napoleon.

I found in Hollywood not the frivolous gilded sort of existence I had been led to expect from reports oral and printed, but a hard-working, sincere group of men and women working in a comparatively new but powerfully effective medium. Even the youngsters in Hollywood take their work seriously, as Mickey Rooney, who plays the juvenile lead in Boys Town, demonstrated.

Mickey — who, incidentally, reminded me strongly of one of our young city commissioners at Boys Town—gave me my most lasting impression of Hollywood. Immediately after we were introduced, Mickey—before I could get my own autograph book from my pocket—had his ready:

"Father, can I have your autograph?"

THE END

LOSE THE WOMAN !

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

LAWRENCE MARCH, a young author, goes to Acapulco, Mexico, to forget Trudie Bechtel, a married woman with whom he had an affair. After he has been there for six weeks, Trudie and her brutal, middle-aged husband arrive on a tourist ship. March and Bechtel have never met, and when they do now, at the Seven Seas Tavern, March does not reveal that he knows Trudie. He introduces Bechtel to Curtis Frazier, a hard-eyed adventurer who has just arrived by plane. Later he discovers, through Noel Hawkins, a Negro-Mexican guide, that Bechtel and Frazier were talking together before the introduction was made. Why, then, Larry wonders, did they meet as strangers? He is also puzzled by a remark of Trudie's, made when they were left for a moment alone. When he asked her to run away with him, she refused, and then added, "I have a better answer." The hard cool look in her eye when she said that disturbs him.

Larry is staying at a little *pension* in Caleta, a few miles from Acapulco. Among the odd assortment of other guests are Maida del Roche, an ex-film star who is down to her last cent; Durham Phillipson, an English photographer who is constantly drunk; Glenda Neil, an ethereal young poet; and her plain and domineering friend, Norma Considine, a gym teacher who watches over Glenda like a hawk. Ben and Trudie Bechtel and Curtis Frazier are now added to this company.

Larry tells Glenda one afternoon that he is suspicious of Bechtel and Frazier. He believes Bechtel knows about his affair with Trudie, and he decides to run away. Glenda, who loves him, agrees that he should. But when Larry looks for the keys to his car, he cannot find them!

PART THREE—DANCING ON A VOLCANO

GOING out to the dining terrace, I found everybody gone except a dozen Mexicans who were having some kind of party.

Don Manuel saw me and came over with a bottle of wine and a comradely slap on the shoulder. He seemed about half drunk.

"Come, my friend, and have some wine with us. It is my señora's name day and we are having a little fiesta in her honor. The wine is very good."

"Without doubt it is wonderful, Don Manuel, and I shall be very happy to join you later. But I have lost the keys to my car and I would like to have you post a reward. I will pay ten pesos to any one who finds them."

"Your keys? That is indeed sad, my friend. But you were not leaving, so why should you worry? Some one will find them."

"That is what I am hoping. And I should like to have

Love, hate, moods of murder! New thrills in a vivid novel of fair women and desperate men you tell every one around the *pension* that they are lost—so they will look for them and so they will know whom to return them to. You will do this, Don Manuel?"

"But certainly. You will have some wine with my friends?"

"Later, thank you, Don Manuel."

I went back to my room seething. I knew very well that Don Manuel was not interested in finding my keys and would tell no one that I had lost them. All right, I'd tell them myself.

I made the rounds. I found the maids, the laundry girl, the people in the kitchen, the two waiters, and the bar girl. In my very best Spanish, which was probably terrible, I told them what had happened and emphasized the ten pesos reward.

Everybody was sympathetic, everybody promised to start searching immediately—and I knew that not one of them would do a thing about it.

Back in my room again, unpacking my few belongings, I thought it over. If the keys had been stolen, of course no amount of searching would do any good. If they were lost and never recovered—well, then, call it fate that was keeping me in Acapulco.

Besides, going over the situation, my curiosity mounted steadily. Where had Norma picked up the dirt on Trudie Bechtel and me? What was Frazier's business in Acapulco, and why, if he and Bechtel knew each other, had they pretended to be strangers? How much, if anything, did Bechtel know about his wife and me? And if, as seemed probable, he knew all about us, what was he planning to do? Could this angle explain Frazier's presence in Acapulco?

And who is going to kill Ben Bechtel?

The last question opened up wide avenues for thoughts such as ordinarily I do not like to hold.

When I went out again I found Bechtel and Frazier at the bar. "There you are, March," the former said. "Come and have a drink."

Bechtel's eyes were badly bloodshot. The lines in his puffy face grew deeper with every drink he took and he was having a little trouble with his equilibrium.

"I thought you told me it was quiet out here, March. What is all the racket?"

The name-day party was going strong, with everybody happy and an orchestra producing a great deal of noise and very little music.

"Don Manuel's wife is having a birthday—or rather, today is the birthday of the saint she was named after. They're having a party for her."

"All the men are wearing guns."

"It's the custom here. It makes them feel *muy hombre.*"

"Do they ever shoot each other?"

"Yes—but hardly at a respectable party like this. Any idea when you're leaving on your hunting trip?"

"The sooner the better. Eh, Frazier?"

"That's the way I feel about it," the pilot replied.

"Have you guns?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Bechtel said. "I always carry a few with me. A fellow never knows when something will pop up."

"You must get a great deal of pleasure out of killing."

"Huh?" His heavy-lidded eyes blinked as he stared at me. "What do you mean, March?"

"What I said. It must give you a lot of pleasure to kill things."

Frazier smiled wryly. Bechtel didn't quite get me.

"I guess you don't understand," he said gruffly. "A person is either born a sportsman or he's not. It's in the blood. If you haven't got it, I guess you can't understand."

"Suppose we pass it up," I said. "Who is going on your hunting trip?"

"Well, I'm taking Phillipson along, to get some pictures. I'm one of these squint-eyes, as he calls us amateur photographers, and I'll confess I'm not so hot. I've got two thousand feet of film, but I'd probably mess it up. I'm taking my wife, of course, and Frazier. And Miss del Roche, if she'd like to come along."

"Miss del Roche will like to come along," I told him. "She never overlooks a bet—to get you or herself in trouble. I didn't tell you—or did I?—that the country east of here is one of the most hostile in Mexico."

"Listen, March!" Bechtel jabbed me in the chest with a pudgy forefinger. "If you're trying to throw a scare into me, you've picked the wrong man. I've killed tigers in India, lions in Africa, and wild boars in Germany."

This was a barefaced lie, as I knew Bechtel had never before been out of the United States. However, it was not my cue to call him on it. I said cheerfully:

"You'll doubtless have a fine time and bring back a lot of wonderful trophies."

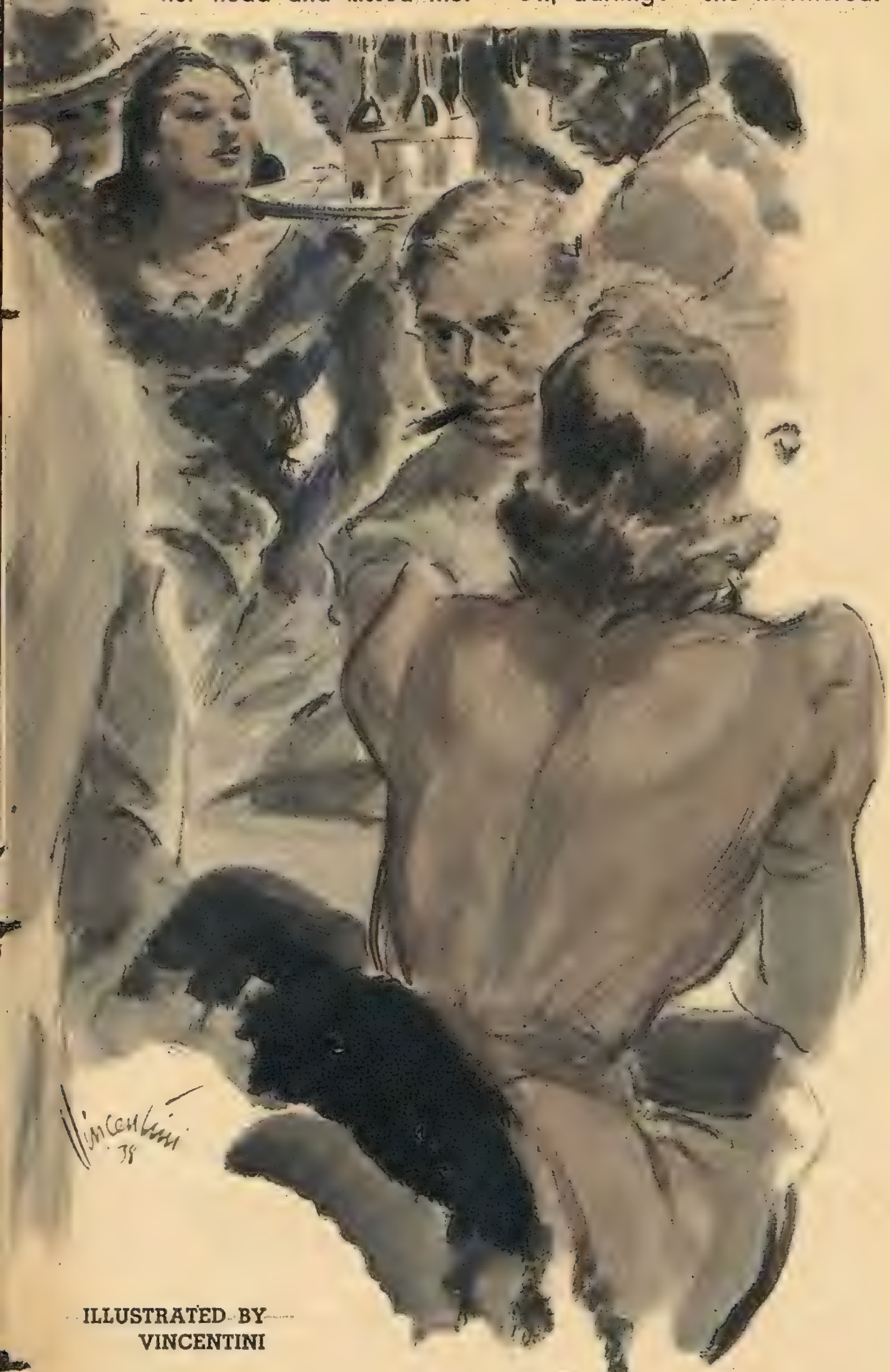
Maida del Roche joined us after a few minutes, with Phillipson trailing along behind her. Don Manuel's lights being what they were, Maida tonight looked unusually fascinating and exotic, despite the fact that her brassy hair needed waving and her one and only dress was pretty shabby. Phillipson looked like a pleasantly potted English butler.

"There you are, my dear," Bechtel greeted Maida. "Come and have a drink with us."

He put his thick arm around her and gave her a playful hug, while she smiled at him with that come-hither look that had made her famous. For a pair who had met only that afternoon they were making fast headway.

Norma and Glenda joined us after a few minutes and

We were hardly away from the table when Trudie raised her head and kissed me. "Oh, darling!" she murmured.



ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

finally Trudie. We all had another drink and then went out on the terrace. I moved toward the table where I had been eating with Glenda and Norma.

"Any reason why we shouldn't all eat together?" Bechtel asked. "Hi, Pepe! Pull two or three of these tables together."

"Just one big happy family," I remarked to Glenda, my voice almost drowned by the racket of the orchestra and the incessant babble of Don Manuel's friends.

"You didn't go," Glenda murmured.

"Couldn't. The keys to my car disappeared."

"Lost?"

"Stolen, more likely."

We didn't have a chance to say any more, because Pepe had pulled two tables together and Bechtel was ostentatiously, and arbitrarily, seating us. He put Maida by himself, of course, and he put me on the other side of the table, between Trudie and Glenda.

We had hardly sat down when one of the Mexican revelers at the other end of the terrace poured six fast shots out of a .45 automatic. I had been expecting something of the sort and wasn't startled when a piece of roof tile bounced on to the table.

Frazier did not move, did not even glance around. But Ben Bechtel's face went gray under its sunburn and his gross body seemed actually to shrink.

"I don't like that," he growled nervously.

"Think nothing of it," I said. "He just emptied his automatic through the roof. It's their idea of good clean fun."

Bechtel scowled and reached for the drink he had carried to the table.

TRUDIE BECHTEL said calmly: "Human life is very cheap in Mexico, isn't it, Mr. March?" Her lips were smiling but her eyes were cold as ice.

"Very," I said. "Almost as cheap as it was in Chicago in the days of Al Capone."

No one said anything for a minute or two; then Bechtel said:

"March, how's the night life in Acapulco? Any hot spots? Cabarets? What do you do besides sit around drinking George Washingtons?"

"There isn't a thing in the town outside of a few taxi dances."

"Any good-looking babes in the dance halls?"

"It all depends on what you call good-looking."

Bechtel, grinning, glanced around the table. "If you ask me, March, there aren't any better-looking babes in Mexico than the three right here."

The remark so obviously excluded Norma Considine that even Maida, ready at any time to smile her delight at a compliment, looked startled.

Now, I didn't like Norma, and since I had known her I had given her plenty of nasty digs, but never one quite as nasty as that. I actually felt ashamed I was a member of the same sex as Ben Bechtel. And Curtis Frazier, for the first time since I met him, displayed emotion—he looked thoroughly annoyed and disgusted.

But the man Bechtel saw none of this, seemed not even to realize his boorishness.

Somebody, for the good of the race, ought to liquidate that louse. I wonder if I've got the guts?

Maida looked at me; there was a wry twinkle in her eye, as though she said: "The guy has dough and who am I to be particular?"

"Well, Larry," she remarked, "shall we take them to Los Cocos?"

"You mean to say you've been to this joint?" Bechtel asked.

"I," said Maida, "have been everywhere."

"And it's all right to take my wife?" he pursued dubiously.

"I assure you it is all right."

"Then Los Cocos it is. Hi there, boy! Bring us another round."

Nobody, it appeared, wanted another round just then, but Bechtel ordered it anyway.

WHEN the orchestra was loudest, Glenda asked: "Who do you think stole your keys?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Mr. Frazier?"

"Possibly."

"Bechtel?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Isn't he the most awful person you ever met?"

"He's a louse if I ever saw one."

"You know, Larry, I've never had much sympathy for women who swear to take a man 'for better or for worse' and then go whining to other men that they're mistreated and misunderstood. Now I'm beginning to think I'm not so smart. Bechtel must have had *something* besides a lot of money."

"He did. He had the craftiness to hide, in mixed company, the fact that he was rotten right through to the core. But when a man stays drunk for eight years he loses that kind of craftiness. He—"

I had to break off because the music had stopped and I didn't care to take a chance on Trudie's hearing me discussing her husband.

It must have been ten o'clock before we finally finished and phoned for a couple of taxis to take us to town. When they arrived, Bechtel, of course, put us into them.

In town, Bechtel's car stopped in front of the Seven Seas and our car drew up behind it.

"What now?" I called.

Bechtel was already out on the sidewalk. "What's your guess, March?" he asked, a bit on the belligerent side. "It's too early to go to a dance, isn't it? Drag out the rest of your gang and we'll have a drink."

We all got out and found two tables, fortunately separated. I found myself sitting with Trudie, Frazier, and Glenda. When Frazier excused himself and went inside, I had the opportunity I'd been waiting for.

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WAKE
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LIKE
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EFORE and AFTER way...

Vhy not *avoid* morning-after misery
his easy way . . .

Before bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer to
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Vhile you sleep, it settles your stomach,
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After waking, another Bromo-Seltzer
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ROMO-SELTZER

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Morning-
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"Trudie, did you ever see Frazier before today?" I asked.

Trudie looked as though she thought I'd lost my mind.

"Never mind about Miss Neil," I said quickly. "As the saying goes, she knows all."

Trudie looked at Glenda and then at me; she didn't say anything but I knew what she was thinking. Well, maybe it had been rotten of me to tell Glenda about us, but it was no time now for Trudie to be pouting.

"Did your husband know him before you came down here?" I persisted. "Or did you both know him?"

"Mr. Frazier? I never saw him, Larry, until this afternoon. And I'm quite sure Ben never did either."

"But I'm quite sure he did. I'm sure Ben arranged to meet him here."

Some of the color went out of Trudie's cheeks. "For what purpose, Larry?"

"I don't know."

"But what makes you think they knew each other before?"

I told her what Noel Hawkins had seen.

"The boy probably made it up," Trudie declared.

"He didn't make it up, Trudie. It isn't the sort of thing a kid would make up. He saw them talking, all right, and you might just as well face it. Have you any idea who Frazier is, or where your husband might have met him?"

Trudie shook her head.

"Or, if they arranged to meet here, why?" I went on.

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Do you think your husband knows about us?"

Again she shook her head. "If he does, he's never dropped even a hint. And knowing him as I do, I think—"

"Steady. Here comes Frazier."

The pilot came back to the table and sat down. I started a casual conversation about the Mexican oil situation, hoping to draw Frazier into it. Glenda, and finally Trudie, got the idea and tried to help me. We might as well have talked to a bronze statue. He was a cagey one, that Frazier.

WE had talked the oil question into the ground when Frazier sat up a little straighter and, breaking into some remark of mine, said: "I understand, March, you lost the keys to your car."

"I've either lost them or misplaced them," I replied, thinking fast. "If they don't turn up I'll wire the factory to send me a duplicate set."

He was looking at me and I was certain I detected a sardonic twinkle in his cold blue eyes.

"If I want to use the car," I added, "I'll short the ignition around the switch. It isn't much of a job."

"I'm afraid," he said, and now his smile was definitely sneering, "you'll find it a bigger job than you can handle. Those cars, I happen to know, cannot be shorted."

"Well, it doesn't matter," I shrugged. "Taxis are cheap in Acapulco. And by the time I get back

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CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

from the hunting trip, the keys will be here from the factory."

"You're going, then?"

"Yes, I think I will."

He slumped a little in his chair then and I knew he had slid back into his shell. A little later Bechtel announced he was ready to go to the dance. The way he had taken command of the party made me think of a cranky schoolteacher escorting her class through the zoo.

Driving through the rutted dusty narrow streets to the other side of town, I had a few minutes in which to think, and the conclusion I couldn't escape was that Curtis Frazier had stolen my keys.

Why? Because he, or his employer, discovered I was leaving town and didn't want me to go.

Again why? My thoughts struck a snag there because I couldn't believe what my reasoning told me must be true. And before I could work around that snag the cars pulled up in front of Los Cocos. We all got out and Bechtel told the drivers to wait.

As we started toward the door, I said:

"Just a minute. I think I ought to tell you that this place is a bit tough. As long as we mind our own business and don't make any smart cracks, we won't be bothered. But just remember that some of these Mexicans understand English and don't care about being called spigs and greasers. And remember, too, if you get a yen for one of these gals, don't grab her away from a Mexican. You might find a knife in your back."

Bechtel laughed. "I don't know why it is, March, that you keep trying to throw a scare into me. I'm not afraid of these spigs."

"Have it your own way, Bechtel. But if you must get into a jam, try not to involve the rest of us."

We went into an ordinary-looking doorway, passed through a long barroom where a dozen men were drinking, and came out on to the open-air dance floor.

A large orchestra was playing a slow sweet waltz. Twenty or thirty couples were dancing in the faint light shed by a few green lamps. A waiter steered us through the gloom to tables. We sat down and ordered beer, which was the only thing they sold, and the waiter went away.

And then the music died and the lights came on. The dancers separated, the girls to check in with their five centavos, the men to return to the stag line.

The girls were chunky, dark, homely. Their satin gowns, dragging on the floor, were soiled and much too tight over bulging figures. The men were dirty and poorly dressed; most of them had their hats on and their shirt tails out.

WHEN the lights went out again and the music started, I said: "Would you care to dance, Mrs. Bechtel?"

"I'd like to, Mr. March."

It sounded very strange, talking that way to each other; and it seemed very strange, dancing together in this shabby joint on the rim of the tropics.

We were hardly away from the table when Trudie raised her head and kissed me hard on the lips. I felt the old fascination sweeping me off my feet.

"Oh, darling, darling!" she murmured. "Why did you ever go away?"

"I had to, Trudie," I said miserably. "We couldn't go on the way we were."

"And you were planning never to come back."

"No, I was never coming back."

"I don't see how you could be so cruel."

There was no bitterness in her voice, only a girlish bewilderment that wrung my heart.

"It hurt me—leaving you that way—just as much as it hurt you, Trudie."

"Oh, but it didn't, Larry. It couldn't. You have your work, your career, your other friends. I have nothing. My mother is dead, my sisters have married and gone away. And, thanks to Ben, I've lost every friend I ever had. Only you were left—to fall back on—to give me a little happiness. And you went away from me—to stay."

"I offered, Trudie, to take you with me. But you didn't love me quite enough to take a chance."

"Quite enough! Do you think you can measure love by degrees? I tell you now, as I've told you ten thousand times, I love you. All these last weeks I've been through hell—writing you every day—never getting a single word from you."

"Sweet, I thought it was best to break clean."

"And let me worry? Thinking maybe you were dead? Thinking maybe you'd fallen in love with some one else. Darling! You *don't* love her, do you?"

"No, Trudie, I don't love her."

"But she's so sweet and so pretty, and you have so many things in common. She's a genius, Larry, and I'm only a poor unhappy fool who happens to love you."

She was almost sobbing now; as we moved slowly around the floor I could feel her trembling.

"Please forget Glenda, darling, and please get hold of yourself. This dance is almost over."

I could feel her grow rigid as she fought to stop her trembling. Then her face, ghostly white under the green lights, was in front of me.

"Kiss me once more, darling!" she whispered. "Ben may take a notion to leave any minute. Just once more."

I PUT both arms around her and held her close and kissed her hard. At that instant the music stopped, but I didn't hear it stop. When the lights went on and I stepped back, we were right in front of our table. And Ben Bechtel was watching us with an evil grin.

"Well, March! You're certainly a fast worker."

I felt like a fool. I didn't know whether to hang one on his sneering mouth or turn around and walk out of the place. I did neither. I shrugged, knowing that if he made one more crack the party would end in a swell brawl. I helped Trudie to her chair and then sat down beside her. There was nothing to be said.

Phillipson came back with Norma and Frazier with Glenda. They hadn't witnessed the scene, and for that, at least, I was thankful. Our beer arrived and I drank my whole bottle in the brief intermission between dances. When the music started again I danced with Glenda.

Ordinarily the smoothest dancer I have ever known, tonight she had trouble following me.

"What's wrong, Glenda?"

"Am I tramping on your feet? I don't know what's wrong—exactly. Yes, I do. That man is the most evil person I've ever met."

"Ben Bechtel?"

"No. Frazier."

"What's wrong with Frazier?"

"I wish I knew. I can't seem to put a finger on it. He seems like a nice enough chap. He's a divine dancer and he was quite pleasantly, and casually, talkative. And yet the instant he took my hand and put his arm around me I felt—well, the feeling that came over me was almost stifling. I was frightened, Larry. I think more frightened than I have ever been before in all my life. Why, do you suppose, I felt that way?"

"I think, Glenda, we're all a little excited. I know Trudie and I are. And excitement is contagious. If Frazier bothers you, don't dance with him again. And if you hurt his feelings by refusing to—"

"Hurt his feelings!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Nobody could hurt that man's feelings. He's so heartless, so cold, I shiver whenever I think of him!"

"But what did he say that made you feel that way?"

"Nothing. That's why it's so odd. Everything he said was completely casual and friendly. But I tell you, Larry, the man is utterly without heart. I realize it sounds foolish for me to say that, knowing him so slightly, but I just had to warn you, Larry."

"I don't need to be warned, Glenda," I said slowly. "I've thought that way about him since the first minute I saw him. That man was killed this morning right in front of him, and he never moved. The man is nerveless, all right, and when you look into those icy-blue eyes of his it's easy enough to believe he's heartless too. . . . Have you had a chance to ask Norma anything?"

"About you and Mrs. Bechtel? No. She's been in a terrible mood ever since she picked us up."

"That's my fault. I'm really sorry I gave her such a razzing."

"And it was so unnecessary, darling. You've almost got me disliking her. And she's one of my best friends."

"I know, Glenda, and I'm sorry. I'll apologize the first chance I get."

"You might ask her to dance, Larry. Do you realize that in all the time we've come to these places you've never danced with her?"

"But I don't like to dance with big clumsy women."

"In a way, Larry," she retorted sharply, "you're almost as bad as Mr. Bechtel. Even Phillipson, as drunk as he always is, has had the decency to ask Norma to dance."

I sat out the next dance, and just as it ended and the lights went up I saw Noel Hawkins come in. He waved, and I realized from his grin that he had been drinking and was probably looking for trouble.

I got up and went over. "How's it going, Noel?"

"Fine, Mr. March. You having a good time?"

"Oh, wonderful," I said heavily. "Look. I want you to help me send a telegram in the morning. Do you know the chief dispatcher?"

"Sure. He's a good friend of mine."

FINE. I want this to go out in a hurry and I thought if I took you along, and we slipped your friend a few pesos, he might shoot it out ahead of the government stuff." (Due to the press of government business, which always takes precedence, private telegrams have been known to lie around the Acapulco office for days.) "Suppose you meet me at the Seven Seas at nine tomorrow."

"O. K., Mr. March. I'll be there."

"And in the meantime, Noel, take it easy."

"I'll be all right," he grinned.

In a way I felt sorry for the boy. He'd been in trouble at Los Cocos before—something about a girl—and had narrowly missed getting knifed. I knew that sooner or later, if he persisted in coming there, he'd end in the hospital or the morgue. He had just enough Mexican blood to be getting a thrill out of the risks he ran.

The music had started again when I went back to our table. Maida was telling Bechtel about her plans for filming Mexican dances and Norma Considine was toying with a glass of beer. The others were dancing.

"Care to dance, Norma?" I asked.

"Thanks. I'd rather not."

I sat down beside her. "Look, Norma. I'm sorry I cracked down on you this afternoon. I was all worked up about something else and I just let go. It was inexcusable and I apologize. Let's get up and dance."

"Oh, why be silly, Larry? You don't want to dance with me and I can't say it would give me any great pleasure to dance with you. Why not skip it?"

I couldn't tell whether she was still hurt by what I had said, whether she was sore, or whether she was merely bored. I wanted to know why she had made that crack about Trudie and me, and yet I didn't dare ask her because I didn't know what approach to take.

"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"

But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

"NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor."

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just *once.* But no *man*—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, *"Janet, you need Mum."*

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done!*

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure *you're* always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

I USED TO THINK A BATH WAS ENOUGH. GLAD I LEARNED ABOUT MUM!
TO HERSELF: I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A WHIRL! I'VE DANCED ALL EVENING BUT MUM STILL KEEPS ME SWEET!
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.*

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CRAZY WATER CO., Dept. N-6, Mineral Wells, Texas

When I danced with Trudie again I asked her what she thought of Curtis Frazier.

"I don't know what to think of him," she said. "I don't know him. He seems nice enough, but he talks so little and so impersonally that it's hard to form an impression of him. What *should* I think of him?"

"I was just wondering how he impressed you. Miss Neil is afraid of him."

"Why?"

"She doesn't know. She's just instinctively afraid."

We danced for a moment in silence. Being with her again, holding her close, was like a heady wine. And tonight, of all nights, I wanted to keep my wits about me, I wanted to get some answer to the muddled questions that made my brain reel. I tried to dance a little more casually, to hold her less closely.

"Whose idea was it, Trudie, to come to Acapulco?"

She thought about that for a moment before she said: "I believed it was mine, but after what you've told me I'm not sure. Ben can be very sly and cagey. He got word from the trustees of his aunt's estate—or at least he told me he did—that he should go to New York within the next month or two. He mentioned flying, although there was no hurry. I suggested we go by boat, knowing the boat would stop at Acapulco."

"Then you don't really know whether he steered you or whether you steered him?"

"I don't really know, Larry."

"And you don't know whether he ever heard of me before?"

"I don't know that either. He could have had detectives following us for months. We thought we were careful—but he may know everything we've done for the last two years."

"And if he did know—what do you think he'd do?"

Again she was silent for a few moments. Then she said gravely:

"He would kill you, Larry. Or rather, he would have you killed—he's too much of a coward to attempt anything himself. You see, Larry, as I've told you before, Ben has a terrific inferiority complex. That's one of the reasons he stays drunk all the time—because he knows everybody hates him and he hates himself. It's the reason he loves to hunt, to kill—because it bolsters his self-esteem. It makes him feel, as you say down here, *muy hombre.* And if he has found out about us, his warped mind will find no peace until you are killed—violently and vengefully."

"And that, I suppose, is where Curtis Frazier comes into the story."

"Yes. If there's any truth to what this Negro boy told you, that's where Mr. Frazier comes into the story."

"It's a nice picture you paint."

"No, it isn't nice. But it's fair, Larry. And it's one of the reasons—now, probably, the chief reason—why somebody is going to kill Ben. And the sooner the better."

I could feel my heart pounding.

"And who is this somebody?"

THE music stopped and the lights came on; we were clear across the dance floor from our table. Trudie took my hand as we started back. Her own was moist and cold. Her face was white, a little drawn; her eyes were hard and steady.

"I'm not like my husband, Larry. If I had a dirty job to do, I'd not hire some one to do it for me."

"I know that, Trudie."

"I wouldn't even *allow* any one to do it for me."

We were back at the table and I couldn't say any more. I could just sit down and have a beer and think about what she had told me.

Her mind, plainly, was made up. It was her own mind, and a good mind, and it couldn't easily be changed. And yet the thought of what she planned filled me with revulsion. Not the killing of Bechtel—he rated it—but the thought that Trudie found herself in a position where murder seemed the only solution.

Murder. A pretty harsh word. I wondered how it would feel to be called, if only by one's conscience, a murderer. Well, there was one good way to find out!

And so the dance goes on, while hate, suspicion, and jealousy seethe below the surface. How long can these dark passions be held in check? Read next week's turbulent chapter of this thrilling novel, and see what happens when the tension breaks!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 16

1—Whitelaw Reid.
2—Hardly, for the man would be dead.
3—Walter Johnson.
4—Table of the host.
5—Maude Adams.
6—For land (it equals 2.471 acres).
7—On the $1 bill only.
8—Nebuchadnezzar; see Daniel 4:33.
9—A cutting instrument.
10—No, since it is short-lived.
11—Many thousands of sea gulls which flew inland to devour the grasshoppers. In gratitude, the Mormons erected the monument that stands in Salt Lake City's Temple Square.
12—Leopold of Belgium: 36 years old.
13—San Juan—now the name of Puerto Rico's capital.
14—An allopathic doctor.
15—That of preserving food solely by heat—canning.
16—At Quebec, Canada.
17—Mata Hari, the notorious spy.
18—To its writer.
19—They are suckled by their mother.
20—

HONEY IN
THE BOWL
(Yellow)

ENRICHES THE FLAVOR
OF ANY TOBACCO

Yello-Bole has *real honey in the bowl.* The honey seeps into the briar wood as you smoke, and *keeps* on blending its flavor with the pipe. Result: Yello-Bole starts sweet, *stays* sweet. You spend $20 or more a year for tobacco, and $1 spent on Yello-Bole will make tobacco much more enjoyable.

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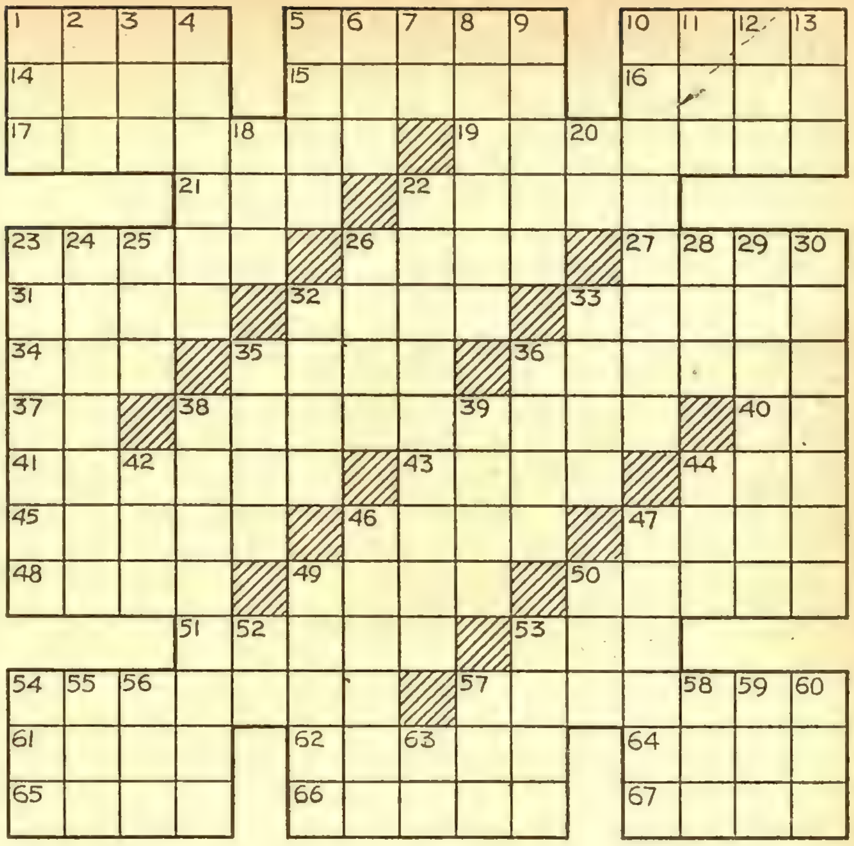
CROSSWORDS



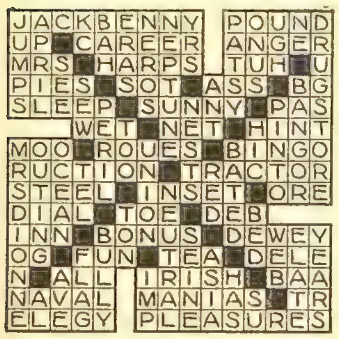
HORIZONTAL

1 Shortens
5 Cloak, coat (pl.)
10 Stretch across
14 Entrance in a mine
15 System of phonetic notation
16 Drew or pulled (nautical)
17 Dated again
19 Furnished with lateral flaps
21 Fled
22 Document
23 Treat with contempt
26 Festival
27 Plan or map
31 Greek combining form: broad
32 A spice derived from nutmeg
33 Wool-colored
34 Ten decades (abbr.)
35 Bark of certain trees
36 Ceased from labor
37 Syllable denoting hesitation
38 Town in western Germany
40 Western state (inits.)
41 Coin of Peru
43 Players on one side in a baseball game
44 American author
45 One chosen or set apart
46 A canvas awning, as for a boat
47 Stimulate to activity
48 A king of Midian
49 Pass through a sieve
50 Abounds
51 Rice boiled with meat or fish (var.)
53 Disfigure
54 An offensive odor
57 Hinged part of an airplane wing
61 Old
62 Couples
64 A mountain in Moab
65 Seed vessels
66 Anglo-Saxon domestic slaves
67 To conduct a periodical

VERTICAL

1 Stop
2 Poem
3 Order
4 Stellate
5 A certain bird
6 Sixteen and a half feet
7 A form of to be
8 Roman procurator of Judea
9 Range or extent
10 Keenest
11 Cooking vessel
12 Hail!
13 Man's nickname
18 Breed of rabbits
20 To possess actuality
22 Character in Martin Chuzzlewit
23 Withdrawer
24 Unworthy of an adult
25 Vase
26 Tract of land under cultivation
28 Kindled
29 A program of business
30 Machines for spreading hay
32 A Filipino
33 A George Eliot character
35 Two-wheeled vehicle
36 Rave
38 Certain crustaceans
39 To incline
42 Bill
44 A simian
46 Headdress (pl.)
47 Placid
49 Slant
50 Palmyra fiber (India)
52 A small fish
53 Fail of attaining
54 Chart
55 Since
56 Guided
57 Measure of area
58 A color
59 A Japanese sash
60 In no manner
63 A preposition

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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JACKBENNY POUND
UP■CAREER ANGER
MRS■HARPS TUH■U
PIES■SOT■ASS■BG
SLEEP■SUNNY■PAS
   WET■NET■HINT
MOO■ROUES■BINGO
RUCTION■TRACTOR
STEEL■INSET■ORE
DIAL■TOE■DEB
INN■BONUS■DEWEY
OG■FUN■TEA■DELE
N■ALL IRISH■BAA
NAVAL MANIAS■TR
ELEGY PLEASURES
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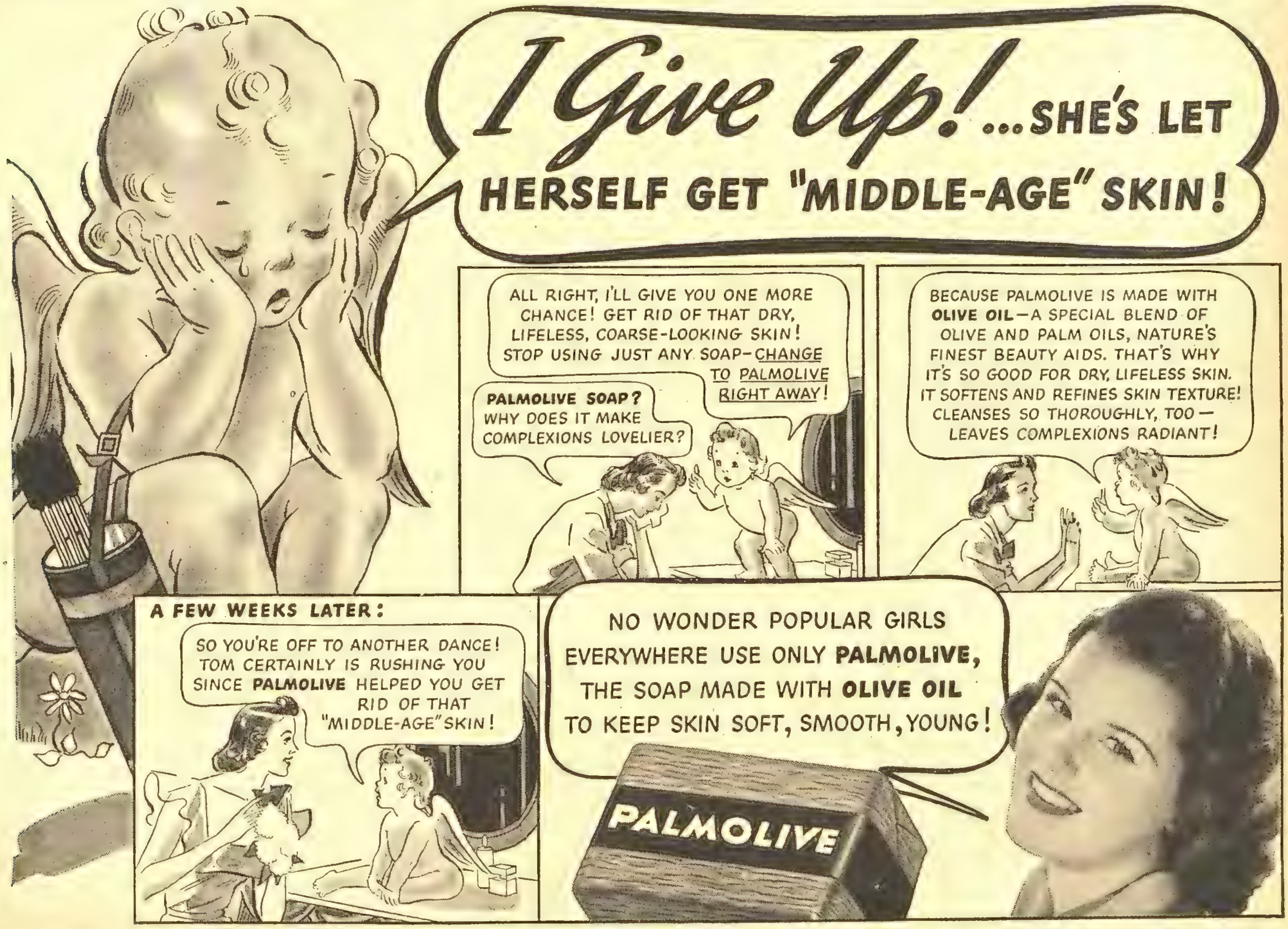
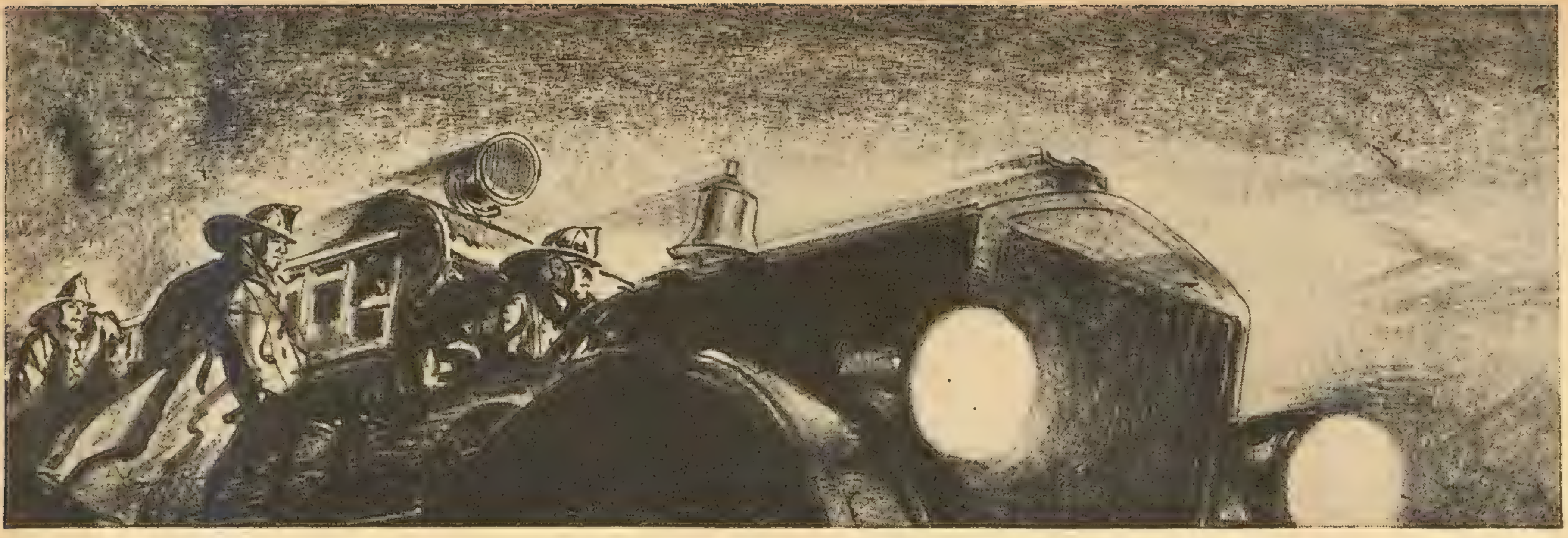
Last week's answer


I Give Up! ...SHE'S LET HERSELF GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP—CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY DOES IT MAKE COMPLEXIONS LOVELIER?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO — LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
A FEW WEEKS LATER:
SO YOU'RE OFF TO ANOTHER DANCE! TOM CERTAINLY IS RUSHING YOU SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED YOU GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
NO WONDER POPULAR GIRLS EVERYWHERE USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE



THE VISITING FIREMEN

Don't be surprised if you find them calling on you soon . . There's a reason!

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SOMETIME this fall, perhaps before you've begun to worry about your heating arrangements, you may have one or more visitors from the fire department.

This will not be a formal call. You will not be expected to serve cocktails or tea. Nor will they try to sell you tickets to the Firemen's Ball, nor ask any donation, nor hand you a leaflet or a tract to read.

The idea is simply to have a look around your place, a thorough look.

You don't have to admit these firemen. You can slam your door in their faces, if you wish. But it is possible that if you bar them out this time they'll come back some night, swarming up ladders and breaking their way in through your windows.

The firemen's visit is one of inspection—and it may save your house. It may save your life. Fire fighters have learned that it is best to put out fires before they start. They've prevented a lot of fires in commercial and industrial establishments. Now they are, in about one hundred cities, making a determined effort to prevent fires in homes.

So when they call on you, it is to get acquainted with your fire hazards. Maybe you have a pile of rubbish in your basement—say, under your cellar steps. Maybe you have a lot of nice oily rags lying around, and paint cans, and waste paper, and cardboard boxes full of excelsior. Maybe you keep your hot ashes in wooden containers, or dump them too near a wooden partition. Maybe you have defective pipes or flues; or there may be something wrong with your gas connections, or your electric wiring.

The firemen won't " bawl you out " if they find anything of this kind. Nor will they give you a summons. They'll merely tell you how to eliminate these hazards—and help you.

All they ask of you is a minimum of co-operation. More than 60 per cent of all the fires in the United States—and there are about 166,000 in an average year—occur in homes. A great many lives are lost in these fires, and fully two thirds of the victims are those trapped in their own homes. The annual property loss averages a little more than $97,000,000. About one third of that loss is suffered by homeowners.

Nearly 7,000 persons perish every year in fires that destroy their homes. About half of these are children.

For over forty years the National Fire Protection Association—a non-profit organization—has been spreading the campaign for fire prevention. Lately it has succeeded in persuading the authorities of many cities to inspect the homes in their communities. On the other hand, many fire marshals, mayors, and other authorities have refused to let the firemen make any appreciable inspection of private property. But in those cities where firemen have been allowed to inspect all, or a majority, of the homes, the number of fires has decreased and so has the loss of life.

" If we could tell everybody how important this is," says Percy Bugbee, assistant managing director of the association, " we could reduce the dwelling fire hazards to the absolute minimum."

Mr. Bugbee exhibited a letter from Fire Marshal L. M. Funk of Dallas, who wrote that in 1930, an average year, when there were no inspections of private homes, 642 houses were partially or totally destroyed, with a property loss of $1,745,213. In 1935—after inspections—the number of fires had dropped to 413, and the loss to $589,900.

The story of Cincinnati is similar. In 1926 the firemen of that city inspected 663 houses. In 1927 they inspected 8,394; in 1933, 10,697; in 1935, 78,288. The city for many years had averaged about 1,000 fires a year. In 1935 there were 488.

William J. Sudeth, fire chief, and Joseph Macaulay, superintendent of police and fire alarm, in St. Paul, Minnesota, started the home inspection in October, 1935, and completed it May 30, 1936. They inspected 43,650 private homes and 30,482 apartment houses. They found fire hazards in 2,050 places. They were refused admittance in 1,393 homes.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, the firemen have inspected about 21,000 houses—and decreased the fire losses by 55 per cent.

In Boston, Fire Commissioner William Arthur Reilly is now inspecting about 7,000 homes a week.

" Annual residential inspection is most important and necessary," says Daniel B. Tierney, chief of the Arlington, Massachusetts, fire department. " When people realize that it is meant solely for their protection, they will not only co-operate but welcome it."

The National Fire Protection Association has established an annual National Fire Prevention Week. This week is usually that in which October 9 occurs, the anniversary of the great Chicago fire, and is generally ushered in by a proclamation by the President and by the governor of each state. During the week the association arranges parades, radio broadcasts, talks to school children and to citizen groups, and spectacular displays.

" All these things help," says Mr. Bugbee; " but nothing helps so much as the honest inspection by competent men—regular firemen."

The inspection of residences has been adopted by few big cities. The worst fires are in the big cities.

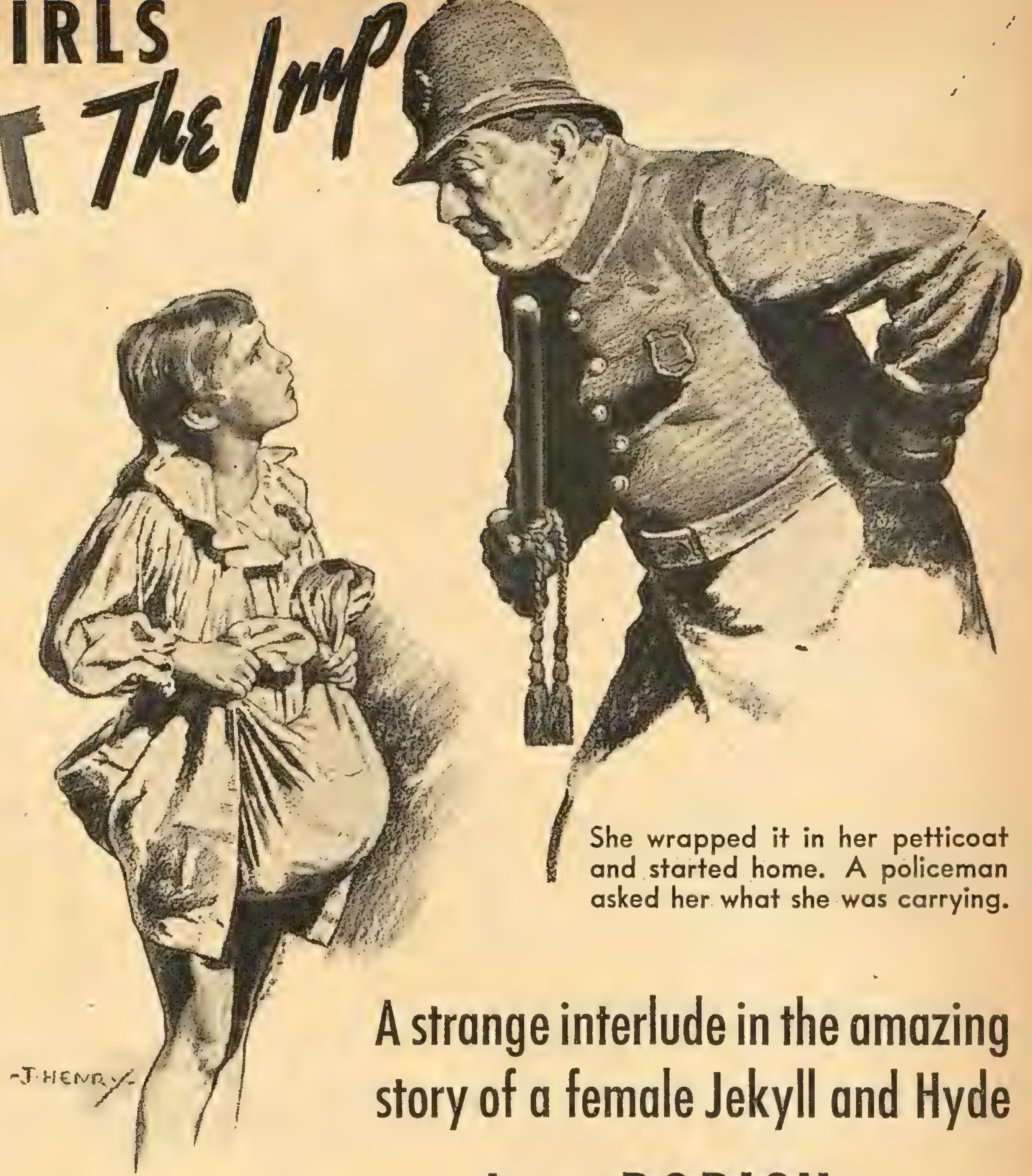
THE END

I WAS FIVE GIRLS

MARGARET The Imp

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

To psychologists, "the Doris case" has long been a classic, but not until now has Doris told the public her own story of it. As Dr. Potter notes, she is by no means "crazy" and she never was, although for a time she was five personalities in one body. Last week she told the cause of her first split. In a Pittsburgh slum, at the age of three, she was thrown on the floor by her drunken father. A year later she began to be aware that sometimes, when she "forgot," a different child "came out" into consciousness—often to raise Cain!



She wrapped it in her petticoat and started home. A policeman asked her what she was carrying.

A strange interlude in the amazing story of a female Jekyll and Hyde

by "DORIS"

in collaboration with

THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

THIS other personality of mine who alternated with me in my childhood was a crazy, irresponsible thing, but everybody liked her, for she was what they would have liked to be if they had dared.

Margaret the Imp did not really die when Dr. Prince drove her back into me, although she has never come out again. But there are times when the wind is blowing and I get restless when I am Margaret even now, to a certain extent.

She loved to ride horses, bareback and alone, when she was only seven—the wilder the horse, the better. My father worked in a livery stable. Margaret would hang around the stable until she saw him go up into the loft for hay. Then she would slip in and run to the door of the loft and shoot the bolt, and then father was trapped up there, and Margaret would go and get a horse loose from his stall. She would ride and ride bareback for an hour or more and then come back and unlock the loft door.

But she would have to pay for her fun, as she expected, for father would spring out with a whip and hit her right across the face. That's why my face still has a mark between the eyes above the right eyebrow.

But one day when she got back from riding, the owner of the livery stable was there, and Margaret very innocently got him to unlock the loft door, and he got the whip across the face before father saw who it was. Then there were swearings and questions and explanations, and the owner said that if Margaret liked horses well enough to take a licking for riding one, she should have the privilege of riding any horse she wanted any time. So Margaret was in heaven then, and could she ride and did she ride!

She did everything wholeheartedly. She just hated hypocrites, but she was always wanting some religion. She liked her religion noisy and full of action. The formal type of church service was torture to her and she was as likely as not to break right out in meeting with a very irreverent remark.

There was a little mission in the slum district of Pittsburgh near our home. They got hold of Margaret. They had heard that she was good at "speaking pieces." So nothing would do but she must give a recitation in a big entertainment they were going to have.

They gave Margaret a very proper and precise piece to speak. She didn't think much of it and she told them so, but she learned it quickly and rehearsed it.

Then came the night of the big entertainment, and the vestry was packed. Margaret was all dressed up, which she never liked anyway. So when she marched out in her fluffy-ruffles to recite the proper piece, she made a sudden substitution and fairly shouted:

"Jane ate cake and Jane ate jelly:
Jane went to bed with a pain in her—
Now don't be excited and don't get red,
For all Jane had was a pain in her head."

When she finished and stomped off the stage, the crowd clapped and shouted and the boys and men whistled, but she wouldn't come back for a bow; she was already on her way home. Of course the mother scolded her for saying such a naughty rhyme. But she could read the mother's face, and she knew the mother was really laughing underneath.

You see, the advantage of this multiple-personality business, to sort of make up for the many inconveniences, is that you get to understand that people don't always mean what they say, even when they themselves think they do, and you get to look for what they really mean. Margaret could size them up in a minute. She wasn't afraid of ministers or doctors or even of escaped criminals.

Even men with fifteen valets—give Ingram's thrifty cream their ballots!

Give your face the bracing KICK of Ingram's!

INGRAM'S big, billowy brushfuls of speedy, wilting lather give you the luxury that even a banker would envy. For Ingram's is a real high-hat shaving cream with a bracing quality that gives a "wake-up and grin" kick to your face. That's what makes Ingram's different—it's a shaving cream and a lotion all in one. And with all its luxury and ease *you save money* because Ingram's is concentrated—it goes further. Get the thrifty tube or economical jar at your druggist's today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

NO NICKS—NO BURNS NO TERRORS Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S *Concentrated* SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

In our eighth year, Dr. King offered her twenty dollars if she would get Mr. Schroeder to leave his house and walk around the streets. Mr. Schroeder was a rich man, but there was something queer about him. He wouldn't come out of his big house, and Dr. King knew that he had to or he could never be really cured.

Dr. King knew also that Margaret was working in Mr. Schroeder's house evenings and Saturdays. When he made her this offer she said she would try. She was somewhat acquainted with Mr. Schroeder by this time. Day after day he looked for her, and he was amused by the way she sort of took charge of him. She caught on to Dr. King's idea at once. She had figured it out herself that Mr. Schroeder needed to get out and around and be more like other men.

So one day she remarked, "Well, I've got to fight my way home, as usual." And he said, "What do you mean?" And she said, "Oh, the bad boys bother me." So he volunteered to see her home, to protect her.

SHE led him right through the First Ward, where her particular boy enemies were. They taunted her about her new fancy beau, and she sassed them back, and he got waked up and started after them, and they piled on him, and there was a real scrap. He wasn't much good, but she used her fingernails and her feet and her teeth, and got herself and him through and free after a while.

He was shocked at her methods, and she told him he was just a grown-up sissy. That was good for him. He got a new outlook on life—and Margaret got her twenty dollars from Dr. King, and she told him that she had earned it, and he said he guessed she had.

After that, Mr. Schroeder went home with her every night. He had two nice suits of clothes ruined before he learned how to fight, but he got so interested that he helped us out financially. For the first time, we had enough to eat right along. But four years after that he got sick and died.

All this time Margaret and I alternated. Sometimes I happened to come out when Mr. Schroeder was around, and then he said that that was more like it and why wasn't I nice like that all the time? By then Margaret would be getting jealous because he was praising me, so she would burst through and poke him in the ribs or pull his hat down over his eyes. And all the time he was thinking it was one girl he was dealing with.

Margaret took a bath all over every day, and the neighbors said that that was why she was so skinny and why she was crazy, too. Finally the mother said she must stop it. She did stop it in the house—but there was the river. She went down to the docks and coaxed a carpenter to build a sort of bathhouse for her. It was a shed on the water, with a door, and it had a big hole in the floor where she could take her bath.

There was no danger, anyway, for she was a good swimmer always—a regular fish, they all called her. Now, at forty-eight, on the Massachusetts coast, I am just learning to swim—and it is the same body.

Margaret loved birds and animals. I do now, and they just flock around me. But she was the one that used to rescue the birds and cats from the other slum children, and some of her worst fights were to defend some animal or bird the boys were tormenting.

I know now that there was a constant tax on my physical strength from Margaret's wild carryings-on, and the doctors and psychologists have never been able to figure out how I stood it so long. The thing that saved me for years was Margaret's cave. When our body was tired out, she took it to the cave. I, personally, was never in the cave until I was over thirty years old and Dr. Prince went there with me.

It was a real cave on the bank of the river. She always kept a few crusts of bread there and a bottle of water and some hay to sleep on. When Dr. Prince and I went there, the bottle was still there.

She would run away when she was all in, and be there for two or three days at a time, just resting. Funny thing, I never came out then; it was her cave. Mother never worried. She seemed to know when Margaret was in the cave, and she just waited until she came home.

Margaret went everywhere. She never knew the meaning of fear because she didn't see why. And that was why she was always safe. She sometimes walked around all night, even as a girl of eight or nine, in the worst districts, but no one ever thought of harming her. She was just Margaret. Of course they called her Doris, for they didn't know the difference. Sometimes the queerest people would speak to me, or give me a funny wave of the hand, and I learned to smile and be pleasant to them, for I knew they were her friends.

In a way, she protected me. All along the water front they knew that Margaret could fight if she had to. So I didn't have to fight.

THE river was her great love. She used to watch the excursion boats and wish she could go on them. We saved up the money, and one great day Margaret and the mother were to go on the excursion boat. When it got opposite the point, the boys, her playmates and continual enemies, were waiting on the bank to see her go by. Mother had made her get dressed up, for once. But their taunts were too much for her and she vaulted the rail and swam to shore and beat them up good and proper. So mother took the trip alone, and Margaret never did get to go again.

She was down at the river one day and found the naked dead body of a newborn baby at a sewer-pipe outlet. She thought it was just asleep and she was so pleased with it, for she had always wanted a little baby sister. She was forever asking the mother about babies and where they came from. Mother always told her, "From the river bank. You find them there." That was the Rubberneck Row version of the stork story.

So Margaret wasn't surprised when she found the baby; she was just tickled. She washed it in the river and wrapped it in her petticoat and started home.

A policeman asked her what she was carrying, and she proudly showed it to him. In spite of her protests he took it away from her and carried it to the police station, and she went home crying.

By a strange coincidence, that very policeman's wife had a baby the next day, and when Margaret heard of it she was sure that was her baby—and do you wonder?

Every time the woman took the baby out in the baby carriage, Margaret pestered her, fighting for it.

When I was eight years old I had to be vaccinated. Mother told the doctor I would surely scratch the sore because I was always scratching myself. As a matter of fact, I never did. Margaret often scratched me.

Sure enough, when we got home, the minute Margaret came out she dug viciously at the place, and I had to go back to the doctor's. He put on some very strong adhesive plaster. But Margaret went down cellar where the mother couldn't see her, and worked until she got that plaster off and could scratch the sore. When I went to the doctor next day, he was furious. The next time I had to go to him, with the sore all ripped open again, I just "forgot" from sheer fright, and Margaret came. When the doctor glared at her, she laughed at him and spit right in his face.

What sort of personality was Doris' second split to produce? In other words, what sort of girl was Number Three of the five who were to live in one body? Let Doris herself amaze you with her answer next week!

She never reached the falling-in-love stage, and when I did, it led to some embarrassing situations. Not that the men didn't like her—far from it; but she didn't like them. One man, a Mr. H., was sweet on her, but she laughed at him and led him a merry chase.

But I was really in love with Daniel B. I met him when I was nine, and we fell in love and were secretly engaged, and planned to be married when I was sixteen. He liked me in spite of the fact that sometimes Margaret would suddenly come out and be very rude to him. But we couldn't be married when I was sixteen, for he was studying and I was working to support my family.

Then, when I was seventeen, came the second split in my personality, and I, the Real Doris, disappeared for nearly five years.

THE END

ARE YOUR SHIRTS STILL IN THE MIDDLE AGES?

1. **THE WAY THEIR SHIRT BOSOMS BUNCH,** some men might as well be wearing "ruffles." On the other hand, Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" cut keeps your Arrow shirt front always smooth.

2. **SOME MEN'S COLLARS** shrink so tight they feel pretty much like old-time "chokers." Arrow shirts are Sanforized! You get a new shirt *free* if one ever shrinks!

3. **SOME OF THE COLLARS** you see around are warped and wavy like our old friend, the "ruff." Arrow has made collars for 77 years—so *every* collar on *every* Arrow shirt is flawlessly tailored.

4. **YOU FIND** Arrow shirts step up your appearance a whale of a lot. Arrow is America's top Men's Stylist. Get the newest patterns and styles, at your Arrow dealer's tomorrow. Only $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks

$1,000 CASH PRIZE WISECRACKS CONTEST

WISECRACKS are worth money! Why waste your gems of repartee on an unappreciative audience when Liberty is prepared to pay substantial cash prizes for them? Even if you missed the first two weeks of this game, you can enter now with an excellent chance to win. Read the brief rules carefully so that you understand the conditions of the competition, and then clip and fill in Coupon No. 3 in the right-hand column. That will get you started toward a prize.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.

2. Using typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.

3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecracks Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of $250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; four Third Prizes, each $25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each $10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you failed to save the first two coupons, you can obtain official reprints by mailing a request to the address in Rule 3 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive the reprints, you can bring your entry up to date. Coupon No. 4 will appear next week.

WISECRACKS CONTEST

COUPON NO. 3

Here is the question:

WHY DO COLLEGES HAVE FOOTBALL TEAMS?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines, using not more than twenty words

....

....

....

(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

IN HOLLYWOOD FATIGUE IS TABOO

BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR ENERGY!

Life is strenuous for movie stars. After hours "on the set", they must still be alert, energetic. That's why, of all people, they must eat foods which fight fatigue, foods which fortify them with energy. Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for *energy*. To avoid fatigue, make Baby Ruth *your* candy. You will enjoy its delicious goodness.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, *President*

LYNN BARI
20th Century-Fox Actress
featured in 'Meet the Girls'

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!
NRG
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY
Baby Ruth
CURTISS CANDY CO.
5¢

"IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY"

FAIR PLAY!

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

A bridge Short Short—The story of a card problem and a surprise . . . How would you have played these hands?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JOHN O'NEIL belonged to that fortunate type of humans who succeed in getting themselves loved by all women and liked by most men. It is true that he was affable, good-looking, shot a good game of golf but not too good; told good stories but not too good; played good bridge but not too good to make an occasional error.

His bridge game was a curious mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. He would carelessly lose a simple contract and then succeed in fulfilling an almost impossible declaration. But undoubtedly his greatest asset at the card table was his imperturbability. He was the perfect partner. He appeared grateful when his partner pointed out mistakes that he already knew. When the partner lost a game by an error or a bad guess, O'Neil was sure he would have done exactly the same thing.

There was one man, however, who could not quite see the O'Neil virtues. Samuel P. Norton had been "yessed" so much, as is the right of any man who is worth fifty millions, that he hated being opposed. Norton was a bridge addict who just could not refrain from pointing out to wholly disinterested players how they could have made a declaration that had been defeated.

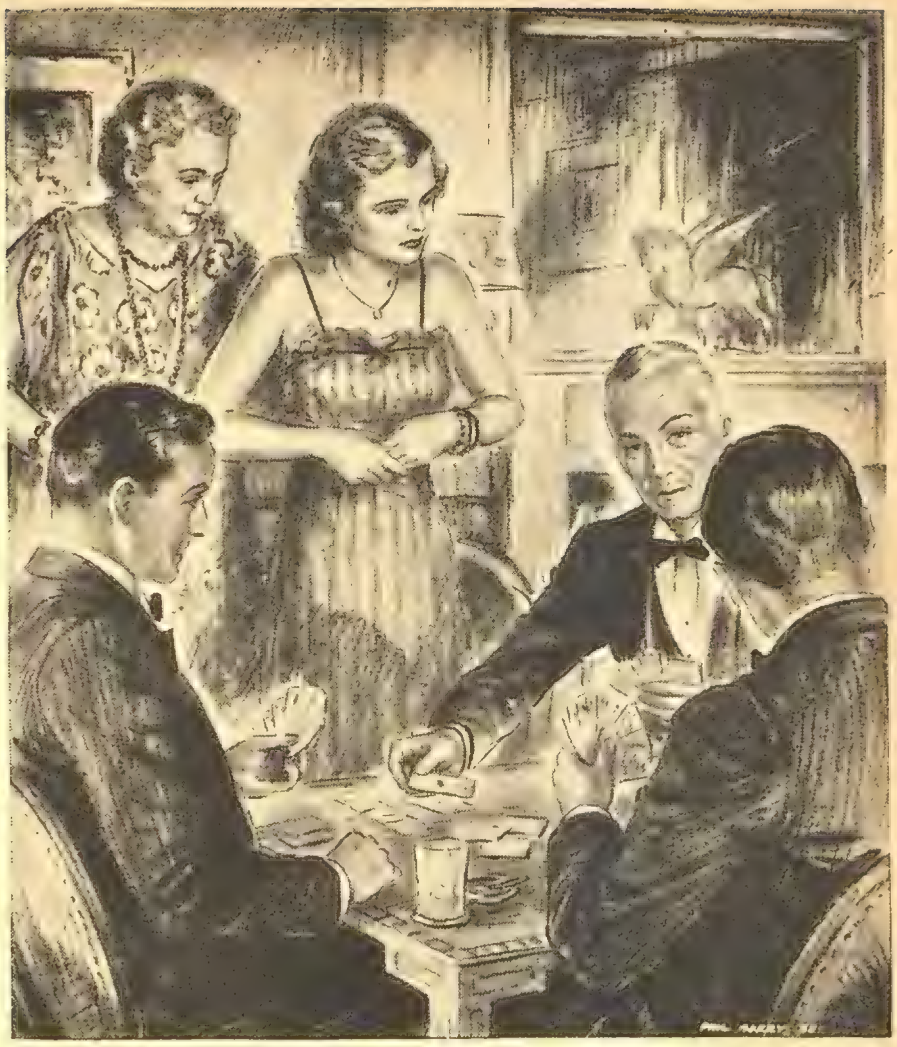
It did not matter to Norton that the ultimate result was very much more apparent after the hand had been played than before. Whether the player at fault was his partner or his adversary made little difference.

Norton was frank to admit that he didn't get any fun out of bridge unless he won.

"When the cards are against you," he said, "there is nothing you can do about it, but I think it's idiotic to chuck away games that are in your hand."

It was O'Neil's contention that the "chucker" was more to be pitied than censured, and on that point the two clashed.

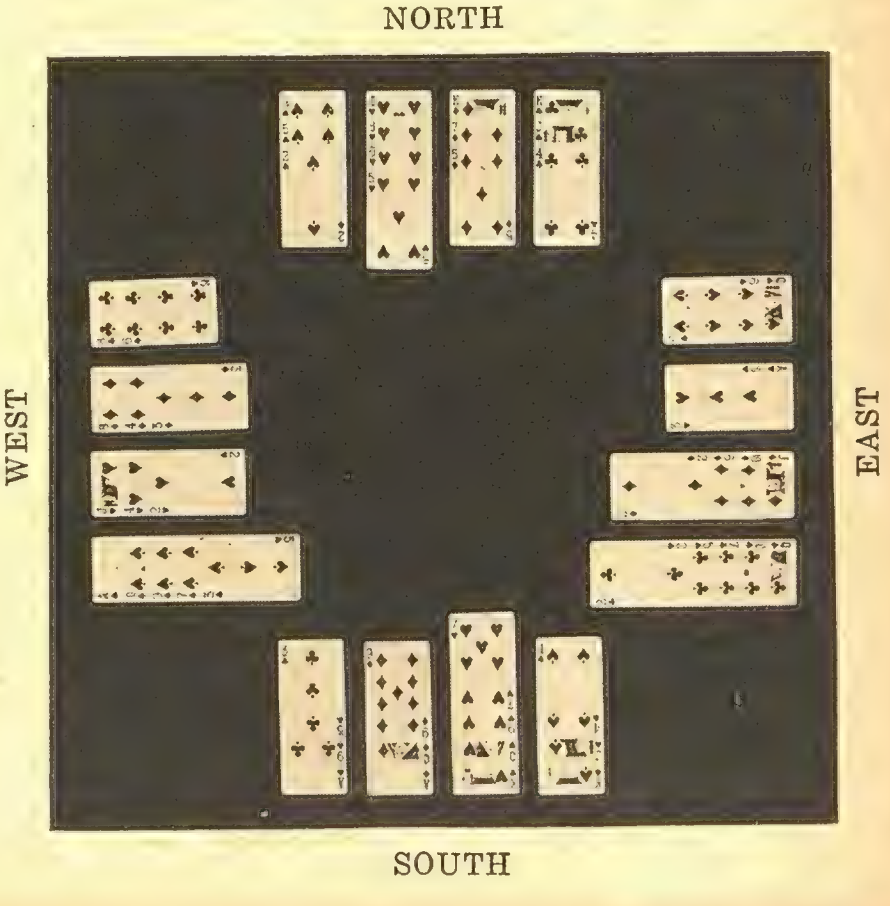
Petite Kathleen Morgan played what is commonly called "an average game." If she was just a mite off in card perception, she made up for it in everything else. She was young, vivacious, and beautiful, so her many suitors could not have been altogether attracted by such inferior allurements as social position and a wealthy father.



Michaels, having no more spades, had to discard.

It was generally supposed that Norton had offered his heart, hand, and the fifty millions to the lovely Kathleen, but no announcement had been made—as yet. O'Neil, with fifty thousand, might have been an odds-on favorite, but did he have the fifty thousand?

At O'Neil's penthouse on Park Avenue, dinner and bridge was a function of rare excellence. Even the O'Neil major-domo, Michaels, was an Old World product of a species now almost extinct. He appeared to know instinctively the requirements of his master's guests. Observant, unobtrusive, with a memory like an elephant, he was an ideal servitor.



After a number of bridge sessions at O'Neil's home, Norton was so impressed by this Admirable Crichton that he offered him a position in a "first-class place."

Michaels declined. "I have worked for the O'Neils, father and son, all my life," he said. "Until Mr. John has no further need of me, I will remain with him."

THE dinner had been perfect and the cards showed no favoritism.

O'Neil had cut Kathleen for his partner and stood at game all against Norton and Mrs. Stover. Mrs. Stover, Kathleen's aunt, was a widow, equally clever at bridge, chaperoning her niece, and donating money to charity.

O'Neil had the cards and was about to deal as Michaels stood at his left with a tray. O'Neil picked up a glass of Scotch—straight.

"Won't you have some soda?" asked Michaels.

"No, I guess not," replied O'Neil. Then, as he noticed the pleading look in Michaels' face, he changed his mind. He replaced the glass on the tray and Michaels carefully filled it with the soda.

Then he dealt the following hands:

♠ 8 5 2
♡ 10 8 6 5
◇ K 7 5
♣ K J 4
(O'NEIL)

♠ A 10 9 7 3	N.	♠ Q 6
♡ J 4 2		♡ A 3
◇ 8 4 3	W. E.	◇ J 10 6 2
♣ 8 6		♣ Q 10 7 5 2
(MRS. STOVER)	S.	(NORTON)

♠ K J 4
♡ K Q 9 7
◇ A Q 9
♣ A 9 3
(KATHLEEN)

O'Neil and Norton passed, Kathleen bid a no trump, Mrs. Stover passed, O'Neil raised to two no trump, Norton again passed, and Kathleen bid three no trump, which was passed all around.

Mrs. Stover opened the seven of spades, O'Neil put down his dummy hand, and Kathleen took Norton's queen with her king. She then led to dummy's king of diamonds and came through with a low heart, which she won with her king. Dummy was then put in with the king of clubs and a second heart lead was won by Norton's ace. The spade return, through the guarded jack, now sunk the ship and defeated the declaration by one trick.

"Too bad," condoled O'Neil. "I guess my raise to two no trumps was pretty bad."

"Oh, no," said Kathleen. "But possibly I might have played differently, don't you think?"

"You played the hand perfectly," replied O'Neil.

Now Norton, who had been thinking deeply, spoke up: "My dear, you played the hand terribly, and I'll bet I could have made three no trumps against any defense."

O'Neil had helped himself to another Scotch.

"Norton," he said coldly, "what do you mean by saying you'll bet? How much?"

"A dollar a thousand, or all the money *you* can afford to lose," said Norton, who was becoming irritated.

"Michaels," called O'Neil, "let me have my checkbook."

There was silence for a minute as the book was brought forth. O'Neil opened it and passed it on to Norton, as he said slowly: "I seem to have a balance of $25,850. I can afford to lose $25,000 of it—or as much as you think your opinion is worth."

"Bluffs do not go with me," replied Norton. "But don't let us have any quibbling about the hands or conditions, and the bet is on." He commenced rearranging the hands.

O'Neil wrote out his check before he answered:

"I am neither bluffing nor quibbling. You arrange the hands as they were and name your own conditions. You may elect to play the hand and make it, or defend the hand and defeat me. If you wish me to defend, I will require a partner, let's say—Michaels here will do. Would you prefer that he lead or play third hand?"

"I don't suppose Michaels knows anything about the game," said Norton, "but you and he try and stop me from making three no trumps! We will let him play third hand, and, as long as you got Michaels in the game, he works for me if you lose."

O'Neil laughed. "How about it, Michaels?"

"As you say, sir," replied Michaels.

Norton placed his check alongside of O'Neil's.

"Do you agree upon the distribution of the cards?" he asked.

"Certainly," said O'Neil cheerfully. "All set—for a set. Take a seat, Michaels."

O'Neil led the seven of spades, as Mrs. Stover had done originally, and Michaels played the queen, but Norton did not take it with the king. Instead he permitted the queen to win, discarding the four.

"I think I can teach Mr. O'Neil something anent the importance of cards of re-entry," he remarked, as Michaels led his last spade to the second trick.

To Kathleen, Norton's strategy was at once apparent. When the lead was taken by the ace of hearts, Michaels would have no more spades to lead. She had been a fool not to hold up on the first trick, and O'Neil's generosity and kindness had cost him a fortune. She would not permit him to lose the money. She would pay it herself. Poor Jack, he didn't see even now that he had lost.

The second trick was won with the ace of spades and the third went to Norton's king. On trick three Michaels, having no more spades, had to discard. After a moment's thought, he threw away the ace of hearts.

"Well, well," said Norton facetiously. "I see you are anxious to enter my employ, after all. But I'm afraid you won't do as a bridge expert."

"Was that a very bad play?" anxiously inquired Michaels. "I have been told I played er—rather well."

"Anything you do is all right with me," said O'Neil.

Norton cashed in his two top hearts and then hesitated. "Good grief!" he cried.

HE could not make his third heart, which was necessary for the game, without permitting O'Neil to take the lead with his jack and gather in the remaining spades. *Michaels' discard of the ace had been a superlatively brilliant play.*

O'Neil took Kathleen's hand, kissed it gallantly, and said, "You stand vindicated."

Kathleen smiled at him and patted his hand as she whispered: "Tomorrow, Jack—early."

Having speeded his departing guests, O'Neil sauntered into the butler's pantry. Michaels was seated at the table with a pack of cards, playing solitaire. For once his deportment seemed amiss. He did not rise at his master's entrance. O'Neil poured out a drink of Scotch.

On the table lay the tray from which Michaels had served the drinks. O'Neil turned it over and removed a pack of cards that were held in a contrivance attached to the bottom of the tray. The cards were identical with those used in the evening's play.

Michaels stopped in his play to look up and ask:

"I was wondering what you would have done if Miss Morgan had held off on that first trick?"

O'Neil laughed as he replied:

"Kitty darlin' has everything that I want in a woman, but as a bridge player she has her limitations. She would no more refuse to take a queen with her king than she—well—than she will refuse to take a 'Jack' tomorrow."

There was just a shade of sadness in Michaels' voice as he said: "John, I have heard you say more than once that you would never bet on a sure thing." Michaels looked meaningly at the serving tray.

"And no more I would," answered O'Neil. "I gave Norton his choice. If he had chosen to make me play the hand, he could have discarded the ace of hearts, and then where would I have been? No, Mike, you can depend on it, I'll never deprive a man of at least one chance to beat me. And from now on," he continued, "we are through with chiseling—forever. I am going to be married and you are going back to the old country, Dad."

THE END

Previewing Hollywood

Something new! Liberty gives you an inside forecast of the new pictures—and invites you to review them

BY BEVERLY HILLS

THIS week Liberty inaugurates a new type of movie preview, a type that will keep you abreast of the new Hollywood.

Liberty Reviewer Beverly Hills will tell you all about each new picture—tell the inside story of the film and its making—on the very week of its national release.

Beverly Hills will do something never attempted before: will predict the number of stars each new film *should* rate, basing the prediction on past performances of star, director, players, author. Later Beverly Hills will check this prediction after seeing the finished film.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

What's more, Liberty is going to make YOU the Liberty reviewer! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged—so that later you will be able to compare at a glance Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, *and the reader-rating* of each important new picture!

With all this timely and thorough aid, you can hardly go wrong in your movie shopping!

Send in your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. To be eligible, your review must be postmarked not later than midnight, Octobe 12. The winner will be announced in th issue of November 19.

MEN WITH WINGS

Possibly 4 stars. Anyway 3½ stars. Because there is big drama in the evolution of aviation. Because Bill Wellman is a vigorous, forceful director. Because it is in color, has an interesting cast.

THIS cavalcade of the clouds has all the earmarks of one of the year's big films. It tells of the love of two men for the same girl through thirty-five years—the years since the Wrights lifted their first frail machine above the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903. It is, in brief, the romance of aviation.

Bleriot spans the English Channel, aviation plays its part in the World War with Baron von Richthofen riding death in his Fokker, Lindbergh hops the Atlantic, Byrd crosses to France, on down to the world flight of Howard Hughes, Men with Wings tells the story of flying. Before this panorama of the air is the love of two youngsters for the daughter of a man who gives his life in the early days of flying. She weds the wild lad who can't stay pinned down to the earth once he has tasted the tang of the skies. He goes on alone to adventure in Morocco, in China, in Spain. The other flies the mails—and waits.

The air base at Van Nuys was used. Sixty planes—old and new—played their roles. In one scene there were $350,000 worth of planes. The whole film was shot in technicolor.

Out in Hollywood Director William Wellman is called Wild Bill. Ribald, erratic, daring, snarling, he gets action out of his actors. And he knows aviation. He was with the Lafayette Escadrille in the war, shot down his share of planes, was cut down himself, invalided home with a Croix de Guerre with four gold palms. Wellman's talents are varied. He has done such diversified things as shooting Wings (remember?), making Jimmy Cagney famous as the gangster who pushed a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face.

Fred MacMurray is the bad boy who can't stay put in spite of love; Ray Milland is the lad who waits and waits; while a newcomer, Louise Campbell, is the girl. Her father is a Chicago West Sider, Joseph Weisbecker. She went to Northwestern University and De Paul University, working her way as a dental assistant. Film scouts found her acting small roles in the East.

Background? Stuntmen who get fifty dollars for plain everyday thrills; better for playing with death. In fact, up to $1,500 for cracking up a plane. The price used to be higher. But life has gone down with other commodities. This is the

Louise Campbell with Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray in Paramount's latest air epic, Men with Wings.

most ambitious attempt to put aviation on the screen. It has all the earmarks of bigness—in theme, in careful research, in production.

Produced by Paramount.

ROOM SERVICE

Should be about 3½ stars if the Marx Brothers are completely funny working for the first time in harness of a set story. Anyway, one of the most expensive comedies of the year.

THOSE three zanies, the mad Marxian brothers, have moved into the Broadway footlight success, Room Service, now transferred into a film comedy. For the first time in their lives they are forced to stick to their story. Usually they take the barest outline of a comedy fable and pummel it to death.

But RKO-Radio had paid too much ($225,000) for Room Service to let the Marx Brothers scuttle the ship. Just three concessions were made: Groucho still has his painted mustache, Harpo his red wig, and Chico his battered felt hat. Harp and piano are missing.

Room Service is the fantasy of a shoestring theatrical producer. The plot: How to produce a play on Broadway without a cent of money. The producer and his two aides live blithely in a Manhattan hotel on credit. In time they acquire a play and a cast of twenty-odd players. Indeed, they have everything but money and a theater. Still, they all dwell on credit. The hotel manager is a relative and everything goes passably well until the chief auditor of the hotel chain arrives and starts investigating the strange guests. Just then Groucho unearths a possible financial backer and it's a battle to keep the hotel executive and the money prospect apart, also to hide the hungry actors.

The comedy presented some tough problems. On the stage all the action took place in a single room. That, of course, would be monotonous in a film and the producers had to shift some of the action around the hostelry.

This is an expensive farce. To the original cost add $250,000 for the labors of the hitherto untrammeled spirits, the Marxes. That means, with sets and overhead, the whole comedy cost around $800,000.

You will find Groucho Marx amusing as the bland double-dealer, the harassed producer, but more restrained than of yore. Harpo and Chico are the aides, of course. Two comparative newcomers play the feminine interest. Ann Miller is a pretty hotel worker; Lucille Ball is the show's prospective star.

Can't see how Room Service can flop in fun. Or maybe the Marxes don't hit your funny bone.

Produced by RKO-Radio.

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

I was late for an appointment.

But . . . I was a good fellow, so I stayed for one more drink.

I speeded to my appointment.

Speed and drink changed that appointment to a rendezvous . . .

A rendezvous with Death.

KIND PEOPLE, I AM NEVER LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT NOW

James David Lang

GARDEN OF THE MOON

3 stars. Verdict after seeing the finished picture. This story of a young jazz orchestra leader has its flavor. Promising John Payne will bear watching, Pat O'Brien is a great help. Three bells for Jimmy Fidler, too.

HERE is a jitterbug epic, a swing-band extravaganza. Built around a feud between a jazz conductor and the manager of a big hotel supper room, it is almost the dramatic end of a hopeful boy who has just landed the first big job for his musicians after weary nights in chop-suey salons and beer gardens.

The orchestra leader on his first big chance is, oddly enough, a young actor seizing his first real opportunity. In brief, John Payne, who not so long ago married the highly promising Anne Shirley. Anne has scored in Stella Dallas and other films. She has arrived. John, who is twenty-six and hails from Roanoke, Virginia, has been hoping for his turn. This seems to be it.

Margaret Lindsay is the hotel press agent. Here is the girl who put something over on filmland. She is a young lady from Dubuque who couldn't get work in New York or Hollywood, who went to London, returned with an English accent and fooled the movie moguls into giving her a job—and a break—as the girl on the Titanic in the all-English cast of Cavalcade.

There is somebody else worth watching in Garden of the Moon. He is Johnny "Scat" Davis, a Brazil, Indiana, boy who was a feature singer with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians and, before that, with other bands. Waring took Davis to Hollywood when he made Varsity Show, and Davis, along with the pretty Lane Sisters of the same organization, remained behind in films.

Jimmy Fidler plays Jimmy Fidler in the film. It's an authentic performance. And there's a dramatic note among the extras. If you watch closely, you may see Jean Acker, who was Rudolph Valentino's first wife in the old glamorous days.

Incidents of the production: Payne sprained his ankle kissing Margaret Lindsay. They were three days taking retakes of this kiss. And work in Hollywood is said to be hard! Director Busby Berkeley, who made those girly films for the Warners before girly films went out of vogue, uses a metronome to get what he calls rhythm and tempo in his scenes. This is his second dramatic film.

Fifteen ex-orchestra leaders compose Payne's band, the Swingadores. Pat O'Brien, who does the hard-boiled hotel manager, broke sixty-five watches during rehearsals of a scene before Director Berkeley felt the breakage was just right. Watch for it. The studio production department used taut piano wire to absorb echoes on the set when the band gets hot. You can't see the wire, of course.

Most of all, watch Payne. The lad has promise. And maybe the Payne-Shirley household isn't happy right now!

Produced by Warner Brothers.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

★★★½—Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live.

★★★—Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls.

THUNDER OVER KANSAS CITY

The chronicle of an epic fight that still goes on. What will the future be?

BY FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

MILLIGAN moved quietly. The real evidence upon which he would have to build his case was the actual ballots of the 1936 election, now resting in warehouses. If he tipped his hand, if those ballots were mysteriously destroyed by fire or stolen, he would be whipped before he started.

The matter of a grand jury would require careful attention, too. He'd had experiences before with grand juries some of whose members had come from Jackson County, where the machine was entrenched. He was firmly convinced that he had lost one prominent case in which jury members had come from the Kansas City district.

This time there'd be none of that. He was empowered by statute to impanel a grand jury from rural outlying districts. And these were districts whose residents had no love for Kansas City, the "state within a state" that had made all of Missouri suffer for its local rottenness.

He was relying upon two men to help him. They were not of his political faith. But they shared with him a deep respect for clean government.

They were Republican Judges Reeves and Otis. Now, the average citizen had come to regard vote stealing as something to be expected; as something no more culpable than, say, a little cribbing in a high-school examination; even as something, under certain circumstances, to laugh at. People had smiled during the 1936 election when the machine had sent to the polls on Election Day a band of gaudy ladies of the bawdy "telegraph district" adorned with huge Republican sunflowers but voting the Democratic ticket.

It was Judge Reeves who shook the indifference from Kansas City with his stirring charge to the first grand jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is crying need for the purification of the ballot in America. I can't sit quietly in my district, charged as I am with responsibility, . . . and witness some men going with corrupt dripping fingers to the ballot box. A corrupt vote may be likened to a loaded and cocked gun pointed at the very heart of America.

"These conditions shame Kansas City."

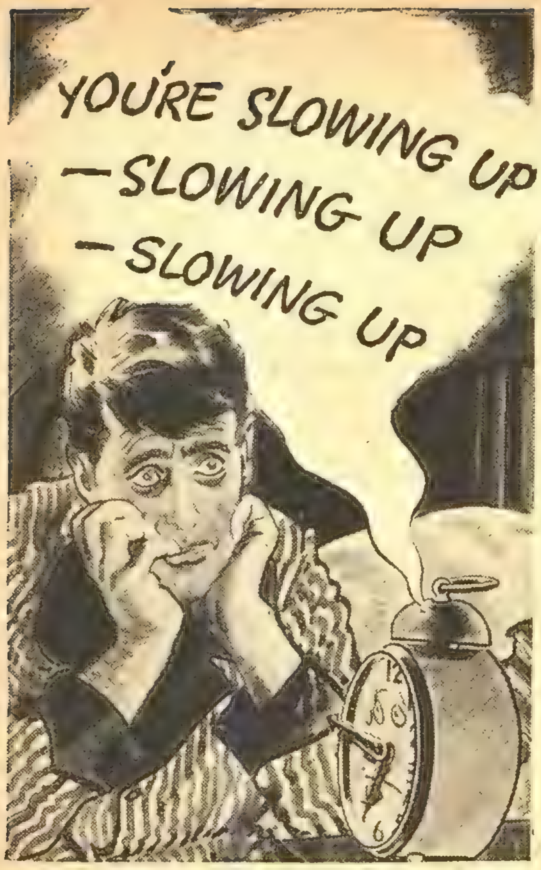
Simultaneously with the calling of the grand jury, United States Attorney Milligan ordered his United States Marshal to serve subpoenas *duces tecum* upon the members of the Board of Election Commissioners and their deputies. Soon his office was filled with men protesting that it would be impossible for them to produce the ballots as demanded. "It will take us at least three days to get them together and deliver them."

A lot could happen to those ballots in three days.

"Three days nothing!" they were told. "Those are forthwith subpoenas *duces tecum.* That means now, at once, immediately. Get those ballots in here."

The ballots came. F. B. I. experts began an examination of them—found plentiful evidence of tampering, forgery, erasures. The whole ugly story of wholesale vote fraud came to the surface as scores of men and women, both Republican and Democratic tools, who couldn't be touched, of a machine that couldn't be beaten, were indicted by grand juries outraged by the all but incredible testimony to which they listened.

He had witnessed the murder, recognized the killer as a former friend.



YOU d-r-a-g in the mornings when you get out of bed. Your step has lost its "spring". . . your hand its cunning, at work or games. Your shoulders sag—and then your waistline. No wonder "they" begin to watch you—ask if you're the man you used to be.

Life CAN Begin at 40! Yet life *can* begin at 40! You're smarter—more experienced than you ever were before. All you need is to get that body of yours tuned up till it begins to hum again—till you *feel* the power inside you raring to go—till your nerves are something to laugh at.

What Science tells You! A sudden decline in health at 40 is often due to vitamin deficiency.

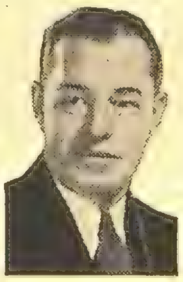
"Oh," but you say, "I've taken vitamins. They didn't seem to help me."

All too often that's the experience of people over 40 . . . because weaker digestion at middle age may *prevent you from getting full benefit from vitamins you do consume.*

There is a food that can help correct these "after-40" troubles—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Eat it regularly, and we promise, not a miracle of rejuvenation, but a *steady* improvement of that rundown feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion.

Especially Helpful after 40 For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four vitamins that many people particularly need at middle age. And in addition this fresh yeast acts like a vitamin "booster" for people with a weak digestion. It provides vitamins in a helpful form and aids in their assimilation by stimulating slow digestion. In this way it also helps you to get more nourishment from other foods . . . helps to give you better elimination, helps keep your system free of toxic intestinal wastes.

It's Up to You Every grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly one-half hour before meals—plain or dissolved in water.



"A few years ago my digestion went back on me. I noticed a gradual effect on my work. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It stimulated my digestion and helped me a lot. Now—at 44—I'm getting new business, and my chances for promotion seem good." ***ALBERT P. SMITH***

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

Boss Tom (left) and his nephew and—so they say—political heir, Jim Pendergast, chuckle over the machine's local victory at the polls last March.

For years a whole nation had known that elections in the Heart of America were the ultimate in crookedness. Now, for the first time, the filthy machinations of machine politics were being nailed into the public record by a courageous United States Attorney and two honest federal judges.

The trials of seven defendants—three election judges, two clerks, a Democratic precinct captain named John Luteran, and a policeman assigned to duty at the polls in the Seventeenth Precinct, Twelfth Ward—give one picture of what happened in Kansas City on Election Day, November 3, 1936.

It is a picture that might be labeled Fun Among the Tombstones, for the voting place was a display room of the Kansas City Monument Company at Fifteenth and Lister Streets.

It was John Luteran, the precinct captain, who ran the election that day. A precinct captain has no official status under any law; has, in fact, no legal right to be inside a voting place. Nevertheless, John Luteran ran the show, testimony indicated.

He had even made advance preparations by removing, the night before, a woman who had served in that precinct for years as a Republican judge, replacing her with a man named Frank H. Adams.

How he managed to replace her is not clear and perhaps not pertinent. What he said about it to another election judge was:

"We jerked the old girl out and put in Frank Adams."

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of Election Day, Luteran, who had the keys to the ballot box, unlocked it and emptied all the ballots it then contained into a big cardboard box. Policeman Roach, on election duty a few feet away, was immersed in a magazine and paid no attention. One of the women judges said:

"Here, here, you can't do that!"

Luteran turned to her. "We did, didn't we?"

The election workers were sitting at tables in a space from which tombstones had been cleared, and eventually the cardboard box containing the ballots found its way to another table in the display room, discreetly concealed from public view by grave markers. Here a generous number of alterations were made. Ballots which showed an X at the head of the Republican column were altered. The X was erased and a new X marked in at the head of the Democratic column.

It was slipshod work, Charles A. Appel of the Federal Bureau of Investigation laboratory was later to report. For so hastily had some of the ballots been changed that the erasures had worn holes through the paper.

Mr. Roach, the policeman, busy with his magazine beside the stove, suspected nothing. One of the women judges who did protested, and then began to cry.

The polls closed at seven o'clock. Luteran was not pleased. He issued an announcement. About 150 more votes were needed. He had a piece of paper in his hand. He instructed two of the judges:

"You open your registers and check these people off."

He announced further that the Republicans were to have a total of only thirty-five votes.

A woman Republican challenger protested, for she knew there should be a minimum of 121 Republican votes.

"You don't mean giving us thirty-five out of the whole bunch?" she demanded incredulously.

"That's all you're going to get," Luteran told her.

"Don't we get a few split ones?" she asked plaintively.

"No," he said.

When indictments had been returned, Luteran paid hasty visits to some of the judges and clerks who he feared might lose their nerve or talk. He told one of them:

"You don't need to be afraid. We have everything fixed, from the Governor down. We have all the commissioners and a perfect set-up."

Whether or not Luteran believed this himself is not clear, though it seems likely that he did. To one defendant he voiced the simple philosophy of crooked government—the tri-monkey philosophy of monkey business. "We have one story," he said, "and we are going to stick to it. We heard nothing, saw nothing, and knew nothing."

He was boastful and cocksure of the machine powers that had never failed. "We are going to grab Milligan out," he promised, "and send him to Philadelphia or another seaport, and we will send Judge Otis back to St. Joseph and put in a judge we can handle."

Luteran had succeeded in swinging the election as he wanted in his precinct. Franklin D. Roosevelt got 544 votes; Alfred M. Landon got 35.

But Luteran was not so lucky with his other promises. He and his fellow defendants were convicted.

That the machine was incensed and a trifle panicky quickly became manifest. Both judges and Prosecutor Milligan received warnings.

Mild Judge Reeves' telephone rang every hour, upon the hour, day and night. Each time he or his worried wife answered, an anonymous voice claiming to be that of a friend warned him that his life was in danger if the vote-fraud prosecutions did not cease. To spare his wife, he finally had the telephone disconnected.

Prosecutor Milligan, too, received a warning: "Don't drive alone at night on any lonely country road." He respects that advice sufficiently to follow it as he continues with more vote-fraud prosecutions.

ANOTHER vote-fraud trial revealed that on November 3 queer goings-on had taken place in a Sunday-school room of a church at Fifteenth and Topping Streets, Kansas City, polling place for the Nineteenth Precinct of the Twelfth Ward. Again a Democratic precinct captain, Gilbert Stevens, ran the show. Early that day he called Thomas Cummins, Republican precinct captain, out into the church vestibule and showed him how the election would go.

Stevens had a piece of paper. On it were written the names of the candidates, with the number of votes each was to receive in the Nineteenth Precinct, Twelfth Ward.

Cummins, observing that the Republican candidates were to receive only twenty-four votes, protested. Stevens shrugged. "Well," he said, "if you have any objections, why, there have been people known to be taken for a ride for objecting to such things as that."

A little parlor magic figured in the voting at the Sunday school. As one election judge received a ballot from a voter, he would fold it and insert it part of the way but not all the way into the ballot box. Later, when the voter was gone, he would fish the ballot out with a pencil while the other judges and clerks sat by unprotesting. As an election worker put it: "Who was there to protest to?"

On perhaps fifteen occasions when he was not busy thus, the election judge took ballots from an inside coat pocket and stuffed them into the ballot box. The ballots he fished out later were given to Stevens, who tactfully took them to another room of the

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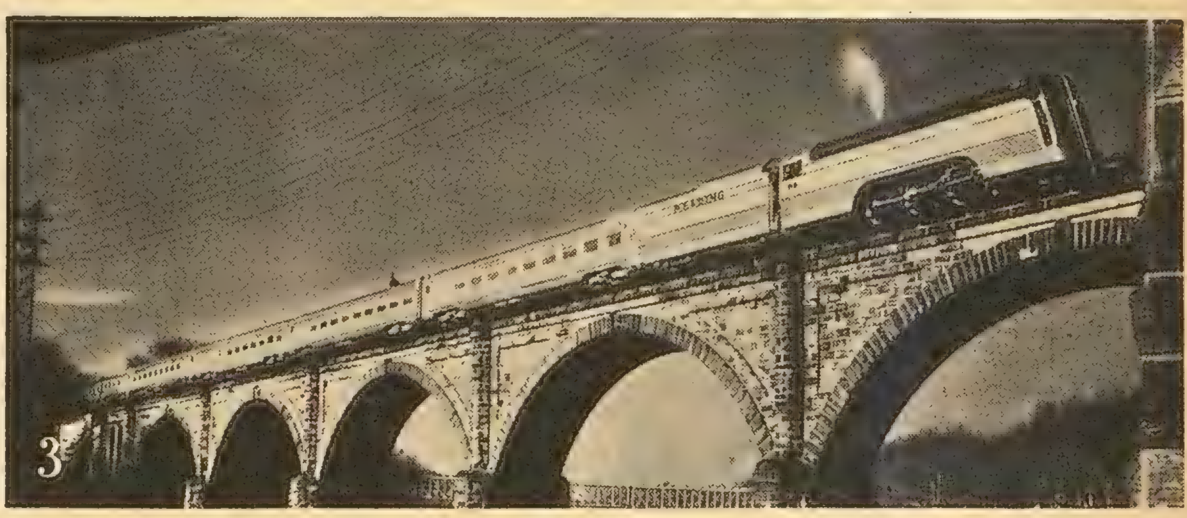

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church and changed them, with eraser and pencil, from Republican to Democratic ballots. Then he brought them back to be placed in the ballot box.

After the polls had closed, Stevens produced some cards bearing names and ordered one of the clerks to write these names into the pollbooks. When a Republican woman judge refused to sign the books and turned, protesting, to a fellow Republican judge for support, she was told by her Republican fellow:

"Go ahead and sign. Let's get through here. I want to go to a Democratic victory party."

She signed.

Democratic Precinct Captain Stevens, whose fingerprints had been found by F. B. I. agents on some of the altered ballots (there was no legal reason why he should have touched any ballot), later came to see the woman who had protested. With him was a Republican election judge. Indictments had been handed down, and Stevens now offered the woman free legal aid.

SHE refused it; assured him she intended to testify for the government. He came back later with another man, who insisted that she accept representation from their lawyers, assuring her that if she hired a lawyer it would cost her five thousand dollars a day, but that his lawyers would represent her free of charge.

The machine was feeling unusually philanthropic now.

Case after incredible case was tried. It was in the Twenty-sixth Precinct of the Twelfth Ward, where the voting place was a barbershop, that 113 straight Republican ballots were changed to straight Democratic ballots by erasing one X and marking in another. It seems to have been arduous work, for George Neeper, a Democratic precinct captain, complained: "Some of these Republicans marked their ballots so hard, you can't hardly rub them out."

The big ballot box, with its sticker reading "Keep this box in view of the voters," was taken down into the barbershop basement during the afternoon, a special officer—a policeman—turning on the stairway light for the convenience of the two precinct captains who carried it down there for no legitimate purpose.

Just after the polls closed and before any one had begun the unnecessary formality of counting the ballots, Precinct Captain Neeper proudly announced that the total vote of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, Twelfth Ward, showed an overwhelming organization coup—501 to 31.

Precinct Captain Neeper celebrated New Year's Eve by appearing at the home of election judge Maurine Nelson to inquire if a federal investigator had visited her. She said no. He told her that a government investigator who had been working in the precinct undoubtedly would visit her. Perhaps she would be taken away and kept all night. She was not to worry. She would be released. And, above all, she was not to talk.

After indictments were returned he sought her out again. He told her that she would be given instructions as to what to do. He assured her that bond would be furnished, with all legal talent needed. Mrs. Nelson, who entered a plea of *nolo contendere*, said she would furnish her own bond.

Neeper now made a rather significant threat. He told her that any one who talked would be *taken care of by the state*. She asked how that could be possible.

"After all," he replied, "every one was there and more or less guilty, and it would be rather bad to go to the state penitentiary with the reputation of having squealed on the organization."

In the midst of Milligan's battle against the machine his term as United States Attorney expired. Last February Missouri's United States Senator Truman at first opposed Milligan's nomination for reappointment. Truman likewise attacked Judge Otis and Judge Reeves.

Senator Bridges arose to inquire: "Does the fact that Judge Reeves and Judge Otis . . . together with Mr. Milligan, the prosecuting attorney, were instrumental in sending to the penitentiary a great many persons who were guilty of vote frauds and corruption in Kansas City, in one of the worst cases in the country, have anything to do with the senator's opposition?"

This Senator Truman denied.

Of Milligan, Bridges added: "In this instance, the President [who had reappointed Milligan] is standing for clean government and he has nominated a man who has demonstrated his worth and courage."

The Senate of the United States promptly told Milligan, in effect, to go right on with his work.

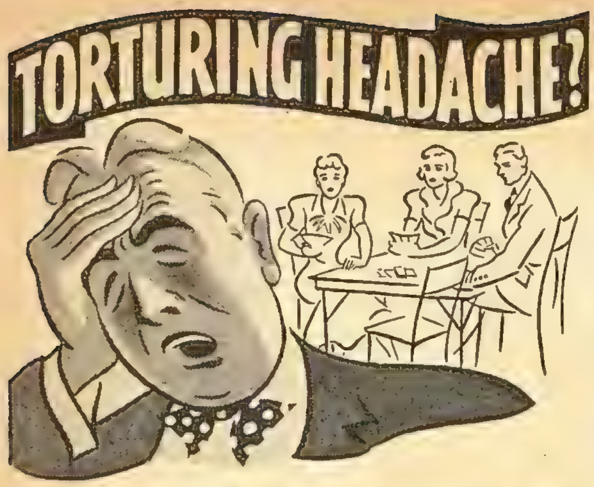
HE did. One by one the conspiracy cases involving 260 different defendants were disposed of. One by one the men and women involved received sentences ranging from probation to five years in the penitentiary, fines varying from $25 to $1,500 and totaling, by the middle of 1938, $103,940. In thirteen jury trials, sixty-three defendants were convicted; thirty-one entered pleas of guilty; one hundred and forty-three, pleas of *nolo contendere;* forty-three received penitentiary sentences; thirty-five, jail sentences.

There has not been a single acquittal.

And what effect is Milligan's work having upon the machine? None—you will find people in Kansas City to tell you. All of the defendants had bond provided for them—at time of arrest, at time of appeal. Their families are being taken care of. They have lost none of their loyalty to the machine.

That's a little hard to believe.

At all events, in the State of Missouri and also in the nation at large the disgusting chicanery of the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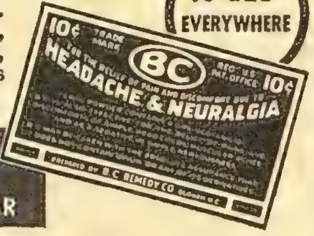

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machine has lost it considerable face.

One organization man gave out a statement. "The damned fools!" he said of those who even then were being fined and imprisoned. "Mr. Pendergast told them time and time again not to pull anything like that, but they were trying to make a showing."

It is quite possible that Mr. Tom Pendergast did warn them against stealing elections. But Mr. James Pendergast, his nephew, reportedly being groomed to succeed him, seems to have been touched to the quick by the plight of the defendants.

Roy Bretz, foreman of the April, 1937, Grand Jury, in a report of the grand jury wrote that attorneys representing the defendants already tried—except in the cases of a few who pleaded *nolo contendere*—"were directed or solicited to represent them by one James M. Pendergast, who stated to the attorneys that the reason for his interest was the distress he felt because of the predicament of the defendants."

THE premiums paid to the Central Surety and Insurance Corporation for the bonds were, the report continued, paid entirely by James M. Pendergast. More than $9,000 had been advanced, the report stated, to take care of trial expenses for defendants at that early date. Advanced, said the report, by James M. Pendergast. Finally, the report stated, Thomas H. McGee & Sons, agent of the surety company, had been assured that any further amounts necessary to secure the surety company would be advanced by James M. Pendergast.

In all, at that early date, James M. Pendergast seems to have advanced $69,000.

By June 17 of this year fines alone, including fines assessed, paid, placed on execution and as yet unpaid, totaled $103,940.

Uncle Tom Pendergast, aging boss of the machine, is reputedly a wealthy man. His wealth does not spring directly from politics. He or his associates, it is charged, possess an interest in seven construction companies. Whatever the truth of the charge, the 1937 Kansas City Directory lists Pendergast as vice-president of the Ready Mixed Concrete Company.

It has likewise been said that during the past decade no public building has been erected in Kansas City that did not use Ready Mixed Concrete.

Pendergast has been quoted as saying: "Why shouldn't my concrete be used? It's good concrete."

To that even Pendergast's worst enemies have had to say "Amen." However, Ready Mixed Concrete has been put, of course, to some fancy uses. In Kansas City is an innocuous trickle known as Brush Creek. For four miles, Brush Creek was given a nice smooth bed, forty feet wide, one foot thick, of Ready Mixed Concrete.

The Glendale Beverage Company's vice-president is listed as Mrs. Rhea Lazia, whose address is the same as

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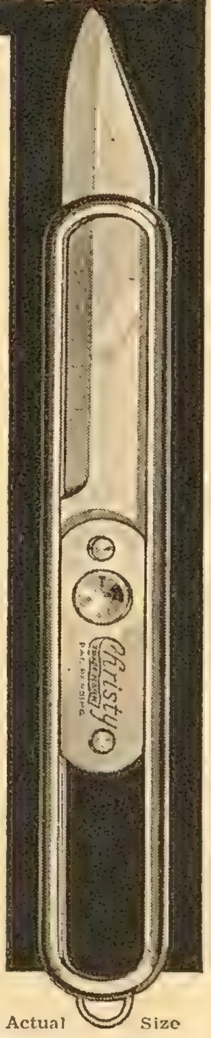

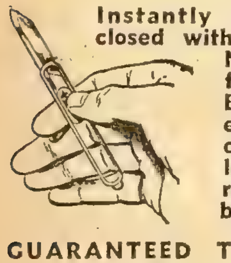

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that of John Lazia's widow, Marie. Its secretary-treasurer is Charles Carrolla, name of the friend of John Lazia who was with him on the night of Lazia's murder.

Residents of Kansas City tell you that in the city's parks, at the local baseball field, and even aboard the pleasure boat on the river, Kansas Citians drink Glendale Beverages or go without any soft drink.

Pendergast's headquarters, the throne room of Kansas City, is an unimpressive two-story building at 1908 Main Street — the Jackson County Democratic Club. By noon of a busy day there he may have seen several hundred persons seeking an audience and probably his decision upon some requested favor. His decision, a clipped " yes " or " no," stands.

HE likes to think of himself as " just an ordinary fellow " who keeps his word. But his word, whether given to senators or to gangsters, both of whom wait their turns in line, is final. It is law.

At noon he rides to his Ready Mixed Concrete Company. He has a sign there that warns: " No politics discussed here." That sign goes, too, for his home at 5650 Ward Parkway. He has a wife, a son not long out of college, and two daughters. His family life is impeccable. No liquor. No noisy parties. He himself is in bed usually by nine. A heart attack bowled him over while attending the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1936. After that he ostensibly turned the reins over to his nephew, James; but he still makes the organization's policies, sees that they are carried out.

He knows every trick of politics. When, more than a decade ago, sentiment gained momentum for the city-manager form of government, Pendergast startled his opponents by coming out in favor of this reform.

Kansas City got its city-manager form of government. It also got a city manager and eight city councilmen. Its city manager, since reform's dubious victory, has always been Henry F. McElroy, a Pendergast organization man. And Pendergast has never had control of less than three fourths of the city councilmen.

City Manager McElroy has been publicly heralded as a man of meticulous personal honesty and almost inconceivable frugality. His vaunted penny pinching on behalf of machine government stirs faint plaudits in Kansas City if you talk to those who, like himself, work for the city.

On either side of the steps leading to Kansas City's shiny new thirty-story $4,455,827 City Hall (Ready Mixed Concrete, T. J. Pendergast, Vice-Pres.) is a bronze statue. They have the fore parts of horses, the aft of fishes, and the wings of birds. Whatever these bronze creatures may be, they have been nicknamed by the city employees " Lug " and " Cut." In Kansas City, lug and cut affect every man who owes his job to the machine.

A former member of the police department there told me that ever since the present administration took over City Hall management the city has avoided a deficit by applying salary cuts of 25 to 50 per cent, and lasting as long as six months.

A Class B patrolman earning $135 per month might find his salary reduced to $67.50 for six months in the year. He cannot keep all of that, however. He next runs into the lug—which is a levy on salaries of local government workers to raise campaign funds. A city employee, usually the secretary of the department head, draws up a list. Opposite each man's name is the amount of salary he is expected to kick back. It is scaled according to his earning capacity.

In addition, it is considered good policy for an employee to be a " joiner." There are any number of political clubs he may join, from his ward club up. Membership, with dues, in three clubs is usually enough. He may be asked, too, to attend dinners at one dollar to one hundred dollars per plate. Occasional basket sales and candy sales may call for contributions.

The cop's life is not a happy one. He must buy his own uniforms, guns, blackjacks, clubs, handcuffs, raincoats, and come-ons, and he always runs the risk that when he handcuffs some hoodlum he is insulting a loyal machine worker. The cops have no pensions, no security. If honest, they are thoroughly miserable.

One policeman summed it all up: " We'd be good policemen—if they'd let us."

I asked him what a Class B patrolman earned in Kansas City. He told me the amount was $1,620 a year.

" What, at a reasonable estimate, would he have left after lugs and cuts had been deducted? "

" Not more than eight hundred dollars," was the answer.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the name Pendergast is taken in vain often and without Tom's knowledge. But that it carries weight there can be no question.

Men have told investigators stories of having sounded off against the machine, to find within the week their places of business cluttered with building inspectors, firemen concerned with their safety equipment, tax auditors, or sanitation czars ready to condemn equipment.

Hostile property owners are reported to have waited nearly a year for building permits. Water-meter readers have made themselves plagues. One incautious business man with a flock of trucks spoke his piece, then found that his truck drivers were averaging four to five pinches a day for traffic violations.

There have been stories, too, of merchants who played with the machine having been invited down to City Hall, where they were favored with voluntary tax reductions. Half of what had been saved them they were permitted to take home.

There are stories, unprovable, of a

gigantic network of espionage. Men have claimed that they spoke out of turn in a restaurant, a bar, or a hotel room, and were immediately visited by trouble. Sometimes their telephones rang and their indiscreet words were repeated back to them.

Incredible as these stories seem, you hear them everywhere.

A prominent attorney in Kansas City told me that he was in the office of a friend (there it goes again) a few years ago at the moment when a brutal daylight murder was taking place in the downtown streets. The son of his friend rushed in, white and shaking. He had witnessed the murder. He had recognized the killer as a former classmate of his school days. The killer came from a district where machine connections were strong.

The son of my informant's friend never testified against the killer, never volunteered as an eyewitness. He was afraid of getting in wrong with the machine. The man subsequently charged with the murder was not tried for two years, and meanwhile some of the witnesses had been corralled, had grown hazy as to identification, or had moved away. And the man was acquitted, though his police record showed that he had been arrested twenty times on serious charges and imprisoned not at all.

When men have police records two pages long, showing as many as forty-six arrests and no convictions in the local courts, it is reasonable to suppose that there are good if untraceable reasons for their immunity.

A prominent member of an organization that has occasionally tried to fight the machine at the polls told me that several Kansas City business men had come to his office, commended him for his fight for clean government, and had given him checks. They attached only one string to their contributions: their names were never to be mentioned as contributors.

WHEN Milligan was sending the first batch of machine henchmen to prison for vote thieving, quite a few outstanding Kansas City business leaders who met him in the street stopped to congratulate him. Quite often the congratulations . . . were *whispered*.

In March of this year Kansas City went to the polls. And back into office went Pendergast's slate, though a new election board had been appointed and a permanent registration law born. There was no violence.

Pendergast called the victory a "vote of confidence." But his opponents had whittled down his usual lead.

Locally, the machine is still the master. But Federal Judge Reeves holds calmly to his theory that if you hammer a thing long enough, it will one day collapse.

The hammering goes on.

In November will come the elections that will test Boss Pendergast's growing state-wide powers.

Perhaps it is here that the first cleavage will appear.

THE END

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TO GET YOUR EDGEWORTH SAMPLER KIT—JUST MAIL COUPON WITH $1.00

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Richmond, Va.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit . . . Opposite is my signature to *engrave* on the stem of the pipe. (Please *print* clearly your name and address below.)

SIGNATURE

Place your normal signature clearly within exact space allotted

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Revive Old-Time Committees of Correspondence!

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—" Has the last Liberty come? " Mrs. Tolman wants to know. When at last I can reply, " Yes," she continues, " Hurry up. Read me the editorial." On account of her impaired eyesight, it falls to me to do the reading.

" Is that all? "—when I have finished. " Why didn't he emphasize that point? Then, he made no mention of other important points. It's all too short! "

Then I try to explain that space limitations are responsible.

Mr. Macfadden's editorials are rapier and broadsword thrusts, sometimes a battle-ax blow. How can the facts so clearly presented by him be brought to clerks in stores, millworkers, the man in the street, all those who never see an editorial, much less read it if they do see it? Unfortunately, the votes of these uninformed, too often misinformed, count as much as ours.

The August 27 editorial dealt with Rome of fifteen hundred years ago. I am bringing to Mr. Macfadden's attention the renaissance of the Committee of Correspondence of one hundred and fifty years ago. There is no copyright on the idea, but Liberty may devise some method for making it operative on a national basis once more.

Mr. Macfadden is interested in youth. Today they are restive, eager and anxious to do something, so that they may be a part of the political life. Many of their protests are in the direction of what is right. Unfortunately, there seems to be no opportunity to make their protests collective, hence effective. Membership in a local Committee of Correspondence might give them the opportunity to observe, report, out of which would come a constructive program of action in which they would have their part.

One of our neighbors is an Italian by descent but an American citizen and voter, thoroughly imbued with American principles of liberty and freedom. His weekly wages barely enable him to support his wife, four children, and mother. At the end of the week there is little if anything left for the " rainy day." We have had frequent talks with him, explaining the Constitution, the form of our government, duties of the officials, contrasting all these with those in Europe, where a residence of several years gave me access to original sources of information. My next ocean crossing will be my forty-seventh.

The young man is greatly interested and impressed by these talks. Last week he said to us, " Can I bring a few of my friends to your home, so that they may have the benefit of these talks? Another thing—if you will write out some of these subjects we talk over, I will translate them into Italian, so that I may be thoroughly informed myself and then discuss them with a few of my friends whom I will invite to my home. I want them too to know about these things I learn from you."

You may be sure we said " Yes." No " but."

These small home-study groups are a revival of the cottage prayer meetings, when groups of neighbors gathered at their homes for prayer and religious experiences. Mr. Macfadden may perchance have attended one of these when a young man.

These thoughts I am sending in the hope that they may germinate and that Liberty will bring them to fruition. While Mr. Macfadden is a voice crying in the wilderness, Liberty may be the Moses who will bring us into the Promised Land.—*William H. Tolman.*

NO MORE BATTLES WILL EVER BE FOUGHT AT SEA

WALDEN, N. Y.—In appropriating one and a half billions (not millions—billions) to build new warships for the United States, the Congress is doing it at the behest of the shipbuilders. You and I are going to pay enormous extra taxes for twenty years to enable Congress to find that one and a half billions and subsequent more billions to keep those ships up-to-date in the short six years they will be in the battle line.

Every sane high officer in our land and air forces knows that no more battles will ever be fought at sea, surface or undersea, and that naval vessels are now a waste of money, and that two big airplanes can destroy ten or more surface or undersea vessels and not be touched themselves.

Ships will be used for transport, for service of supply, for hospital service, but never again as participants in battle. Ask any big air or land fighter.—*Osborn Marcus Curtis, Sr.*

DIZZ SHOULDN'T FORSAKE HIS DAFFINESS

DALLAS, TEX.—That's a good story of Dizz Dean's (August 6, 13, 20 Liberty). Dizz should stick to it, but he shouldn't forsake his daffiness. Very few people go to ball games to see ballplaying; they go for the excitement. " Kill the ' empire '! " " Throw him out! " " Take him out! " and flying pop bottles are about the grade of the average ball fan. As in prizefighting, they want to see somebody killed.

One fighting Ty Cobb, one diffy-daffy Dean in all his dizziness are, as Shakespeare said of the play, " the thing."

Breadon and Rickey are not to be blamed for wanting to make money instead of losing it, and lose it they will with a colorless ball team, even though they win every pennant.

Give the fans that gory excitement, and they talk about it and go back for more. Give 'em just " ol' ballplayin'," and the attendance dwindles to nothing. —*F. E. Morriss.*

DOES HAIR TURN WHITE OVERNIGHT?

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—After reading Albert B. Schaefer's statement (August 27 Vox Pop) that hair could not turn white overnight I would like to correct him.

I believe that Charles M. Courtney, world's greatest authority on locks, went down in the sea to open the safes in a sunken vessel for the British government. When he reached bottom, a strong undertow caught him and flung him against the sunken vessel. His lines fouled and for forty-five minutes he was held down.

When he at last came up, his aluminum diving suit had caved in at the middle, crushing his right side. His left hand was broken. *And his hair, which had been black when he went down, was streaked with white!*

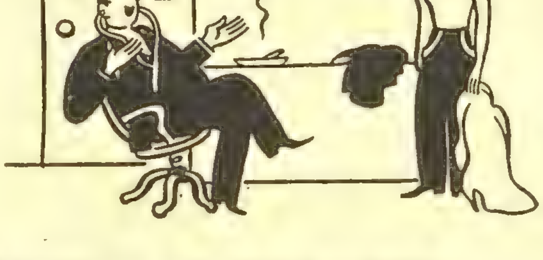
Doubtless many of your readers know of other cases of the kind.—*Robert R. Ryan.*

DOCTORS DON'T TELL—MUCH

CHEYENNE, WYO.—Doctors Don't Tell —much. However, they will tell you:

Hello. To come in. To sit down in that chair. That they made a birdie on No. 6 yesterday. To take off your shirt. That we're having nice weather. To stick out your tongue. To put on your shirt. That the oil stocks are behind the market. To step on the scales. That you weigh 162. That Scotch isn't any better for you than Bourbon, or is it? (You asked for this, however.) To drink more water. It's a good drink too. To come back Thursday. It's three dollars. Thanks. Good-by.

But, after all, what do you expect to be told for that kind of money?—*A. T. Spring.*



PRESENCE OF MIND SAVED STAR AND QUEEN

OMAHA, NEB. — Writer Katharine Roberts states that Madeleine Carroll is the only film star ever presented at the British Court (July 16 Liberty).

This I believe is incorrect; that Mary Pickford once curtsied before H. R. H. Mary, now queen mother. An amusing anecdote is told in that connection.

It seems that Miss Pickford, customarily thorough, had not neglected to rouge her lips for the important occasion. As her turn approached, she realized with panic the one glaring fault in her toilet—her kiss would stain the royal glove. She had neither time to flee nor opportunity to remove the rouge where she stood, so she compromised by lightly pressing the tip of her nose to the extended hand.

In this, as in countless " tight " movie situations, presence of mind saved our American Mary—not to mention Queen Mary's glove.—*D. L. R.*

SOUTHERNERS DO WIN IN OUR CONTESTS

WINCHESTER, TENN.—Don't Southern people ever enter contests? I never hear of one being awarded a prize in any of the big contests.

Even in Liberty's last contest there wasn't a single prize awarded a Southerner. Or at least I didn't notice one. Rarely does even a small prize stray below the Mason and Dixon line.

Now, I wonder why!—*Just a Reader.*

[Our friend is in error. For instance, in the last half dozen Liberty contests six Tennesseeans were among the winners: E. W. Phillips of Nashville, Reba Travis of Chattanooga, Mrs. W. K. Foster of Jackson, Frank H. Moore of Knoxville, Mrs. J. H. Anderson of Lookout Mountain, and Victor C. Stafford of Sevierville. And if space permitted we could give fifty more names of Southern winners in these same few contests. However, we can quote a few of them: Mrs. Le Vergne Edwards, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Mrs. T. C. Hall, Williamsburg, Va.; Sarah T. Jamieson, Charlotte, N. C.; W. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.; L. E. West, Dallas, Tex.; H. K. Cooper, Arlington, Va.; Belle M. Cornue, Malvern, Ark.; Truman Callaway, Rome, Ga.; May B. Edmonds, Biloxi, Miss.; Miriam Piper, Paducah, Ky.; and Mrs. J. L. McGaw, Birmingham, Ala. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

BEVERLY IS CHIDED AGAIN

WELLINGTON, KAN. — I quote Beverly Hills in his (hers, its) review of Drums in August 27 Liberty: " True, the dusky turbaned natives talk with a crisp English accent, but on the whole this is the best film to come out of Britain in a long time."

What ignorance! But naturally " the dusky turbaned natives talk with a crisp English accent "! Having lived in India for a number of years, I know this to be a fact. Are British film companies to be censured because they know better than to make their natives speak in the " talkee-talk " that Hollywood insists upon putting into the mouths of Orientals? Pullease, Beverly!—*Pro-British-Films.*

JOHN ERSKINE RISES TO ANSWER MR. HAYS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hays' article, Why Balance the Budget? (August 13 Liberty) made me want to rise up in meeting and protest! It seems to me the budget should be balanced just because the government is not business. In business, of course, you'd be ruined if your budget balanced—you have to make a profit.—*John Erskine.*

TO BE SUNG TO TUNE OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

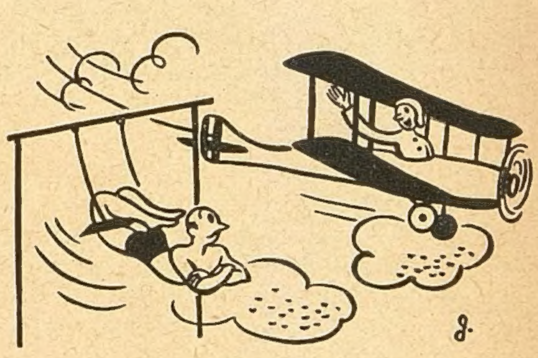
WASHINGTON, D. C.—

There was a young man with intentions the best,
But he flew to the east when he should have flown west.
In the land of the shamrock his plane came to rest.
His flight was the talk of the town!

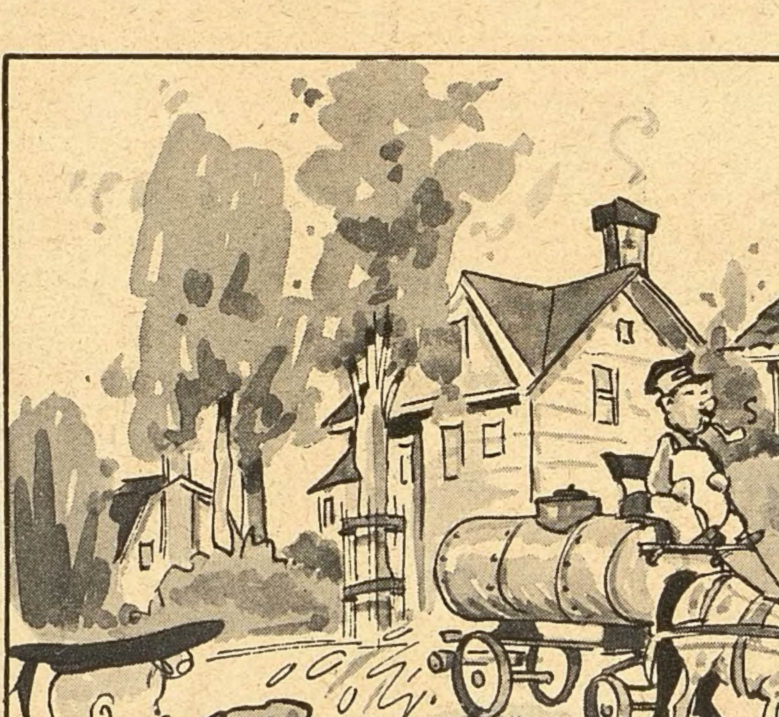
Oh, this flight soon became a sensation
And this young man became all the rage
For his backwards but brave demonstration
In a plane that was crippled with age.

Oh-h-h-h-h—he flew o'er the sea with a nonchalant air;
He knew he was flying but didn't know where!
It was quite unexpected, or so he did swear,
Now—what would he do on a dare?

—*Kathleen A. Prutz and Margaret C. Hoyt.*



"HARDTACK"



"That must be my Uncle Louie—ma said he was on the water wagon."

THE WORST LEANERS OF ALL

SHELL LAKE, WIS.—August 13 Vox Pop has a wisecrack at those workers who lean on shovels. Of all the grafters who lean on the charity of this nation, none are worse than those who in the cool of their offices lean on their pens, lean on their pencils, and lean on the seat of their pants!—*Charles A. Doner.*

" THE MORE SERIALS THE MERRIER "

WILMINGTON, N. C.—Emery J. Van Boven of Elyria, Ohio, must be one of the queer people other people read about. His anti-serial letter (August 20 Vox Pop) cramps my style.

For goodness' sake, who in the world ever heard of buying a magazine every week just for the little two-page stories alone? What nonsense!

The more serials your magazine contains, the merrier, " sez I." It might not hurt if some one put out a weekly magazine with nothing but continued stories. They make us all dive for Liberty as soon as it appears, just to see what happens next.—*Mrs. T. C. Tyler.*

" GERMANY " HAD NO RULER IN 1863

CHICAGO, ILL. — In August 13 Twenty Questions, Number 17 asked the following:

" In 1863, who ruled England? Germany? Russia? "

The answer was.

" Queen Victoria; William I; Alexander II."

The answer as to the ruler of Germany in 1863 is in error for the reason that the German Empire was not proclaimed as such until 1871, when William I, then King of Prussia, was proclaimed German Emperor.—*F. D. Janson, Jr.*

THE STORY OF A MAGNIFICENT FOOL

WALTON GREEN, who has delighted the readers of Liberty with his serial novels for many years—ever since the days of Corsair and Little Brown Nurse—returns to us next week with a truly remarkable story. . . . We call it Magnificent Fool. . . . It is first of all a strong and revealing love story, but it is much more than that. . . . Here, for the first time in dramatic form, you will see into the mysteries of a strange and unknown part of our modern life. . . . The girl in Walton Green's story was a scientist who was on the way to discovering a new medical formula of great power. . . . Then came a man into her life—a man who quickly fell in love with her—a man accustomed to the best in life. Was it a coincidence that he was also the son of a former millionaire manufacturer of drugs and medicine? . . . The struggle of a girl's soul is disclosed here with relentless skill. . . . Be sure to read the first part in next week's Liberty. . . . BE SURE ALSO to read the many other exciting features and stories in the table of contents. . . . To mention only a part of the full list: One Whizzer White Does Not Make a Winning Team, by Bernard Oakes, coach of the University of Colorado; Do You Want to Be a Scenario Writer? by Carey Wilson, one of the star authors of the cinema studios; Why We Need 4,000 Airplanes Right Away, by General Robert Lee Bullard; Is Democracy Doomed? by Father Ignatius W. Cox; Love Sends a Little Gift of Polyhedrons, by Walter Brooks; Billie Magee and the Dumb Gorilla, by Baynard Kendrick; and many others. . . . DID YOU KNOW that October is known as "Discovery Month"? . . . That is because the American manufacturers of electric ranges will conduct nationwide demonstrations of electric cookery during the month. . . . THANKS to our old friend, Arthur Murray, for a handsome book, How to Become a Good Dancer. . . . It is the most practical thing of its kind we have seen. . . . YOU MAY REMEMBER that when we interviewed Il Duce he told us that one of his first plans for Ethiopia was to bring it medicine. . . . We have just read an account of the Italian organization during the Ethiopian War, written by Major Edmond C. Fleming, in the Medical Record. . . . Mussolini's army was the largest ever moved into a tropical area; yet its losses due to disease were practically negligible compared with former losses of northern armies in tropical countries. . . . This was due to careful planning, adequate equipment, sanitary instruction and precaution, and the establishment of many hospitals. . . . Now, says Major Fleming, all these medical resources have accrued to the benefit of the native population. . . . Thus Il Duce is carrying out the plan about which he told us. . . . WHAT CAN be done in a case like this? A prisoner in a penitentiary of an Eastern state writes us as follows: "In addressing you this appeal I am in hope that you are a man with a human heart and the courage to try and secure some help to aid me in my hour of need. I am alone in this world, without one friend that I can call upon for help. I have been an inmate of this prison since May, 1934, and in May, 1937, the Pardon Board of this state placed confidence in my sincere determination to be an honest man in the future by granting me my parole. But before I can be released I must secure some kind of employment. I have written over a hundred letters trying to secure work, but I have failed in my efforts. I am not asking for money, pity, or mercy, but I am making this appeal to you for a square deal and an equal chance for happiness and peace once more. Can you find it in your heart to place this appeal before some honest man that will give me this chance to be happy once again? I can and will be faithful to any trust that may be placed in me, for I know the price of wrongdoing. I am now held sixteen months over my time for no other reason only that I am unable to secure work. Oh, what a kind word and a helping hand would do for me and many like me! If some would only help a man that is in prison, there would be many more empty cells."

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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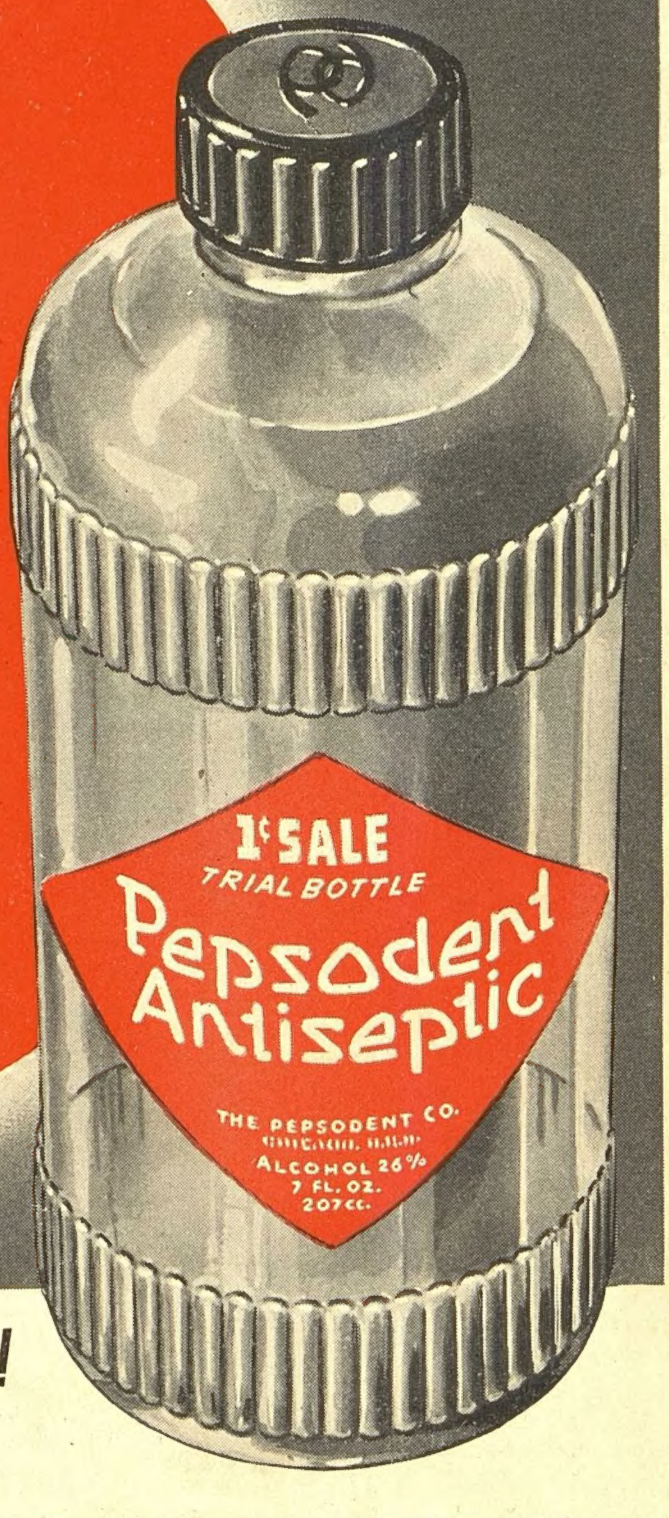
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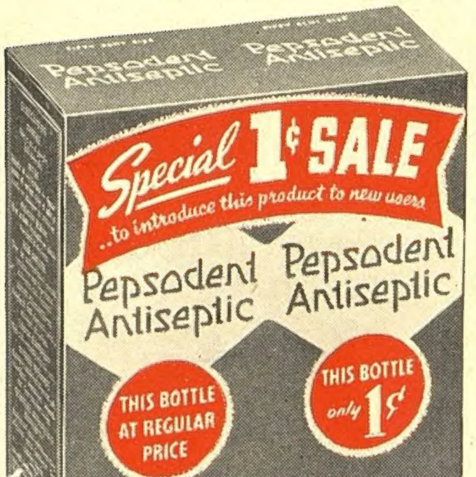
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■ We want all of you to be equipped to help fight bad breath and colds right now! So we're making this sensational offer: Buy one 50 cent size Pepsodent Antiseptic at the regular price of 50 cents and your druggist will sell you another bottle for only 1 cent in the special combination package.

Pepsodent is unexcelled among mouth washes in helping to keep the breath sweet and pleasant.

Also remember that ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength to be effective in killing germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic can be diluted with two parts of water and *still* kill germs in seconds. In other words, each bottle of Pepsodent goes three times as far as ordinary mouth antiseptics. On top of that—since you're getting one of these bottles for only 1 cent, you can see what a great value this offer is.

← **50¢ Size Bottle Only 1¢**

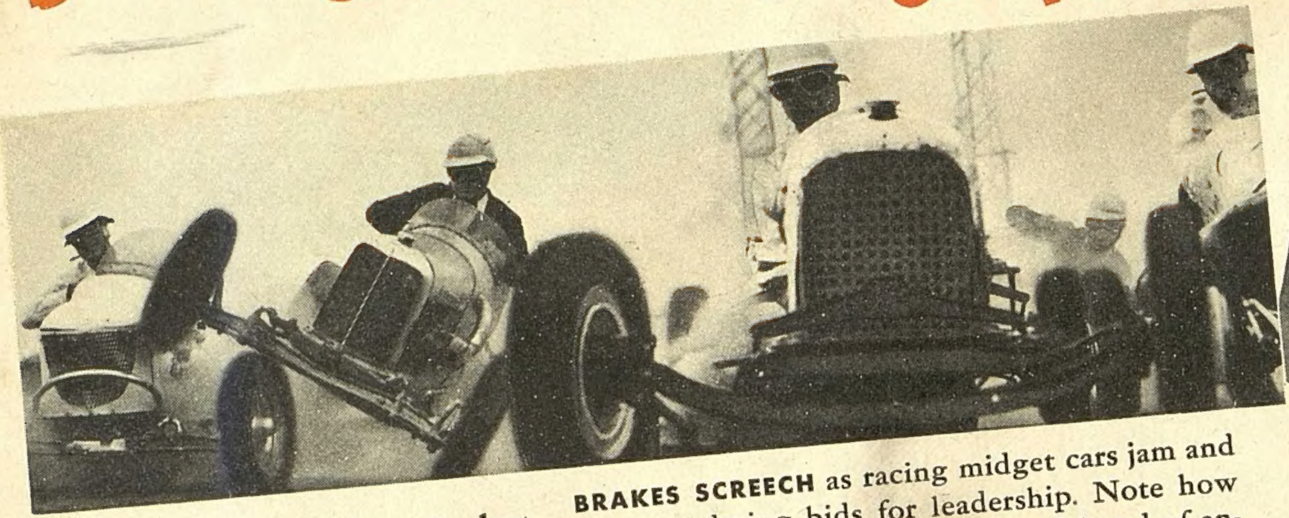
in this special double carton containing two 50 cent bottles—one at the regular price of 50 cents and one for only 1 cent.

Look for this 1 cent Sale Combination on your dealer's counter!

(Limit per customer—good only while dealers' supplies last)

Tune in Pepsodent's Tuesday Radio Riot—Starring BOB HOPE—10 P.M., E.S.T.—N.B.C. Red Network

BUCKING BRONCHOS ON WHEELS

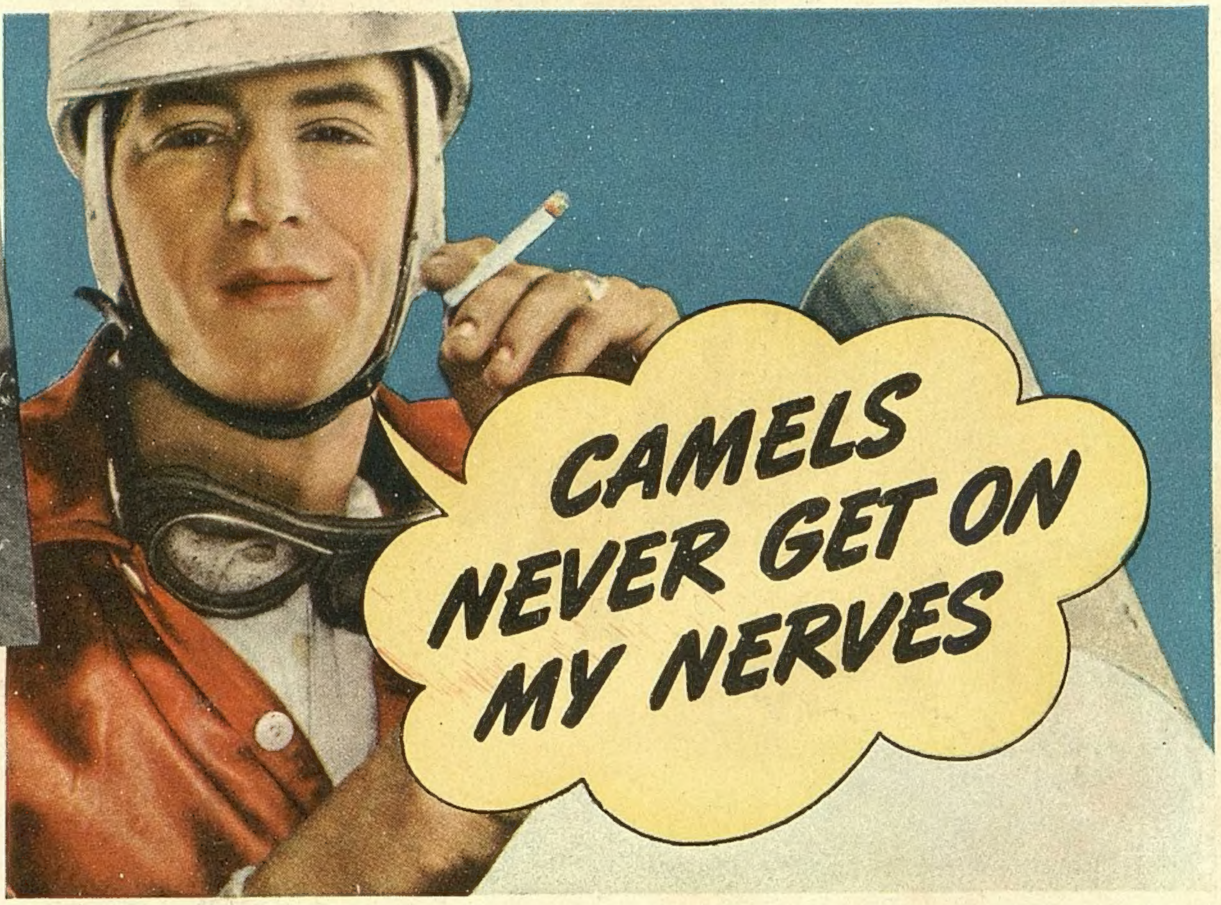


They're called "doodlebugs"—but racing a midget car (half-size auto) is tough, dangerous sport... as 10 million fans can tell you!

BRAKES SCREECH as racing midget cars jam and crash in daring bids for leadership. Note how careening racer above has mounted hood of another doodlebug, as cars close in for the turn. Thrills of midget auto-racing crowd millions of rooters into more than 100 U. S. tracks.

NEARLY TWO MILES A MINUTE! *Look out*—a soft spot! Car on left has snarled the white car. Somersaults and hurdles are common—fatalities few. Drivers are tough, smart, nimble.

MOST DRAMATIC sights occur at turns of midget tracks. Unbanked dirt-track racing demands lightning calculations. Driver above took turn too fast—rolled over in path of oncoming racers. No one was hurt.



CAMELS NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

ERNEST GESELL, JR., popular champion, *prizes* healthy nerves, saying: "At two miles a minute on a dirt track, anything can happen. My nerves *have* to be steady; so Camel's *my* smoke! Camels are *mild!* They never get me jittery or unsure. Most racing drivers I know prefer Camels." You, as a smoker, will also appreciate Camel's smooth mildness—Camel's *finer, costlier tobaccos!* Start smoking Camels today. You will soon know why they are, by far, America's largest-selling cigarette!

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"WHERE TOBACCO CROPS ARE FINEST—THERE YOU'LL FIND THE CAMEL BUYERS!"

say the men who grow tobacco. Naturally their cigarette choice is Camel

Cecil Claybourne, who practically lives with tobacco the year 'round, says: "Many's the time Camel paid more to get my finest grades. Finer tobacco makes finer smoking, so I'm steady on Camels. So are most planters."

A planter for 35 years, Edward S. Dail says: "Like other planters here, I sell my best grades of tobacco to Camel—and Camel buyers bid to get them. Men who know tobacco naturally smoke Camels."

"The finest lots of my last crop went to Camel," says planter Jesse T. Hardy. "Camel bid up for them. We appreciate fine tobacco here You'll find most of us smok ing Camels. We *know* Cam buys better tobacco."